

Aug. 7, 1995

Price \$2.50

THE NEW YORKER

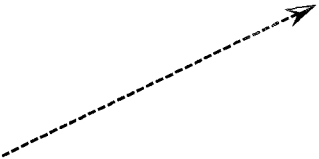
#BXBCMCJ***** 3-DIGIT 757
#SABA0000099 0#690976 OX
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE FEB 12 96
ROY HAMMER LIB YEUS
PO BOX 111 #HH29
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

MARISCAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A substance abuse
program at work
can save employers
money on insurance.



It can also
save employees.

It costs more to replace an employee than it does to rehabilitate one. A substance abuse program at work may also reduce accidents and insurance premiums. Best of all, it can help you keep those people you wouldn't give up for anything. If you'd like us to send some helpful guidelines for setting up a substance abuse program at your company, write: Fighting Substance Abuse at Work, P.O. Box 303, Hartford, Connecticut 06141. **Aetna. A policy to do more.**



Three days here and you can give your therapist advice.

If you're looking for peace of mind, look no further. Tucked away along a secluded shore of southwest Oahu, Ihilani offers an unmatched selection of rejuvenating activities. For reservations call your travel planner or 800-626-4446.



The IHILANI REVITALIZER

THE ULTIMATE SPA PACKAGE,
FEATURING AN EXCLUSIVE ARRAY OF
INTERNATIONAL TREATMENTS

- Ocean View accommodations for two
- \$100 dining credit
- 20% discount off selected spa treatments
- Unlimited use of Roman pool, steam room, sauna, fitness lanai and relaxation lounges
- A spa sampler amenity each night

PACKAGE PRICE: **\$279** PER NIGHT
TWO NIGHT MINIMUM

Package prices available through 9/30/95. Does not include applicable taxes. Subject to availability.



Ihilani
RESORT & SPA

KO'OLINA RESORT • WEST OAHU, HAWAII

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World



THE NEW YORKER

AUGUST 7, 1995

COMMENT	Promises, Promises	William Finnegan	4
	No one can afford any more bluffing on Bosnia.		
IN THE MAIL			6
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN			8
THE TALK OF THE TOWN			25
	Newt Gingrich's net man; there is still an England; too hot to handle; Walter Mosley's cause; a bad town for books; etc.		
DEPARTMENTS			
	Onward and Upward with the Arts	Hong Kong Babylon	Fredric Dannen 30
	Why are Hong Kong movies so popular? Perhaps because they're like the industry behind them: wild and very violent.		
	Personal History	Object Lesson	Noelle Oxenhandler 39
	Packing up a houseful of possessions for a move means coming to terms with the past—or ejecting it.		
A REPORTER AT LARGE	Double Mystery	Lawrence Wright	44
	Identical twins, separated at birth, grow up to be alike in ways that are challenging the science of who we are.		
ARTIST AT LARGE	The Hamptons Express	Robert Risko	53
FACT AND FICTION	A. Burgess, Slightly Foxed	Paul Theroux	64
	One of the world's greatest authors is coming to dinner. Just before he arrives, there is a terrible realization: the evening is a certain disaster.		
THE CRITICS			
	Books	Cyberporn and the First Amendment	Jeffrey Rosen 75
		Blake Morrison's "And When Did You Last See Your Father?"	Tom Shone 80
		Recommended Reading	82
	The Current Cinema	"Waterworld," "The Net"	Terrence Rafferty 83
POEMS			
	"A Plain Ordinary Steel Needle Can Float on Pure Water"	Kay Ryan	33
	"Upon Winning One's Flight in the Senior Four-Ball"	John Updike	50
	"Lizard and I"	Sandy Solomon	60
	"Homage to Chekhov"	Joseph Brodsky	70
SHOUTS & MURMURS	The Tired Chronicles	Betsy Berne	86
COVER	Summer Terrace, by Mariscal		
DRAWINGS	Victoria Roberts, Mick Stevens, Liza Donnelly, Jack Ziegler, Mike Twobly, J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton, Henry Martin, Roz Chast, Donald Reilly, Charles Barsotti, Alec Stevens, Edward Frascino, Bernard Schoenbaum, John O'Brien, Frank Cotham, Mischa Richter, George Booth, Eldon Dedini		

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for four combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last two weeks of February, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXI, No. 23, August 7, 1995. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$36.00; two years, \$60.00. In Canada, one year, \$77.00 (includes G.S.T.). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign, one year, \$85.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

ART: P. MARCIANO PH: D. V. NICKS GUESS © 1995

GUESS

TEANS



Kidsôtel.

This summer, bring your family to Kidsôtel on Park Avenue. From only \$170, the Kidsôtel package* includes:

- a plush St. Bernard puppy
- Kidsôtel backpack with crayons and more
- nightly accommodations
- a kids' value menu
- "Tuck-in-Time" (bedtime milk and cookies)
- discounts to area attractions
- evening childcare at our Kids' Club
- kids under 12 stay free in parents' room
- adjoining rooms available at a discounted rate

The Drake Swissôtel offers luxurious and spacious accommodations, precision Swiss service and superb dining. Kidsôtel is also available at Swissôtel Atlanta, Boston and Chicago.

For information and reservations, contact your travel professional or touch 1-800-63 SWISS.



NEW YORK
THE DRAKE HOTEL
440 Park Avenue at 56th Street • New York, NY 10022
SWISSÔTEL A SWISSAIR COMPANY

*Kidsôtel package subject to availability and does not include taxes. One Kidsôtel gift pack per room. The Kids' Club offers supervised activities for an additional charge.

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB

"THIS SUMMER'S HIT!"

★★★★★
—David Patrick Stearns, *USA Today*

"A DELICIOUS AND DIZZY NEW COMEDY."
—Vincent Canby, *The New York Times*

Tickets Now on Sale thru Sept. 2

"BEAUTIFUL, FUNNY, AND TOUCHING! SARAH JESSICA PARKER IS BRILLIANT!"
—Howard Kissel, *Daily News*

Sylvia
A Romantic Comedy
by A. R. GURNEY
directed by JOHN TILLINGER

SYLVIA IS SPONSORED BY
MILKBONE

City Center Stage I, W. 55th St.
(between 6th & 7th Ave.)
City Tix: 212-581-1212



PROMISES, PROMISES

They're all coming due in Bosnia.

THE people of Bosnia simply cannot afford any more empty threats." Thus did Warren Christopher, our Secretary of State, seek to underscore the seriousness of the warning that representatives of sixteen countries concerned with the Bosnian war issued to the marauding Bosnian Serbs on July 21st. At the least, it was sporting of Mr. Christopher to acknowledge that the main weapon employed by the West in its effort to stop mass murder, mass rape, and Nazi-style ethnic cleansing in Europe has been "empty threats." Such threats have proved to be the particular specialty of the Clinton Administration over the last two and a half years.

The latest allied "ultimatum" specifies, in the American version (there are, inconveniently, other versions), "substantial and decisive" air strikes against the Bosnian Serbs if they try to overrun the town of Gorazde—the last government-held enclave in eastern Bosnia. Of course, it is impossible not to look skeptically on the fierceness being displayed now—why *now?*—on behalf of the shattered Bosnians. Singling out Gorazde, for in-

stance, seems strange, given that other towns, including Sarajevo, the capital, are also being shelled and are in danger of being overrun and subjected to the now standard atrocities associated with ethnic cleansing.

But is it really the Bosnian people who cannot afford more empty threats against their tormentors? Surely they must be used to them. More likely, it is President Clinton who cannot afford to continue making such threats. The President has obviously understood that a determined American-led intervention to stop genocide in the Balkans would be difficult to sell politically in this country, and it is undoubtedly for that reason that he reneged on his 1992 campaign vow to help the Bosnians. Yet Mr. Clinton and his advisers must also have come to recognize that his spineless performance on the international stage has helped erode his domestic political standing. Indeed, the forcefulness of the American position at the July 21st conference was, according to the *Times*, acknowledged by the White House to have been in part a reaction to the prominent role being played lately in

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; John R. Campbell, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, creative-services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company, 5 Piedmont Center, Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR, 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy; Mike Romano & Associates, 6017 Pine Ridge Rd., Suite 178, Naples, Fla. 33999; Nicole V. Pinelli, 76 bis Av. de Suffren, 75015 Paris, France; Towmar, Presa de la Angostura 8, Mexico, D.F. 11500; Steve Lecce Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong; 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1995 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

world affairs by the new French President, Jacques Chirac, whose "good press irked Mr. Clinton, and thus became an important catalyst in the latest allied proposal." Who says that the infinite self-regard of politicians, capable of turning even wholesale slaughter into a beauty contest, can't be put to good use?

And yet it is another of Mr. Clinton's vows—that in the event of a United Nations withdrawal the United States will send as many as thirty thousand troops to help—which makes it truly critical, from the Administration's point of view, that the current threat be heeded. For if it is, and the Bosnian Serbs desist from taking Gorazde—or even if they ignore the threat but the allies then follow through with a sustained air campaign that forces the Serbs to fall back—there is a chance that the U.N. mission will survive a while longer and the United States will be spared, if only temporarily, the horror of honoring its pledge to help with a withdrawal that is expected to be slow, grim, expensive, and dangerous. Otherwise, the U.N. note will come due soon, and our allies, unlike the prostrate Bosnians, are in a position to compel its payment.

Fittingly, Mr. Clinton is also being squeezed on his domestic flank. Senator Bob Dole, his likely Republican opponent in next year's Presidential election, has sponsored legislation to override Administration policy and unilaterally lift the arms embargo against the Bosnian government. This legislation is more political than practical, since it makes no provision for protecting the Bosnian Muslims after a U.N. withdrawal—which an American lifting of the embargo would immediately provoke. The embargo is an abomination, but Senator Dole is really just feeding Bill Clinton some of his own campaign medicine.

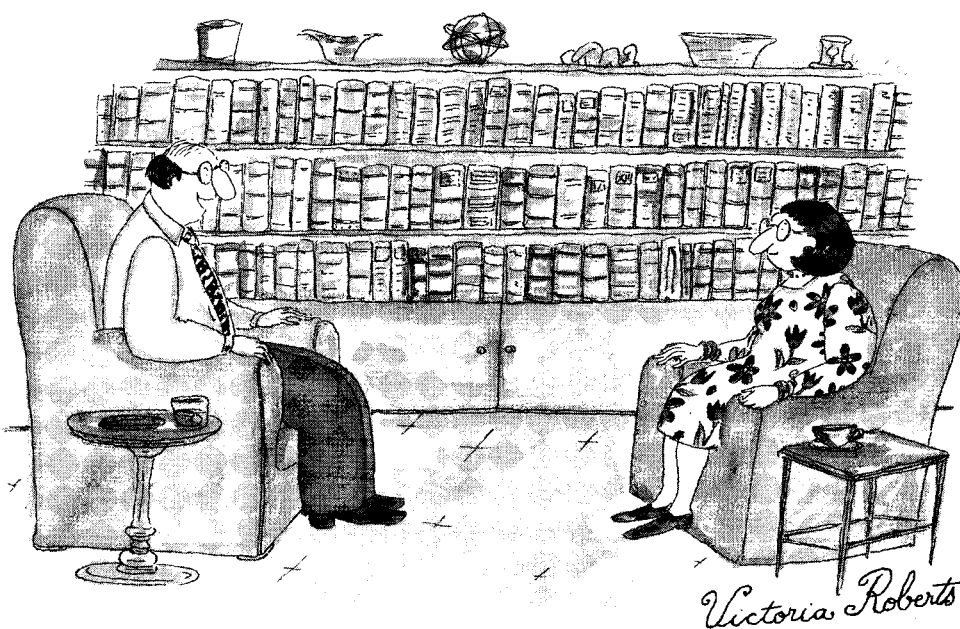
"The best lack all conviction"—and the Bosnian calamity shows, in nightmarish relief, that our leaders lack any real vision of collective security in the post-Cold War world. General Ratko Mladic, the Bosnian Serb military chief, whose beefy glare fairly yanks to mind the rest of the famous couplet—"while the worst / Are full of passionate in-

tensity"—long ago took the measure of Bill Clinton and saw that there was nothing to fear from him. America wasn't even willing to share with its allies the risks of peacekeeping. Such an opponent Mladic could handle. The United States might support democracy and human rights, it might oppose aggression and genocide, yet it backed up its principles with nothing but words. It would certainly never shed blood for them.

As it happens, a far less well-armed opponent than Bill Clinton's Pentagon may ultimately trouble General Mladic and his civilian counterpart, Radovan Karadzic, far more. The International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia, meeting in The Hague, has just indicted both men for war crimes, crimes against humanity, and genocide. The Tribunal, created by the United Nations Security Council in 1993, was at first widely considered a toothless body, the judicial equivalent of the many U.N. "resolutions" against ethnic cleansing. But then it acquired a doughty chief prosecutor, Judge Richard Goldstone, of South Africa, and began to amass evidence. Forty-six Serbs and Croats have been indicted so far. Only one is in custody—his trial will start later this year—but the others will never again be able to relax, for there is no statute of limitations on these charges, all U.N. member states are obligated to help apprehend those indicted, and the indict-

ments cannot be annulled by any diplomatic agreement. Sooner or later, those indicted will very likely be seized and tried. It seems that the Hague Tribunal, at least, has a firm grasp of one founding principle underlying any just system of collective security: the rule of law.

President Clinton has said he will veto the Dole bill to lift the arms embargo on Bosnia. He should do so, and we should hope that the veto sticks, because sparring for domestic political advantage is a terrible way to make foreign policy, particularly in an area so fraught and with an alliance so complex. The constitutional division of war powers is not intended to produce a pushmi-pullyu, with two minds to make up. The Clinton Administration needs to take back the initiative from Congress and lift the arms embargo on its own—not unilaterally but multilaterally, persuading our allies to go along. If this means the end of the U.N. mission, so be it. The mission desperately needs to be replaced by a NATO force equipped to hold off the Bosnian Serbs until the Bosnian government is ready to defend its territory. General Mladic announced recently that he plans to overrun a good deal more of Bosnia, including Sarajevo itself, by the fall. If he is not powerfully opposed by the United States and its allies, using all necessary military force, he will probably do just that. Mladic, anyway, is a man whose threats must be taken seriously.—WILLIAM FINNEGAN



"I'm not in one of my moods. I'm in one of your moods."

If our current guests
weren't so satisfied,
we'd have to
run a bigger ad.



Sonesta

Hotels, Resorts
& Nile Cruises

Small Chain.
Big Reputation.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
1-800-SONESTA

• COMING SOON: COSTA RICA IN 1996 •

patagonia®
Outdoor Clothes

To receive our
free Adult or Kids
catalog, please call:

800 336-9090
or visit our newest store in SoHo.

Sean Peterson taking
a bouldering break.
Lajing La Pass,
on the border of
Nepal and Tibet.
Photo: Glen Allison

©1995 Patagonia, Inc.
Dept. 31077H



IN THE MAIL

FICTION ISSUES

Bill Buford's Comment on novelists, in the June 26th/July 3rd Special Fiction Issue, explained what my problem has been all my life. Ever since I was a child, I have had a wickedly wild imagination. I devour books with the same intensity others do food. I get up in the middle of the night, find a scrap of paper, and jot down ideas in the dark. I am eccentric. Over time, I developed a strange conviction that my thoughts were important enough for others to read. I always wanted some easy way to answer people when they asked what was wrong with me. I plan to keep a copy of this article and extend it to them with the simple words "I'm a writer."

ROSEMARY OSWALD
Torrance, Calif.

Mr. Buford's opinion that "fiction writers are not normal people" and, particularly, that a writer's work is "more important to him than any other thing or relationship in his life" indicates a viewpoint that suffocates literature. In "To a Young Writer," the selection of letters from V. S. Naipaul to Paul Theroux that Buford cites to back his claim, Naipaul states that "the writer, more than anyone else, has to be in the world, if his work is to be of value." In these letters, Naipaul continuously congratulates Theroux, alternately for his literary achievements and for personal milestones. Theroux's career as seen through Naipaul's letters seems to illustrate that living before starting to write will allow the writing to flourish.

CARL J. LEVESQUE
New Orleans, La.

A postscript to Anthony Lane's entertaining review of the best-sellers of 1945 ("Warring Fictions"). That year, six of us on our freshman corridor at Risley Hall, Cornell University, consumed by curios-

ity over what all the fuss was about, chipped in a dollar each to buy "Forever Amber." We agreed that it was less salacious than it was cracked up to be but a lot more amusing than Marcham's English History at 8 A.M. But what now to do with the book? None of us wanted to keep it, much less take it home. I found a solution: repairing to the Risley Library, I removed the book's garish dust jacket. After writing on the flyleaf, "From the Class of 1660," I stood Kathleen Winsor next to Thackeray. For all I know, it's there still.

JOAN ROTHSCHILD
New York City

"The Ultimatum," by Philip Roth, in your fiction issue, reminded me that the late Chief Justice Warren Burger wrote in an opinion for the Supreme Court that material is obscene if it appeals to a "prurient interest in sex," if it portrays "sexual conduct in a patently offensive way," and if, on the whole, it does not have "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value."

PHILIP WICKLUND
Bemus Point, N.Y.

Martin Amis ("Buy My Book, Please") notes that in Los Angeles "O.J." has become a verb: in its passive sense, "to get O.J.-ed" means to get pushed aside because of a conflict with the trial's schedule. In New Jersey, this verb has a different meaning. Recently, I was standing in line at a local deli behind a customer who asked the counterman to "O.J." his sandwich. Without a word of inquiry, the employee lifted his knife and cut the sandwich in half.

ALLAN V. HORWITZ
East Brunswick, N.J.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

HOW I GOT HERE - ROLL CREDITS:

Roxie Theatre, aisle seat,
every Saturday.

Wrote Oscar acceptance
speech, age 8.

"The Godfather I and II,"
18 times.

"The Godfather III," once.

Student Loan,
First Interstate Bank.

ROBYN LATTAKER, FILM
STUDENT, ART CENTER
COLLEGE OF DESIGN.

YOU & 

First Interstate Bank

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

C'EST LA VIE—Véronique Guillaud's site-specific examination of voyeurism turns the audience into Peeping Toms who use binoculars and headphones to take in eleven dramas staged in the windows of the Radisson Empire Hotel. Opens Aug. 3 at 8 and runs through Aug. 8. (Lincoln Center, Fountain Plaza. For more information, call 875-5108.)

THE FOOD CHAIN—In this comedy by Nicky Silver, a call to a crisis hot line initiates a series of chases—wife after husband, mother after son, son after the object of his affection. Previews begin Aug. 7. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

HUNGER AND LIGHTNING—Kestutis Nakas performs his latest solo piece, about a physical and spiritual pilgrimage in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, in New Mexico. Opens Aug. 2 at 9 and continues through Aug. 11. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

LOVING THAT MAN OF MINE—Van Dirk Fisher's musical comedy, set in a hip Harlem night club in the forties, scrutinizes the backstage goings on of a band of entertainers. Opens Aug. 4 at 8. (Riant, 161 Hudson St. 925-8353.)

TIME AND THE WIND—A revue that traces the course of three New York City romances. Music by Galt MacDermot ("Hair"). In previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-4324.)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA—The summer's second and final New York Shakespeare Festival production, directed by Mark Wing-Davey, stars Neal Huff and Elizabeth Marvel in the title roles, and features Stephen Spinella as Pandarus. Previews begin Aug. 4. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AFTER-PLAY—Anne Meara's comedy, about two couples who get together for an after-theatre dinner, stars Ms. Meara, along with Barbara Barrie, Larry Keith, and Merwin Goldsmith. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/13/95.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

THE ALL-NUDE COLLEGE-GIRL REVUE—Lisa Faith Phillips' semiautobiographical play, set in a strip-joint dressing room, about a coed who takes an unconventional summer job. (Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. 642-5908. Closes Aug. 6.)

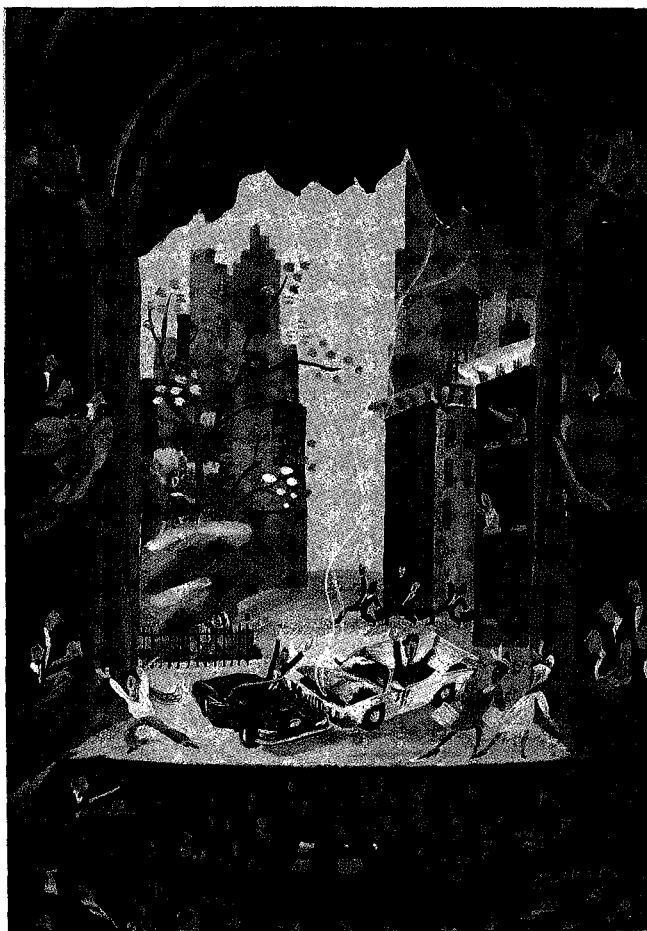
ARCADIA—Despite some casting glitches, the American première of Tom Stoppard's 1993 play, which shuttles between 1809 and the present, is an elegant production of an enormous theatrical feat. In a kind of intellectual mystery story, Stoppard provides the audience with the exhilarating illusion of omniscience, allowing us to solve a riddle of history from clues and connections that the characters, caught in time, do not see. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (4/17/95) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
6	7	8	2	3	4	5

BONHOEFFER 1945—A two-character play about the last days of the German theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who was hanged by the Nazis for his complicity in a plot to assassinate Hitler. It is rare to see a work of the imagination about good and evil in which very little seems to be at stake, but that is what the playwright, D. Paul Thomas, has delivered. Mr. Thomas acts the title role, and Nicholas Hornmann plays the German officer who interrogates him—yet another silver-haired charmer of a Nazi who loves classical music and cognac. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 279-4200. Closes Aug. 13.)



DAMN YANKEES—Last chance. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 6.)

DEATH DEFYING ACTS—Three subpar one-act comedies, by David Mamet, Elaine May, and Woody Allen. (3/20/95) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

ECSTASY—Mike Leigh's play has reopened at a new theatre. It is set in a dismal North London flat in the winter of 1979; the late-seventies costumes and set are depressingly perfect, and the actors bring the six working-class characters to life with great specificity and vitality. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE / WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—Ntozake Shange directed this twentieth-anniversary production of her consciousness-raising play about black womanhood in America. It's still so fresh that after two decades it seems like it was written yesterday. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 279-4200. Closes Aug. 13, and reopens Aug. 16 at the Tribeca Performing Arts Center.)

HAVING OUR SAY—Sadie and Bessie Delany, two sisters who have passed the hundred-year mark, presented their vivid life stories in a 1993 best-seller; the book has been adapted beautifully from the page to the stage by Emily Mann, who also directed. Gloria Foster and Mary Alice are brilliant as the sisters, who were taught by their family to "reach high" despite the dogging of Jim Crow. (4/24/95) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE HEIRESS—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square," directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Cherry Jones, who plays the title character, is exquisitely—almost unbearably—vulnerable. And the wonderful Frances Sternhagen is touching and funny as a widowed aunt. (3/20/95) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—In this revival of Frank Loesser's 1961 musical, Matthew Broderick has polish and timing, but it's Lillias White's gospel solo in "Brotherhood of Man" that lifts the audience into a zone of joy. As a paradigm for the Broadway musical's con game—winning the public's heart while picking its pocket—her display of guile made glorious is as good as it gets. (4/24/95) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

INDISCRETIONS—The brightest spot in this production of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles"—a dark comedy about the perversities of desire in family life—is Eileen Atkins, who plays a severely wise spinster with her usual magnetic minimalism. Kathleen Turner, as a hysterically possessive mother, is an unfocused sprawl with a distractingly unplaceable accent. Roger Rees, Cynthia Nixon, and Jude Law also star, under the direction of Sean Mathias. (5/15/95) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

JOHN & JEN—Andrew Lipka and Tom Greenwald's musical, which spans a forty-year period starting in 1951, explores problems of love and family through the relationships of a sister and a brother and, later on, the sister and her son. The book is often hackneyed and the music repetitive, though the lyrics possess an honest charm. Well staged by Gabriel Barre. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

LONDON SUITE—Neil Simon knows how to cater to his audience, but he's serving leftovers: these four one-acts are painfully dated in both their substance and their execution. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

LUST—With crotch-grabbing, bum-pinching, and plenty of exposed pantalets, this musical version of "The Country Wife" lacks the style and subtlety that made William Wycherley's Restoration play a definitive comedy of manners. But a dynamic cast, ornate costumes, and an attractive set enhance the tale. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

THE NIGHTWATCH—Three Irish performers—Anto Howard, Fionn Davenport, and Helen James—play watchmen at work in Dublin, in a return

production of Mr. Howard's comic play. (Camilla's, 44 Walker St. 925-9456. Closes Aug. 5.)

ONE WOMAN SHOE—The brother-and-sister writing team of David and Amy Sedaris bill themselves as the Talent Family, and it's a rare case of truth in advertising. In this encore production of their hysterical show, three clueless women are told by their social-services caseworker (played to Franklin Pangbornian perfection by David Rakoff) that they must put on one-woman shows in order to keep their benefit checks coming. The five cast members are all funny in a number of roles, but Ms. Sedaris, with her chipmunk's overbite and her remarkably plastic face, is extraordinary. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)



Helen James, Fionn Davenport, and Anto Howard, in "The Nightwatch."

THE ONLY THING WORSE YOU COULD HAVE TOLD ME...—Dan Butler offers a procession of characters from the real world of contemporary gay culture, moving seamlessly from one monologue to the next in a one-man show that is by turns hilarious, infuriating, sad, and uplifting—a charmer. Mr. Butler continues through Aug. 6; Greg Louganis takes over on Aug. 8. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 307-4100.)

PARTY—In David Dillon's comedy, seven gay men get together to play a strip version of truth or dare, with terrifically funny (if occasionally didactic) results. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

PETS!—Five actors perform in both animal and human roles in this revue dedicated to our finest friends. At each show, a real dog and cat will be available for adoption. Helen Butleroff directed and choreographed. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 307-4100.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING—This revival of Ferenc Molnár's clever confection lacks a spirit of farcical possibility—it's all leaden inevitability. Peter Frechette, as the egocentric playwright who manipulates the action onstage, excels at neurotic thoughtfulness, but he makes for a limp catalyst. The standouts are the sparky J. Smith-Cameron, playing a prima-donna actress, and Keith Reddin, as antic as ever as a sweaty factotum. Gloria Muzio directed; Stephan Olson designed the beautiful set—the Italian villa of your dreams—and, hands down, wins the award for Best Curtain of 1995. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Aug. 20.)

ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN—A hundred-minute standup routine. Some of Becker's examples of discontent between the sexes are very funny (a lot of vigorous nodding goes on in the theatre—never by men and women at the same time), but a fair number of them are shopworn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ—THE SONGS OF LEIBER AND STOLLER—A feast of early rock and roll, performed by a cast with Grade A lungs and legs. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD—Betty Buckley takes on the monumental role of Norma Desmond. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

SWINGTIME CANTEN—A re-creation of a 1944 U.S.O. concert, performed in a night club. Extraneous bits of plot threaten to derail the show, but the lovely songs, done with verve and charm, carry the day. Charles Busch donned drag again recently to join the show. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SYLVIA—In A. R. Gurney's new comedy, Sarah Jessica Parker, as a dog named Sylvia, brings meaning to the life of a middle-aged currency trader (John Cunningham) while driving a canine-shaped wedge between him and his wife (Mariette Hartley). Parker has some funny moments, but this upper-middle-class fairy tale settles too soon into a monotonous sweetness; it lacks bite. John Tillingier directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

TOO MUCH LIGHT MAKES THE BABY GO BLIND—The Neo-Futurists, a troupe from Chicago, perform thirty original two-minute plays in one hour. They change the program each night, and when there's a full house they order a pizza. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 330-8087.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT—Giles Havergal, directing his own witty adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, has captured the book's amusingly puzzled tone with his playful, inventive (though overlong) staging. Four wildly different actors all play Henry Pulling, the staid retired banker whose eccentric Aunt Augusta drags him into her international adventures. Jim Dale (whose final performance in the show is on Aug. 5) doubles as Aunt Augusta, and the other three skillfully handle some twenty additional parts. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

TWELVE DREAMS—A revival of James Lapine's 1981 play, which he adapted from Carl

Jung's case study of a young girl whose dreams portended her own death. It doesn't add up to much, but the dream sequences are a striking amalgam of the everyday and the surreal, and the performances are strong. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 6.)

2 BOYS IN A BED ON A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT—James Edwin Parker's comic tale is about how not to behave during a one-night stand, but it's also a sharp-eyed exploration of emotional intimacy. Robert Gomes and Michael Curry make the grown-up boys sympathetic without being mushy. Directed by Thomas Caruso. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 279-4200.)

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—The Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival production, set in upstate New York during the go-go days of the late nineteen-eighties, continues through Aug. 20. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 1-914 265-9575.)

WHAT YOU SAID—The improv company Chicago City Limits presents a brand-new revue, featuring its ever-popular five-minute musical. (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. ... **BLUE MAN GROUP / TUBES**: Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. ... **CATS**: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. ... **CRAZY FOR YOU**: Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. ... **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL**: SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. ... **GREASE!**: Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. ... **LOVE! VALOUR! COMPASSION!**: Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. ... **LES MISÉRABLES**: Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. ... **MISS SAIGON**: Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. ... **PERFECT CRIME**: Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. ... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. ... **SHOW BOAT**: Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. ... **STOMP**: Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. ... **THREE TALL WOMEN**: Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. ... **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING**: St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

DANCE

IN TOWN

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the season. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Aug. 2-4 at 8.)

FELD BALLETS / NY—The summer season of the twenty-one-member company opens Aug. 7 at 8. (Joyce Theatre. Through Aug. 19.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT OF DOORS—The monthlong series of free outdoor performances has begun. Aug. 2 at 8:15: Garth Fagan Dance, Don Pullen's Afro-Brazilian Connection, and the Chief Cliff Singers, in "Earth Eagle First Circle." (Damrosch Park.) ... ¶ Aug. 6 at 5: The modern-dance company Complexions performs the choreography of Dwight Rhoden and Desmond Richardson. (Fountain Plaza.) ... ¶ Aug. 8 at 5:30: Andrea Seidel's Isadora Duncan Dance Ensemble, from Miami, in a tribute to the barefoot dancer. (Fountain Plaza.)

WORLDVEST '95—The free lunchtime concerts at the MetLife Building continue, with performances at 12:15 and 1. Aug. 2: The four members of Inca Son present "Cholita Tanina," "Los Pajarillos," and other dances from the Peruvian Andes. ... ¶ Aug. 3: The Carlota Santana Spanish Dance Company appears in an array of traditional dances, including "Tangos de Malaga," "Alegrías," and "Soleares." ... ¶ Aug. 4: The New York club duo Palladium Dance Legends mambo to the music of Cruz Control. (200 Park Ave., at 45th St. No tickets necessary.)

VIDEO FILE

THE BALANCHINE TAPES—Last year when the ballet season ended, New York City Balletomanes could only suffer the drought and wait for November. This year they can take the company home, on the five videos of the Nonesuch Dance Collection's Balanchine Library: three tapes of George Balanchine's choreography, one of ballerinas reminiscing about him (Maria Tallchief: "He was a poet, and he taught us how to react and become this poetry"), and one of N.Y.C.B. dancers demonstrating his classroom techniques. This exceptional set, however, will do little to settle questions about where the company has gone in the twelve years since Balanchine's death. Some viewers will point to the immortal dancing on the tapes (by Farrell, Kent, Martins, Baryshnikov) as evidence of the superiority of the company when the repertory was under its creator's eye. Others will note the few bad directorial decisions (new sets and bright backdrops designed for TV) and weird seventies-era camerawork (the intrusive closeups and antiseptic overhead shots of the "Dance in America" series) and say that the diminished experience proves the irreplaceability of live performance at the State Theatre. Everyone, though, should enjoy the choreography ("The Four Temperaments," "Chaconne," "Tzigane," and "Prodigal Son" are among the works preserved) and the dancers' keen recollections of Mr. B. (Tallchief recalls visiting him on his deathbed, where he was listening to the radio and making dances with his fingertips. "You see," he said, "I'm doing steps.") The tapes are likely to prove invaluable—both as a reference for future balletgoing and as a monument to the artist and his art.

JIMMY SLYDE—A founding member of the Slyde brothers tap duo improvises with a jazz combo. (La Place on the Park, 308 W. 58th St. 664-1308. Aug. 3 at 9:30 and 11:30.)

OUT OF TOWN

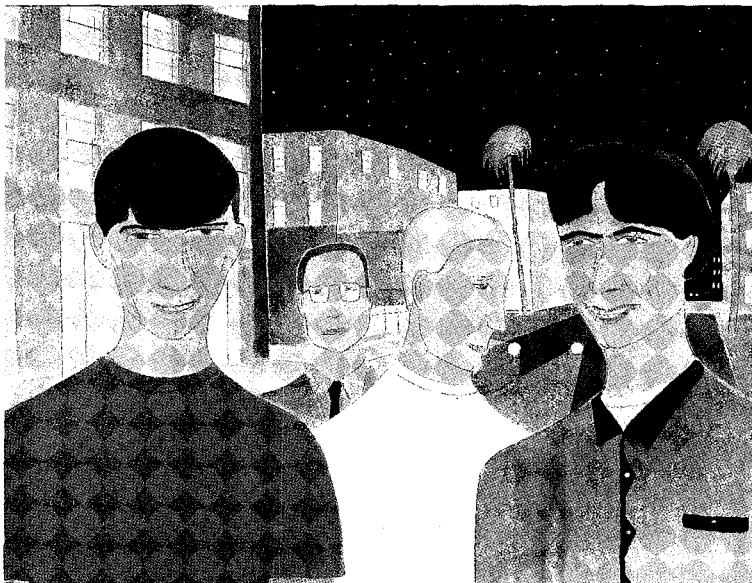
JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Aug. 2-3 at 8, Aug. 4 at 8:30, and Aug. 5 at 2 and 8:30: The Trisha Brown Company. ... ¶ Aug. 3 and Aug. 8 at 6:30: Tom Truss / Community Workshop. ... ¶ Aug. 4 at 8, Aug. 5 at 5, and Aug. 6 at 7: Mitsuyo Uesugi and Uno Man, in "Solos from Japan." (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

PETER MURPHY—The Boris Karloff-in-leather-pants lead singer of Bauhaus cut quite a figure back in 1979, when he was chanting "Bela Lugosi's Dead" in a sepulchral monotone. His recent work, by contrast, is all sunshine and joy. (Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Aug. 2 at 8.)

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS / THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS—During the past decade, punk's Cole Porter has flickered in and out of the pop-music picture. For a while he seemed uneasy about his sardonic, bile-spewing, and gorgeously melodic persona. But having reissued his collected early works on Rykodisc Records and released a new album of cover songs ("Kojak Variety") with his brilliant backup band, the Attractions, Elvis is back in the building. Guaranteed to be an exhilarating set of shows. / It's been a decade since John Flansburgh and John Linnell first performed jerky little pop songs while wearing improbably enormous masks. The Brooklyn-based duo have been unmasked for some time, but their jerky little pop songs—precociously crafted and full of surreal humor—flow on unabated, as their infamous Dial-a-Song (1-718 387-6962) happily attests. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Aug. 2-4 and Aug. 6-7 at 8.)



Weezer, at SummerStage.

THE MONKEES—Well, actually just Mickey and Davy. (Tobin Plaza, World Trade Center. No tickets necessary. Aug. 3 at noon and 1.)

WEEZER—The hit video of their single "Buddy Holly" finds the L.A.-based quartet trapped with Richie and the Fonz inside an episode of "Happy Days," but the proper reference for this nerdy outfit is actually the Beach Boys, after Brian Wilson's breakdown. Their eponymous debut album is a self-conscious torrent of insecurity and messed-up feelings, but leader Rivers Cuomo's poppy melodies make the band sound far cheerier than his lyrics alone would suggest. "I feel safe... no one cares about my ways," he sings in a number called "In the Garage"—a line that would make the composer of "In My Room" smile. With Teenage Fanclub and That Dog. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 307-7171. Aug. 3 at 7.)

JOHNNY CASH—His recent "American Recordings" presented a singer alone at the microphone with his acoustic guitar. In certain quarters it was hailed as a revelation—which was, of course, something of a joke: most of his great sixties hits for Columbia Records were recorded with the same skeletal production. Still, the album was so concentrated with gloom and doom that it slapped people to attention.

But live he's no moping folkie, not by a long shot. His rowdy rockabilly spirit and the company of his talented wife, June Carter, and mu-sical family should keep woe from swamping the proceedings. Kris Kristofferson, the songwriting Rhodes Scholar, will also be on hand. (Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. Aug. 3 at 8.)

THE REMBRANDTS—Beatle-esque pop. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Aug. 3 at 8.)

A ROUNDER RECORDS WEEKEND—The Massachusetts-based independent label continues its twenty-fifth-birthday celebration with three fittingly rootsy and eclectic shows. Friday's bill (at 7) features the king-size Sleepy LaBeef, whose stream-of-consciousness blend of rockabilly, blues, and country has been a wonder since the fifties. Saturday afternoon (at 2) belongs to balladeer John McCutcheon and those cowboy funsters, Riders in the Sky. On Saturday night (at 7), Brooklyn's legendary Persuasions fill the air with sublime a-cappella harmony; then Alison Krauss demonstrates the new life she's breathed into the bluegrass tradition. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.)

CECIL PAYNE AND DAVID SANCHEZ—Payne is a Brooklyn native and one of the original bop baritone players; Sanchez is a bright young tenor player. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. For information, call 1-718 855-7882. Aug. 4 at 7.)

outer boundaries, but he's equally comfortable wrapping his broad tone around a sturdy standard or a bebop jaunt. Eubanks is a sleek and fluid trombonist with funky inclinations. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Aug. 5 at 7.)

THE RAMONES—They are the undisputed founding fathers of punk (they beat the Sex Pistols into the record shops by a year), but the Ramones' failure to capture the hearts and wallets of the Green Day generation has finally broken the band's once unbreakable spirit—the spectre of retirement hovers over the current tour like a vulture over a funeral cortege. It's a pity that Joey and Johnny couldn't patent that two-minute omelette of angst, ennui, and alienation when they first invented it, in 1976. Not that they didn't try. It could be said that younger fans grew tired of the band's inability to vary its formula, or of its slightly old-fashioned abuses of grammar, posture, and the penal code ("Do You Wanna Dance?", "I Wanna Be Sedated," "Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue"), but that would be nit-picking. In the end, this is—and will always be—a wonderful, seminal rock band. And this may be your last chance to say you were there. (Academy Theatre. Aug. 5 at 7:30.)

GILBERTO SANTA ROSA / OLGA TAÑON—Salsa and merengue in the Park. (Central Park SummerStage. Aug. 6 at 3.)

CLAUDE (FIDDLER) WILLIAMS—He's the real deal, a blues-drenched violinist whose career dates back to Kansas City's golden age, in the thirties. Williams was in Count Basie's original band, and though he never recorded with them, his undiminished virtuosity can still evoke the splendor of that collaboration. With Billy Bang, a new-generation fiddler with an adventurous streak. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000. Aug. 6 at 3.)

SANTANA / JEFF BECK—Guitar gods by the sea. Back in '69, Carlos Santana called his group the Santana Blues Band, and in the early seventies the guitarist's assimilationist blend of bluesy solos and salsa rhythms gave a world beat to post-Hendrix rock. Although his recent studio albums have been power-chord retreats—somebody get this man the right producer!—his live shows are always impassioned affairs. / El Becko is rumored to spend more time these days tinkering with old cars than playing music, but he's still the guitar hero's guitar hero—his highly imitable poses launched a thousand air guitars. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 6 at 8.)

H.O.R.D.E.—It stands for Horizons of Rock Developing Everywhere, and it's the blue-jeans-and-Birkenstocks alternative to the pierced-navel landscape of Lollapalooza. This year's revue includes seventies revisionists (the Black Crowes, God Street Wine, Blues Traveler—whose zaffig harmonica player, John Popper, is the festival's guiding light) and a handful of fledgling hipsters (Joan Osborne, G. Love & Special Sauce, Cycomotogoat). There will also be a selection of ethnic foods, several environmental workshops, and an eight-ton, thirty-four-foot whale carved from a redwood felled by nasty loggers. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 8 at 4.)

THE BAND / BOB WEIR—The great American rock band (sans Robbie Robertson), joined by the Grateful Dead guitarist. (Central Park SummerStage. For information about tickets, which are required, call 307-7171. Aug. 8 at 6:30.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

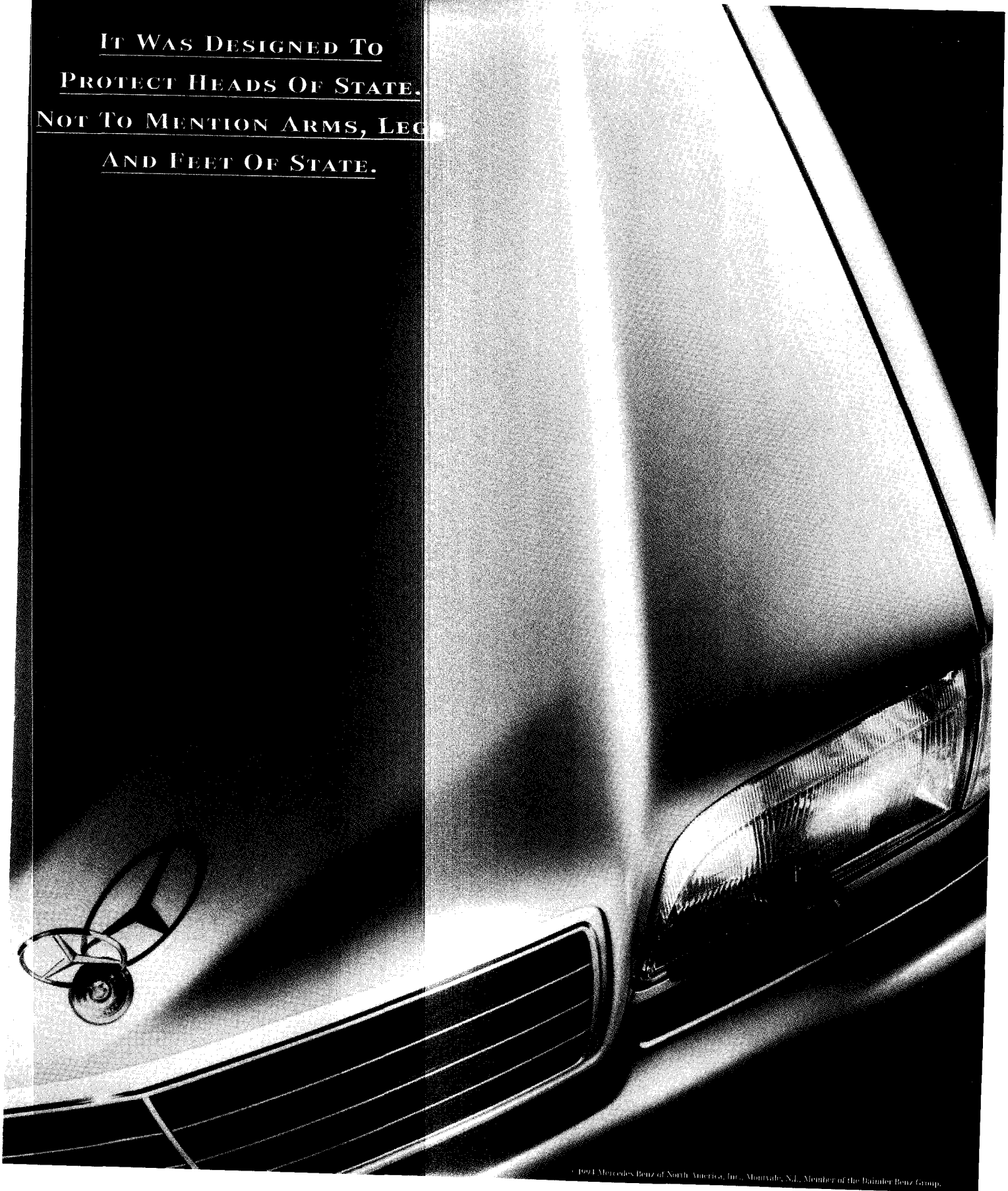
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist PHILIP OFFICER continues through Aug. 5. NANCY LAMOTT takes over the mike on Aug. 8. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Aug. 6: IVAN LINS. Lins is enormously popular in his native Brazil,

GEORGE PARKER

IT WAS DESIGNED TO
PROTECT HEADS OF STATE.
NOT TO MENTION ARMS, LEGS
AND FEET OF STATE.



© 1994 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J., Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.

The *S-Class*



For information and the dealer nearest you, please call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but his failure to cross over onto the American charts is something of a blessing for fans of his hip, intelligent songwriting. His most recent record, "Awa Yio," is a feast of jazzy salsa grooves and velvety Portuguese crooning. Dining.

CAJUN, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—

A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **PETER**

MINTUN is in charge at the Bemelmans Bar. A genuine throwback to a gentler time, this elegant performer specializes in curios from the twenties and thirties, like "Kitten on the Keys," but he has

also been known to play cartoon theme songs if the mood (or the crowd) warrants it. Agreeable and reassuring without being over-gracious, he's sort of a curio himself.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Through Aug. 5: vocalist **JIMMY**

WITHERSPOON. Organist **CHARLES EARLAND** whoops it up on Aug. 8. Dining.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Thursdays through Sundays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist; on Fridays and Saturdays he performs with a trio. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Aug. 6: the bright, young, and able trumpeter

NICHOLAS PAYTON leads a quintet. The spectacular young bassist **CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE** grabs a handful of strings on Aug. 8. Expect nonsense hard bop with a soulful edge. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Through

Aug. 5: **STEVE KUHN**, a marvellous pianist who mines new gold from old standards, with a first-rate rhythm section consisting of bassist David Finck and drummer Billy Drummond. **KNITTING FACTORY**, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Mondays in August feature the **DAVID MURRY** big band. Aug. 8: The **CECIL TAYLOR** orchestra.

MATCH, 160 Mercer St. (343-0020)—This tragically hip SoHo *boite* is the place to be every Sunday night, thanks to the **SHORTY JACKSON**

LEGACY BLUES BAND, featuring the eighty-nine-year-old **LAUREL WATSON**. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Vocalist Ethel Ennis is here through Aug. 5.

On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA**, a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—

Through mid-August: **NELL CARTER**, a singer with a beautiful buzz saw of a voice and the unflappable edge to go with it. Carter earned her Broadway stripes in "Ain't Misbehavin'," the 1978 Fats Waller revue, only to wind up in Hollywood as an even bigger (if less illustrious) star in sitcoms. Accompanied by



bassist Lynn Keller and pianist Joellen Friedkin, she'll be making her first New York appearance in almost three years, which should mean a satisfying evening in the great cabaret in the sky. ... ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Through Aug. 6: **DAVE MCKENNA**.

A one-man piano army, McKenna doesn't need another body onstage, but for this occasion he's joined by two: guitarist Gray Sargent and vocalist Donna Bryne. The amazing **JIMMY SCOTT** takes the reins on Aug. 8. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Aug. 6: **SLIDE**

HAMPTON AND THE JAZZMASTERS. It looks like this brilliant trombonist-writer-arranger is finally getting the visibility he's always deserved. He knows how to make a band sing, and his own playing has taken on an even greater distinction. The **CYRUS CHESTNUT** trio swings by on Aug. 8. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougall St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—One of the best new bassists to

have emerged from today's avant-jazz scene, **MIKE FORMANEK** (Aug. 3) has done serious work with Marty Ehrlich and Tim Berne. He's also an auspicious composer and bandleader.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through Aug. 5: a trio featuring Rufus Reid, John Stech, and Akira Tana.

ROCK, ETC.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Aug. 3: Seattle's **LAURA LOVE**. Imagine the melodies of Irish music riding atop the busy rhythms of funk and jazz and you'll have some idea of what this talented bass-playing singer-songwriter calls her "afro-celtic" sound. With elements of gospel and Native American music also coursing through her songs, it's no wonder that her culturally kaleidoscopic album, "The Laura Love Collection," is on the Putumayo World Music label. Aug. 4: The latest installment in the long-running "In Their Own Words" series, which features songwriters sitting around talking shop and offering the occasional informal demonstration of their craft. Aug. 5: **BUSTER POINDEXTER**. Aug. 7: An evening of horn-driven funk with **TOWER OF POWER**.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Aug. 5: **PANSY DIVISION**.

THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Aug.

3: **SKELETON KEY**. Aug. 4: **THINKING FELLERS UNION**. **LOCAL 282**. Aug. 5: **ARTO LINDSAY**. Hidden beneath Lindsay's hipster-doofer persona lies the heart of a frustrated guitar hero. But for many, he is best remembered as the suave singer-guitarist for the Ambitious Lovers. Tuesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

DON HILL'S, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—Soul Kitchen, the original seventies funk and R. & B. party, goes down (late) every Monday. ... ¶ Friday night is Squeeze Box, a vinyl-and-velvet gay glamfest, hosted by Mistress Formika.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The fabulous **DRESSING ROOM DIVAS** entertain every Friday night.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Aug. 8: The Candy Butchers. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

FLANNERY'S, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many

ELIZA GRAY

LIVE WHERE THE INTRACOASTAL MEETS THE MEDITERRANEAN. A LIMITED NUMBER OF TOWER RESIDENCES FROM \$450,000, MIDRISE HOMES FROM \$750,000 AND TWO-STORY VILLAS FROM \$1,000,000. A JOINT CREATION BY THE DEVELOPERS OF TURNBERRY ISLE & BRISTOL TOWER.



Italy's warmth.
Manhattan's style.
Turnberry's golf courses.

PORTO VITA

ON SOUTH FLORIDA'S INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY BETWEEN MIAMI AND FORT LAUDERDALE
20001 EAST COUNTRY CLUB DRIVE, AVENTURA, FL 33180 • 305-936-9800

This is not an offering to any person in any state where such an offering may not lawfully be made. Oral representations cannot be relied upon to correctly state the representation of the developer. For correct representation, reference should be made to the purchase agreement and to the documents required by section 718.503 Florida statutes, to be furnished by a developer to a buyer or lessee.



EQUAL HOUSING
OPPORTUNITY

of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Aug. 3: **BELA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES**. The first performer to parlay banjo virtuosity and matinée-idol looks into a successful recording career, Fleck is the Roy Clark of the nineties. His Flecktones have a tendency to tiptoe perilously close to jazz-fusion territory, but for the most part they offer mildly challenging, good-natured instrumental music perfect for workout tapes and films with car chases. Straight-arrow bluesman **ROBERT CRAY** begins a two-night stand on Aug. 8. **■** The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday. The dancers share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—The rock-and-roll church. Aug. 8: **A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS**. Wednesday night is Disco 2000, a fin-de-siècle blowout.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The club hosts a weeklong bluesfest, with longtime Chuck Berry pianist **JOHNNIE JOHNSON** (Aug. 3) and harmonica man **JUNIOR WELLS** (Aug. 4).

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—Aug. 2: **MIKE WATT**, former bassist for the infamous Minutemen, who recently put out a record that featured his disciples Eddie Vedder and Evan Dando. Aug. 3: **THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282**. Aug. 5: The **HEALTH & HAPPINESS SHOW**, with former Television guitarist Richard Lloyd.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Aug. 2: The **DELEVANTES**, an excellent new country act. Aug. 5: The **GROOVE COLLECTIVE** is in the house. Aug. 7-8: The **HEALTH & HAPPINESS SHOW**.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Seisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Dining.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week it's another dark, pungent rock club. Speaking of pungent, **PRIMUS** brings the noise on Aug. 3. With **MIKE WATT** (see Maxwell's).

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Aug. 7: Puerto Rican star **GILBERTO SANTA ROSA**. Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Aug. 2: **LARRY GRAHAM AND GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION**. In the galaxy of funk, Graham is a major star. Back in the seventies, he invented the popping bass line, the secret fuel that powers all the major grooves. He had able assistance from Herschel Happiness on clavinet, David Dynamite on guitar, and Chocolate on "funk box"; in bacchanalia like "Release Yourself," the band practically invented the heart attack. Bring sensible shoes and a towel. Aug. 4: The freakish porno-punk of **FOETUS**. Aug. 8: Recently reformatored radio station WNEW hosts a free afternoon of feel-good pop, featuring **DEL AMITRI** and **WANDERLUST**. Later that evening, **MARILLION**, whose lead singer is called Fish, flop in. Count on lots of bombast and songs about Druids.

WEBSTER HALL, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Aug. 2: **FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS**, who bring to mind Squeeze or Crowded House, only louder, looser, bluesier. Aug. 4: **SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS**.

ART

Flo and Eddie

YOU couldn't pick two twentieth-century American representational artists more different from each other than Edward Hopper and Florine Stettheimer. Yet their respective shows at the Whitney—"Edward Hopper and the American Imagination" (through October 15) and "Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica" (through November 5)—make a terrific (and illuminating) double bill. Hopper's work, with its solitary figures moving like somnambulists through otherwise vacant streets and interiors, embodies a very American vision of urban loneliness transformed by inexplicable moments of transcendence. The pictures have been so widely reproduced that they are almost visual clichés now, but on display at the Whitney—stark, dry as bones, yet still lyrical—they retain their unwavering fascination.

Stettheimer, by contrast, epitomized the fertile marriage of café society and the avant-garde, in both her art and her life. Her effervescent paintings record the milieu she cultivated (it was quite a set: Carl Van Vechten, Parker Tyler, Virgil Thomson, and Marcel Duchamp were all among the regulars) in moods of brittle irony and poetic reverie, with calm, elongated characters floating through spacially ambiguous interiors and gardens. So take a long cool bath in Hopper's alienation, and then revive your spirits at Stettheimer's giddy, gaudy party.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." The highlight of this splendid loan exhibition is a series of superbly rendered low-relief stone carvings that possess Homeric narrative power and irresistible charm. In one, which shows soldiers swimming across the Euphrates to escape Assyrian archers, the trees on the bank are as vivid as Matisse cutouts. A small companion exhibit, "Assyrian Origins," displays early objects from the collection of the Vorderasiatisches Museum, in Berlin. Both shows through Aug. 13. . . .

■ The fifty-three paintings, drawings, and watercolors that make up the Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masterworks are on view. . . .

■ More than a hundred painted-glass roundels produced in the European Lowlands between 1480 and 1560. Through Aug. 20. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden is open, when weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The design exhibitions here are always fun, and "Mutant Materials," a handsomely mounted exploration of the way recent technology has transformed industrial design, is one of the best. In what other museum could you find an orange fake-fur light-switch cover, Nike sneakers, and a baseball glove on display? It's impossible, though, to imagine some of these things in anybody's house. Particularly loathsome is a "seaweed" chair, formed from shreds of fabric in clashing primary colors stiffened with resin and tossed together like a poisonous pasta salad. Many

Overcoming Cancer Was My Wedding Gift To My Wife.



John Fischer, Cancer Patient and his wife Sue

"In 1992, just a few months before Sue and I were to be married, I was diagnosed with cancer.

"I was scared. Here I was, 21 years old, about to be married and faced with the possibility of dying. I didn't want to face it. I had my whole life ahead of me. A life with Sue.

"Then I found Cancer Treatment Centers of America™.

"I was admitted to one of their hospitals and received comprehensive medical care which included a nutrition plan, psychological and spiritual support.

"Today, my cancer is in remission, and Sue and I will celebrate our second wedding anniversary."

If you or someone you love has cancer, find out how Cancer Treatment Centers of America™ can help.



CANCER TREATMENT CENTERS®
OF AMERICA

1-800-392-5055

Because cancer varies with the individual, treatment & effectiveness also vary. No case is typical and no results guaranteed.

objects, such as a squishy pen that molds to the shape of the user's fingertips, are displayed on a shelf, where the visitor is invited to palpate them. Through Aug. 27. . .

¶ "Video Spaces: Eight Installations" presents some widely divergent sculptural uses of the medium. The best piece is by Tony Oursler; a tiny, limp doll with the face of a screaming woman projected onto its head. Gary Hill has contributed a strange and wonderful self-portrait: sixteen monitors (one is less than an inch square) on which different parts of his body are displayed. A challenging and sometimes rewarding exhibition. Through Sept. 12. . . ¶ "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection," thirty-six paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Kandinsky, Picasso, Monet, Seurat, Braque, Degas, and Moore. Through Aug. 22. . . ¶ Leon Levinstein's street photographs of people in New York neighborhoods from the fifties through the seventies. Through Oct. 12. . . ¶ "Artist's Choice: Elizabeth Murray." A show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by seventy women, including Frida Kahlo, Agnes Martin, Louise Bourgeois, Georgia O'Keeffe, Joan Mitchell, and Eva Hesse. Through Aug. 22. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large survey of paintings by the German Neo-Expressionist Georg Baselitz. Through Sept. 17. . . ¶ "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light," a show of paintings on glass, glass constructions, oil paintings, and rarely exhibited photographs. Through Sept. 17. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SoHo, 575 Broadway—A survey of Gary Hill's video work. Through Aug. 20. . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations are featured in "Antipodean Currents: Ten Contemporary Artists from Australia." Through Aug. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Edward Hopper and the American Imagination," a selection of sixty-five paintings intended to explore his sensibility rather than illustrate his themes or artistic development. Through Oct. 15. . . ¶ "Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica," eighty-five paintings, photographs, theatre designs, and costumed dolls. . . ¶ "Views from Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art." Through Oct. 1. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A hundred and forty botanical watercolors, illustrations, engravings, and lithographs are on view; a third of them are of orchids. Among the artists represented are Pierre-Joseph Redouté, Margaret Mee, Marilena Pistoia, and Georg Dionys Ehret. . . ¶ The skeletons of some one hundred saurian and ornithischian dinosaurs have been cleaned and repositioned, and they're waiting for you. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—The fifteenth annual "Artists in the Marketplace" exhibition features the work of thirty-six young New York-area artists. Through Sept. 10. . . ¶ "Traces: The Body in Contemporary Photography" presents work by Juan Carlos Alón, Gerardo Suter, Luis González-Palma, Eugenia Vargas, Lyle Ashton Harris, Lorna Simpson, Jeanne Dunning, and others. Through Sept. 10. . . ¶ "David Padilla Cabrera y Linda Matalón": paintings on wood by the former; drawings and sculptures using gauze, graphite, wax, tar, and wire by the latter. Through Sept. 10. (Open Wednesdays, 3 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpapers from the 1950s." The best of these exuberant wall coverings exhibit an eccentric beauty far removed from the slickness that rules the market now. In the fifties, there was something for ev-

eryone: spaceships for the boys' room, French poodles strolling beside the Eiffel Tower for Mom's bath. The white-bread fantasia that the designers created has become as deeply entrenched in the American collective unconscious as Mt. Rushmore, and even the silliest of their efforts have something to say to us. Through Aug. 20. . . ¶ A display of jewelry and accessories from the museum's collection, including Egyptian mummy beads and gold snuffboxes. Through Aug. 20. . .

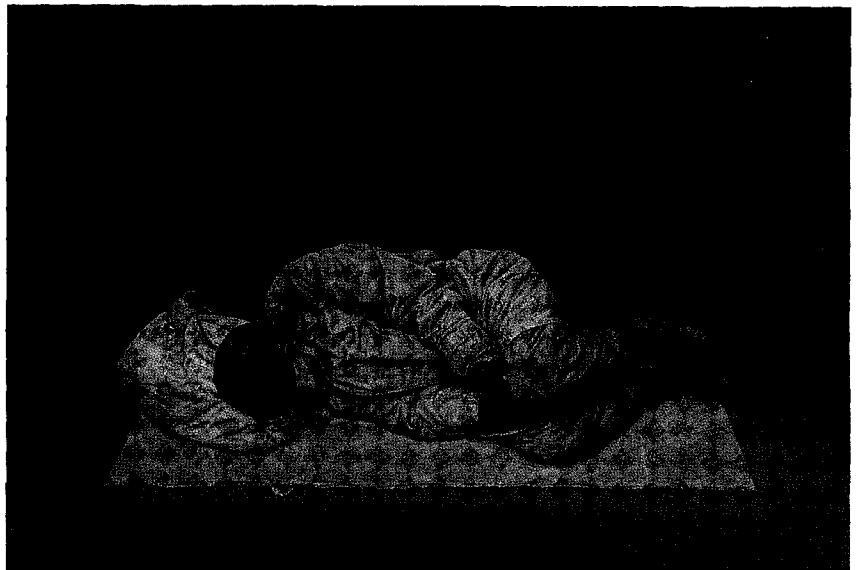
¶ "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism in the Applied Arts 1880-1930." Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Golden Age of Danish Art: Drawings from the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Copenhagen." Seventy-five works from the first half of the nineteenth century, including sketches and studies by Nikolai Abildgaard, Jens Juel, Christen Købke, and Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersberg. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Play Ball: From Stickball to Baseball." Getcha trophies, bleacher seats, World Series balls, bats, and yearbooks heah. Through Aug. 20. . . ¶ Twenty neighborhood, subway, restaurant, and skyline scenes are on view in "New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings." . . . ¶ "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer," a tribute to the museum's first curator of

photographs, architectural drawings, and historical objects devoted to the evolution of our great thoroughfare, which suggests that once upon a time New York really was paradise. A photograph of St. Luke's Hospital, at 54th Street, reveals that in 1865 the Avenue was a country lane. Architect George B. Post's cross-sectional view of Cornelius Vanderbilt's mansion makes even a servant's life in those days look dreamy. (Don't miss the portrait in the corridor outside, by an unknown painter, of Edward Hyde, Viscount Cornbury—an eighteenth-century governor of New York—posed coquettishly in full drag, with an ivory fan. Really.) Through Sept. 17. . . ¶ In "Treasury of the Past," an object or a set of objects representing each year from 1750 to 1950 is on view. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II," a selection of diaries, letters, first editions, and working proofs by Mann, Auden, Woolf, Hellman, Steinbeck, Kerouac, and others. (Berg Collection. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ "What Price Freedom" features twenty objects, from a Jefferson draft of the Declaration of Independence to a student handbill distributed in Tiananmen Square. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) . . . ¶ Part one of "The Collecting Adventure, 1895-1995" examines the way the library has documented and preserved avant-garde and pop culture. Through Sept. 1. (Salomon



Self-portrait by Dan Witz (St. Peter's Church).

prints and photographs. . . ¶ "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Documents of the city's poor by the nation's first photojournalist, alongside work on similar themes by Martine Barrat, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, Jeffrey Henson Scales, and Fred R. Conrad. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Contemporary British Architecture," a survey of recent projects, composed of drawings, paintings, photographs, and models, from the last four summer exhibitions of Britain's Royal Academy of Arts. The visions of Richard Rogers, Norman Foster, Lucy Malein, Nicholas Grimshaw, and the late James Stirling are among those on view. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—"On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue," a trim little exhibition of prints,

Room.) . . . ¶ The librarians have chosen a hundred and fifty books, ranging from rare editions to dog-eared paperbacks, as the "Books of the Century." (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI GARDEN MUSEUM, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—With its twelve galleries and peaceful, ivy-walled center garden, this museum is an oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of the artist's sculptures. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—The exhibition from this year's artists-in-residence program features the work of Petrona Morrison, Rudzani Nemasetoni, and George R. Smith. Through Oct. 1. . . ¶ "Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture," more than ninety works from the museum's holdings and from private collections. Through Oct. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ZIGGY® by Tom Wilson

INFORMATION



ROGAINE?...
...I'VE ALWAYS
WONDERED ABOUT
THAT MYSELF!!



©1995 Ziggy & Friends

STOP WONDERING.

Do what millions have already done. Find out now about *Rogaine* — the only proven way to regrow your own natural hair.

If you're tired of living with hair loss but weaves, transplants and toupees just aren't for you, then you owe it to yourself to find out about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%). For male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair.

And today, *Rogaine* is as much a part of our culture as your favorite Ziggy cartoon. So what are you waiting for? Call us. We'll have a free Information Kit in the mail to you within 24 hours.

How *Rogaine* works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that *Rogaine* works, in part, by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolong the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage. Having even a little more hair might make a difference in how you wear and style your hair.

Best of all, if you respond to treatment with *Rogaine*, the change is gradual. Since natural hair grows slowly, over time, you won't get the immediate change in your appearance — or unwanted attention — of a toupee or a hair weave.

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those on the placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth*. If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. If you respond to *Rogaine*, you'll find it's easy to make it a part of your daily routine.

The facts are free. Plus we'll send you a \$10 incentive to see a doctor.

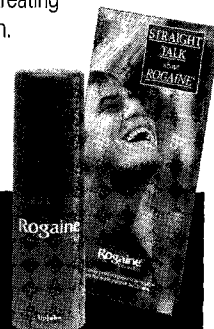
So stop wondering if *Rogaine* is right for you. Call now **1-800-643-1919** for a confidential free Information Kit and find out. Millions of other guys already have. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine***, we'll also include a list of nearby dermatologists and other doctors experienced in treating hair loss, plus a \$10 incentive to visit a doctor soon.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION
minoxidil 2%

See next page for important additional information.

Call now for your
Free Information Kit on
Rogaine and a \$10
incentive to see a doctor

1-800-643-1919



©1995 The Upjohn Company

USX 3524.00

August 1995

Rogaine®

TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?

In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 59% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?

You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. Please refer to the instructions for use in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.58%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Some side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.

Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.

Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.

Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?

Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?

No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA

CB-5-S

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA—Vincent La Selva conducts a staged production of "Giovanna d'Arco," Verdi's seventh opera, as the final offering in this summer's installment of the company's seven-year complete-Verdi project. Though "Giovanna d'Arco" is rarely performed, New York Grand Opera has produced it twice before—in 1976 (the opera's first American staging) and in 1983 (its last appearance in New York). This one features soprano Lucianna LaMonico, tenor Rafael Suárez, and baritone Gary Simpson. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 2 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

CONCERTS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Bobby McFerrin performs vocal improvisations and conducts a program of light classics: Johann Strauss, Jr.'s "Die Fledermaus" Overture, Fauré's Pavane (Op. 50), Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" Suite No. 1, Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and Gershwin's "An American in Paris." (Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 3 at 8....) Westchester Community College, Valhalla, N.Y. Aug. 4 at 8.... Miller Field, Vailhalla National Recreation Area, Staten Island. Aug. 5 at 8.... **NOTE:** Fireworks follow the performances on Aug. 3-4. For rain-date and other information about Philharmonic Parks Concerts, call 875-5709.

MOSTLY MOZART—Aug. 2: Itzhak Perlman joins Gerard Schwarz and the Mostly Mozart Orchestra for a performance of Mendelssohn's E-Minor Violin Concerto. Also on the program is Mendelssohn's "Hebrides Overture" and Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" (featuring mezzo-soprano Wendy Hoffman, tenor Stanford Olsen, and bass-baritone Jan Opalach)... Aug. 3: Tafelmusik, the Canadian period-instrument orchestra, offers suites by Handel and Telemann, Bach's A-Minor Violin Concerto (featuring the group's director, Jeanne Lamon), and concerti grossi by Vivaldi and Albinoni.... Aug. 4-5: Music lovers who lost to the obscure should turn out in force for two concerts that include the overture to the 1783 opera *semiseria* "Il Convitato di Pietra," by Giacomo Tritto (or, more properly, Giacomo Domenico Mario Antonio Pasquale Giuseppe Tritto—all the male relatives must have been pleased). Though his fifty-five operas may be forgotten today, the long-lived Tritto (1733-1824) made his mark on posterity by nourishing greatness: his students at the Collegio Reale di Musica, in Naples, included such luminaries as Bellini, Spontini, Mercadante, and Meyerbeer. The rest of these concerts will be given over to Mozart (who also wrote an opera on the "Convitato di Pietra" theme, titling it "Don Giovanni"): his C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 467, with Cécile Ousset), Sinfonia Concertante in E-Flat Major (K. 364, with violinist Maxim Vengerov and violist Yuri Bashmet), and Symphony No. 35 (the "Haffner"). Peter Maag leads the Mostly Mozart Orchestra.... Aug. 7: The Canadian Brass and Star of Indiana Brass and Percussion Corps.... Aug. 8: Mr. Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Orchestra in Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" Overture, Piano Concertos in E-Flat Major (K. 449) and C Minor (K. 491, both with Eugene Istomin), and Symphony No. 40. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Evenings at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7.)

MONOPHONY FOR LUNCH—In the first of four Wednesday midday concerts exploring different facets of chant, the Schola of St. Malachy's Catholic Church (directed by David Schofield) performs three Gregorian Mass ordinaries—"Fons Bonitatis," "Deus Sempiternus," and "Magne Deus Potentie"—with Christmas, Easter, and Assumption propers interspersed. (239 W. 49th St. Aug. 2 at 12:45. No tickets necessary.)

OTHER FREE MIDDAY OPTIONS—Chamber music by Vivaldi, Telemann, and Saint-Saëns, played by students of the Juilliard School. (Stuyvesant Park, Second Ave. at E. 15th St. Aug. 2 at 12:30. . . . ♫ Dante Park, Broadway at 63rd St. Aug. 3 at 6. . . . ♫ Singers from American Opera Projects offer opera and operetta excerpts. (Herald Square, Broadway at 34th St. Aug. 3 at 12:15 and 1:15.) . . . ♫ Operatic and Broadway selections, with soprano Michelle Carr and baritone Timothy Blevins. (Battery Park, Aug. 3 at 12:30.) . . . ♫ The Modigliani String Quartet, playing music by Mozart, Borodin, and others. (Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Lane, Aug. 8 at 12:30.)

NEW YORK CONCERT SINGERS—Judith Churman directs music by Libby Larsen. (North Plaza, Lincoln Center, Aug. 3 at 6:30. No tickets necessary. Rain date is Aug. 4 at 6:30.)

BARGE MUSIC—Violinist Nai-Yuan Hu and pianist Sung-Mi Im perform Brahms's D-Minor Violin Sonata; cellist Peter Rejto joins Ms. Im for Debussy's Cello Sonata; and all three join for Mendelssohn's C-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 3 at 7:30 and Aug. 6 at 4.)

MOMA SUMMER GARDEN—This summer, musicians from the Juilliard School are exploring American music written between 1945 and 1970. In this installment, soprano Nancy Allen Lundy and pianist Joel Sachs (the series' artistic director) present vocal works that proclaim the era's variety: the serialism of Milton Babbitt, the gentler modernism of David Diamond, the conservatism of William Flanagan, the folk inspiration of Hector Campos Parsi, the aleatory aesthetic of John Cage, the vocal brilliance of Leonard Bernstein, and the cabaret cynicism of Tom Lehrer. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. Aug. 4-5 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

CITY ISLAND SUNDAY—Presenting a violin duet by Jean-Marie Leclair, as well as Beethoven's Septet. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Aug. 6 at noon.)

BRONX ARTS ENSEMBLE BRASS QUINTET—In a concert of Broadway and Hollywood favorites. (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 6 at 2. . . . ♫ McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus at Southern Blvd. Aug. 6 at 4. No tickets necessary for either performance. For rain-date and other information, call 1-718 601-7399.)

ILAN RECHTMAN—Pianist, performing Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, as well as music by Scarlatti and Chopin. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Aug. 6 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

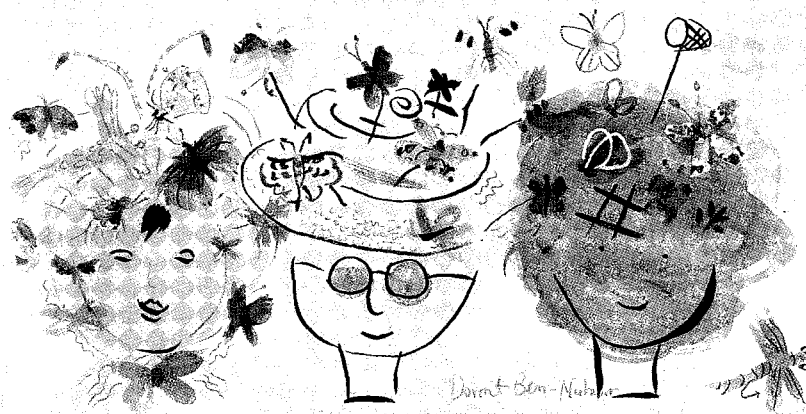
OUT OF TOWN

CARAMOOR—Aug. 3 at 4:15: Violinist Ayako Yoshida and pianist Nelson Padgett perform sonatas by Beethoven (his "Kreutzer") and Strauss, in addition to a set of variations by Paganini. . . . ♫ Aug. 4 at 8:30: Saxophonist Vincent Herring's jazz quintet. . . . ♫ Aug. 5 at 8:30: Pianist Marcus Roberts, performing in jazz trios and septets. . . . ♫ Aug. 6 at 5:30: The Vermeer String Quartet offers quartets by Mendelssohn (his First), Haydn (in D Major, Op. 64, No. 5, the "Lark"), and Brahms (in A Minor). (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252. The season ends on Aug. 13.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA—Aug. 3 at 8 and Aug. 8 at 2: "The Yeomen of the Guard." . . . ♫ Aug. 4 at 8 and Aug. 7 at 2: Handel's "Tamerlano." . . . ♫ Aug. 5 at 8: Britten's "Paul Bunyan." . . . ♫ Aug. 6 at 2: "Don Giovanni." (Cooperstown, N.Y. 1-607 547-2255.)

TANGLEWOOD—Aug. 3 at 8:30: The Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble presents a program of Russian wedding music, including Stravinsky's "Les Noces." . . . ♫ Aug. 4 at 6: Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" and other chamber works, played by members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ♫ Aug. 4 at 8:30: Hugh Wolff conducts the Boston Symphony in

Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" Overture, Saint-Saëns's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Yefim Bronfman), Haydn's Symphony No. 90, and Kodály's "Dances of Galánta." . . . ♫ Aug. 5 at 8:30: Berlioz's Requiem, with tenor Vinson Cole, the Boston Symphony and Tanglewood Music Center Orchestras, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. Seiji Ozawa directs. . . . ♫ Aug. 6 at 2:30: Mr. Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, soprano Barbara Bonney, and mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar in Mahler's Symphony No. 2 (the "Resurrection"). (Lenox, Mass. 1-413 637-1600.)



Weekly butterfly expeditions at the New York Botanical Garden.

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Aug. 5 at 8: The Leontovych String Quartet performs quartets by Beethoven (in F Minor, Op. 95) and Shostakovich (his Third); clarinetist Ethan Sloane assists the foursome in Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. . . . ♫ Aug. 6 at 3: The Leontovych String Quartet plays Tchaikovsky's Quartet No. 2; the Orlando String Quartet offers Mozart's E-Flat-Major Quartet (K. 428); and members of both contribute to a performance of Brahms's G-Major Sextet. (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS—Violinist Charles Libove and pianist Nina Lugavoy perform Brahms's G-Major Violin Sonata, in a concert that also includes works by Henry Cowell, Hindemith, and Ravel. Flutist Paula Robison and cellist Jesse Levy assist. (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217. Aug. 6 at 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

UPTOWN LOCAL—At press time, Harlem Week was a few days shy of growing into Harlem Month. Festivities began on July 26 with the Mayor's City Hall proclamation; they should really heat up this weekend. The Harlem Film Festival screens selections relating to the history of African-Americans in movies, from 1 to 9 daily. (Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. For film schedule, call 873-5040.) . . . ♫ Aug. 6 at 1: This year's Gospel Sunday favors music that points up the kinship of gospel and jazz. (Grant's Tomb, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ♫ Aug. 6 at 1: Economic historian James Kaplan and former city commissioner Robert Wilson chart Harlem's evolution from middle-class suburb to capital of the African-American cultural world, as they tour such landmarks as Marcus Garvey's Liberty Hall, the Abyssinian Baptist Church, the Apollo Theatre, and Strivers' Row. For more information, call the 92nd Street Y, at 996-1100.

HOUSE HUNTING—If you are a bird or a butterfly looking for a place to stay in the metropolitan area, chances are you've checked out the New York Botanical Garden. Naturalist

Debbie Becker has been offering bird tours there, and for the next few weeks she'll do the same for butterflies. On Aug. 8, she offers a combination, visiting brown thrashers, three families of eastern kingbirds (who are training their young now), and such butterflies as the tiger swallowtails that congregate at the tulip trees by the Tulip Tree Café, and the red admirals, who, naturally, like the garden's wetlands. (Bronx Park, Aug. 8 at 1:30. No charge beyond garden admission.)

WATER WEEK—TV workshops continue at the Children's Museum of Manhattan with the filming of "Bubble Bath." The soap-opera

episode will be shot at the museum's in-house TV station, using museum visitors aged six and older. The watery theme will trickle down into the week's activities: water-drop derbies (kids race the rain), watercolor workshops, and playtimes with both sonic and liquid waves. The museum will dedicate the succeeding August weeks to energy, flowers, and birds. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234.)

READINGS—Aug. 2 at 7:15: Carolyn Peyser, Tomasso, and Emmy Hunter read from their poetry. An open-air open-mike session follows. (6th St. and Avenue B Garden. No tickets necessary.) . . . ♫ Aug. 3 at 7:30: Reggie Gaines, Edwin Torres, Greg Tate, Steve Cannon, and Darius James, among others, will read from their work at an event that the Nuyorican Poets Café is sponsoring in honor of Mumia Abu-Jamal, the former journalist and Black Panther spokesman convicted of murdering a Philadelphia policeman, two weeks before Abu-Jamal's scheduled execution. (236 E. 3rd St. 674-3778.)

TALKS—Aug. 3 at 1:15: Sports commentator Stan Fischler reminisces about his Brooklyn youth in a talk titled "Memories of a Trolley Dodger." (Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont St. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the event.) . . . ♫ Aug. 8 at 7: The New York Film Salon barhops to O'Neal's, where the topic of the evening's discussion is the 1967 Luis Buñuel film "Belle de Jour." (49 W. 64th St. For reservations, call 1-914 242-0919.)

TOURS—Aug. 5 at 11: John Paredes, a curator at the New York Transit Museum, cruises to Hoboken for a look at the Erie-Lackawanna Rail and Ferry Terminal, with its Tiffany skylights, Bush train sheds, and Stern loading bridges. For more information, call 1-718 243-3063. . . . ♫ Aug. 5-6 at noon: Business writers Katherine Cavanaugh and Sharon McDonnell visit Silicon Alley, which runs from the Flatiron District to SoHo, on a tour of sites connected with Manhattan's Internet industry. The investigation winds up at the Cyber Café, a coffeehouse and computer bar where you can jack into the World Wide Web. For more information, call 726-2482.

The City of Florence

Historical Vistas & Personal Sightings

R.W.B. LEWIS

"Delightful . . . [Lewis is] a charming and learned cicerone to one of the loveliest cities in Europe."

—Raleigh Trevelyan
The New York Times Book Review

"Part history, part art appreciation, and part love letter, this **enchancing** book describes how Florentines of the past made their city splendid."

—*The New Yorker*

"It is the work of a serious scholar who writes with perfect ease, thoroughly in command of his materials, and sounding like a close friend engaged in lively albeit one-sided conversation . . . **riveting**."

—Anthony Hecht
The Washington Post Book World

At bookstores everywhere

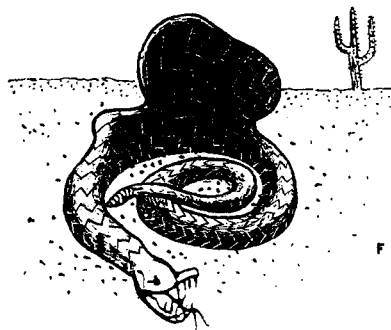
FARRAR STRAUS & GIROUX



Busts of Famous Leaders

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, one of the most brilliant, youthful and romantic of all historical leaders. Made of chloride magnesite with bronze like appearance. 11 3/4" on marble base...\$141 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **Other busts of leaders, statesmen, philosophers** (material and prices vary): Napoleon, Caesar, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln, Voltaire, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle. **Artbook color catalogue of 350 sculptural masterpieces \$6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. Importers of Fine Statuary
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #248
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609



THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

ART FOR TEACHERS OF CHILDREN—Writer-director Jennifer Montgomery's autobiographical drama, about an affair between a teen-ager (Caitlin Grace McDonnell) and a photographer (Duncan Hannah) who is later the object of an F.B.I. investigation into child pornography. Opening Aug. 2. (Film Forum.)

BABE—The animal actors have human voices in Chris Noonan and George Miller's adaptation of Dick King-Smith's 1985 children's book, in which an intrepid pig competes for the world sheepdog championship. Directed by Noonan. Opening Aug. 4. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

BUSHWACKED—A comedy about a rube (Daniel Stern) who, while trying to clear his name of murder charges, becomes the leader of a troop of scouts in the wilderness. Directed by Greg Beeman. Written by John Jordan, Danny Byers, Tommy Swerdlow, and Michael Goldberg. Opening Aug. 4. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and National Twin.)

JEFFREY—The title character in Paul Rudnick's adaptation of his 1993 Off Broadway comedy is a gay New Yorker (Steven Weber) who decides to swear off sex. With Patrick Stewart, Michael T. Weiss, Bryan Batt, Sigourney Weaver, Christine Baranski, Nathan Lane, and Olympia Dukakis. Christopher Ashley directed. Opening Aug. 4. (Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

RIVER OF GRASS—An independent picture, written and directed by Kelly Reichardt, in which a Florida housewife (Lisa Bowman) goes on the lam—or tries to—with a gun-wielding loser (Larry Fessenden). Opening Aug. 4. (Little Theatre.)

ROY COHN/JACK SMITH—Jill Godmilow's record of the late Ron Vawter's solo performance as two very different gay men—one a closeted attorney, the other an avant-garde filmmaker and performance artist. Cohn's speech is an imaginative re-creation by Gary Indiana; Smith's monologue is authentic, from one of his theatre pieces. Aug. 4-6 and Aug. 11-13, at 7:30 and 9:30. (Anthology Film Archives.)

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT—Julia Roberts stars as a southern housewife who discovers that her husband (Dennis Quaid) is having an affair. With Robert Duvall, Gena Rowlands, Kyra Sedgwick, and Haley Aull. Directed by Lasse Hallstrom. Written by Callie Khouri. Opening Aug. 4. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

UNZIPPED—Douglas Kieve's documentary follows the fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi through the preparations for his fall, 1994, New York show. Opening Aug. 4. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

VIRTUOSITY—A thriller set in 1999, starring Denzel Washington as a retired Los Angeles police officer who returns to the force to capture a computer-generated criminal (Russell Crowe). With Kelly Lynch, Stephen Spinella, William Forsythe, and Louise Fletcher. Directed by Brett Leonard. Written by Eric

Bernt. Opening Aug. 4. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in *The Current Cinema*, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 22.)

APOLLO 13—Ron Howard's movie, like the perilous 1970 lunar mission itself, gets home safely only by the skin of its teeth. Dean Cundey's cinematography is drab, James Horner's score is unbearable, and Howard retards the momentum with frequent cutaways to the astronauts' families, who are, unsurprisingly, mighty worried. But the acting—especially by Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon, and Bill Paxton (as the astronauts) and Ed Harris (as a NASA flight controller)—is sharp and persuasive. And the screenplay, by William Broyles, Jr., and Al Reinert, makes the scientific details both comprehensible and exciting. In the end, this failed mission seems like the most impressive achievement of the entire space program: a triumph not of planning but of inspired improvisation.—T.R. (7/10/95) (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

AN AWFULLY BIG ADVENTURE—In Mike Newell's new picture, a teen-ager (Georgina Cates) who goes to work at the Liverpool Playhouse in 1947 falls for a sleazy director (Hugh Grant)—an unfortunate choice, since his hobby is the capture of male hearts. She has better luck with the louché leading man (Alan Rickman), who takes her to bed in his basement. Rickman, missing from the movies for much too long, is easily the best thing about this picture; he looks weary and wolfish as he inches toward a gruesome revelation. Charles Wood's screenplay, adapted from Beryl Bainbridge's 1991 novel, deals in muttered non sequiturs, and the movie is badly dislocated—you feel that it might have once made sense but that someone tore it apart and couldn't glue it back together again. Yet it works as a minor mood piece. There's real texture to it—something dank and reeking—and slowly the story releases a flavor of backstage life that's as strong as stewed tea.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.)

THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY—Screenwriter Richard LaGravenese and director Clint Eastwood have taken Robert James Waller's best-selling novel and turned out something sombre and restrained—almost, in fact, good (though it's too long). Eastwood also stars, as Kincaid, the strolling photographer who shows up at an Iowa farmhouse and falls for the lonely Francesca (Meryl Streep). The two leads' sly comic rhythm is miles removed from the book's flailing solemnity, though Eastwood has bravely given himself the few ridiculous lines that survived.—A.L. (6/19/95) (Village Theatre VII, Tower East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Square.)

CLUELESS—The high school in writer-director Amy Heckerling's first feature, the 1982 "Fast Times at Ridgemont High," was party central; this one is a world of cellular phones, nose jobs, and fast, funny mall-speak, where all the girls love sexy makeovers and all the boys are beautiful young pups. Heckerling's idea was to set "Emma," among Beverly Hills teen-agers, and it's inspired. Alicia Silverstone, an actress with an easy and uncomplicated demeanor (her beauty suggests a warmer Sharon Stone), plays a matchmaking high-school queen named Cher who is so naively confident that she doesn't see how manipulative her behavior is; like Jane Austen's heroine, she's spoiled, but her heart is in the right place. With its charming performances, bubble-gum colors, and intentionally funny product placements, the movie is like a kiss in a candy store—silly

and sweet.—B.D. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

COUNTRY LIFE—A romantic comedy about sheep farmers and socialites in Australia in the nineteen-twenties, directed by and starring Michael Blakemore, who also wrote the screenplay—which is loosely based on Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." With Sam Neill, Greta Scacchi, John Hargreaves, and Kerry Fox. (Village East Cinemas and Cinema I.)

DOUBLE HAPPINESS—Jade (Sandra Oh), a self-confident twenty-two-year-old who lives with her parents, wants to be an actress; her over-protective parents, who emigrated from Hong Kong to Canada to give her "opportunities" they never had, want her to marry a nice Chinese boy. The movie is billed as a comedy, but it's much more interesting for the repressive family dynamic it captures. Stephen Chang is excellent as the father, whose unyielding disapproval repeatedly reduces his daughter to quiet submission, until she finally works up the courage to leave. Written and directed by Mina Shum.—S.K. (Quad Cinema.)

FIRST KNIGHT—King Arthur (Sean Connery) is growing old; Guinevere (Julia Ormond) is looking younger and lustier every day; Lancelot (Richard Gere) is doing fancy stuff with swords; and wicked Prince Malagant (Ben Cross) is wearing an overcoat covered with iron studs, an infallible sign of trouble. Jerry Zucker's movie is an odd mixture of Tolkien and Indiana Jones, but there's a great nocturnal battle, and enough thoughtless rhetoric ("Nobody move or Arthur dies!") to gratify the connoisseur of kitsch.—A.L. (7/17/95) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

GROSSE FATIGUE—Michel Blanc wrote and directed this picaresque comedy, which is small, brainy, and downright odd—exactly like its creator. He also takes the two leading roles: Michel Blanc, and someone pretending to be Michel Blanc. (If that sounds tortuous, it is.) The former, a balding performer with writer's block, discovers that the latter is using his name to lead a far more glamorous life; with Carole Bouquet (also playing herself) as his sidekick, he goes off in search of his alter ego. The movie measures the corrosive effects of fame, and it's wacky and provocative, yet not quite wacky enough—a bolder film would have suggested not just that the hero had a look-alike but that he was genuinely split. Still, there are enough sly jokes and gratuitous digs at Gérard Depardieu to lend it good cheer. In French.—A.L. (68th St. Playhouse and Quad Cinema.)

THE INDIAN IN THE CUPBOARD—The fine children's book by Lynne Reid Banks has received a faithful treatment from screenwriter Melissa Mathison. Yet about all that comes through Frank Oz's direction of the story—involving a boy whose magic cupboard brings plastic toys to life—are the lessons in responsibility to others that the tiny Indian (played by the Native American rap singer Litefoot) teaches the boy (Hal Scardino). Their sweet, gawky interplay is winning; and David Keith, as a sensitive miniature cowboy named Boo-hoo Boone, pumps a great deal of energy into the mix. But Mathison's screenplay needed a director who could provide the kind of magic that Steven Spielberg gave her script for "E.T." Oz just tells the story, with little sense of wonder, and relies on Randy Edelman's sappy score to push the audience's buttons.—B.D. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, New York Twin, East 85th Street, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

KIDS—Larry Clark's film follows some New York City teen-agers through a day and a night of largely self-destructive activity. These kids seem to be wandering in total darkness, and their nihilism outdoes even the celebrated pessimism of Generation X. Although the movie will undoubtedly be received as a wake-up call, a sobering report on a lost generation, it's resolutely neutral

on the big social questions. What's fascinating—and unsettling—about the picture is Clark's unmistakable admiration for the recklessness of the young. He's more concerned with the texture of teen-age anomie than with its causes or its consequences, and the obsessive, ardent gaze he turns on his subjects as they stumble toward oblivion has a strangely aestheticizing effect; he can't help turning these wasted, aimless kids into icons of the beautiful and damned. With Leo Fitzpatrick, Chloe Sevigny, and Justin Pierce. Screenplay by Harmony Korine (who was nineteen when he wrote it).—T.R. (7/31/95) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

LIVING IN OBLIVION—Movies about movies always run the risk of self-involvement; the trick, as Truffaut demonstrated in "Day for Night"—and as Tom DiCillo shows he has learned—is to keep things light, aerating the layers of narrative with gags and letting the serious creative implications take care of themselves. DiCillo's movie is slight but smart, and it doesn't overstay its welcome. Steve Buscemi plays a harassed director trying to make a low-budget picture in New



Opening August 4, "Babe."

York, who suffers a plague of glitches that range from sour milk in the crew's coffee to an angry dwarf. It's the ideal part for Buscemi: pallid, ratty, and pop-eyed, he has the air of a man who is deeply in love with movies and wishes he weren't. The film feels horribly accurate, but it's more than a feast for buffs—anyone who has ever hated dream sequences, for instance, should come away happy.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE NET—A computer-systems analyst (Sandra Bullock) falls prey to a criminal conspiracy on the Internet, in a thriller directed by Irwin Winkler. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

NINE MONTHS—Samuel (Hugh Grant), a child psychotherapist who, quite understandably, doesn't like children, is agast when he discovers that his girlfriend (Julianne Moore) is pregnant; they have just enough time to argue, split up, and bond again before the baby is born. Given that the movie was directed by Chris Columbus ("Home Alone,"

"Mrs. Doubtfire"), it ought to be unwatchable. But it's not that bad. Grant performs a California variation on his stuttering-fluster shtick, inflated into caricature by insistent closeups. The film's energy, such as it is, arises from his patter with other men (an aggressive Tom Arnold, a lazily horny Jeff Goldblum). The women—Moore and Joan Cusack—are little more than magnets for male anxiety. They have the babies, the movie tells us with its sunny, reactionary guile; what more do they want?—A.L. (7/24/95) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

OPERATION DUMBO DROP—The story of five Green Berets (played by Danny Glover, Ray Liotta, Doug E. Doug, Corin Nemec, and Denis Leary) who airlift an eight-thousand-pound elephant into a Vietnamese village in 1968. Directed by Simon Wincer. Written by Gene Quintano and Jim Kouf; based on an article by Jim Morris. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, and Embassy 1.)

POCAHONTAS—Disney may have seen lightning strike for the fifth consecutive time with this animated smash, but it's the weakest of the bunch: a bland, predictably p.c. story so taken up with teaching lessons about tolerance and the environment that it leaves hardly any room for laughter. Pocahontas, with her almond eyes, full lips, and long black hair, parades through the forest like a model on a runway. And Mel Gibson's voice, for John Smith, is so familiar that it's distracting; his handsome face keeps threatening to break through the character's cartoonish good looks. The studio hasn't failed in its intentions—the merchandise will outgross the movie by a wide margin—but there are more entertaining commercials on TV.—B.D. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, Lincoln Square, and Olympia.)

THE POSTMAN—Antonio Skármeta's bittersweet 1985 novel, "Burning Patience," upon which this movie is loosely based, told the story of Mario, a lonely postman who delivers mail to Pablo Neruda in Isla Negra, the desolate corner of Chile where the poet spent his final years. In Michael Radford's lovely but sanitized version, the action has been moved two decades earlier to picturesque Italy. As Neruda, the great Philippe Noiret somehow conquers being dubbed in Spanish-accented Italian; as Mario, the late Italian comedian Massimo Troisi is painfully affecting. In Italian.—S.K. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

SAFE—Carol (Julianne Moore), the heroine of Todd Haynes's peculiar, daring new movie, is a wealthy Southern California housewife stricken with a mysterious disease. The best diagnosis anyone can come up with is "environmental illness"—which means, essentially, that she's allergic to the world she lives in. The movie's rhythm is hypnotic, and when, midway, the action shifts to a New Age desert compound that represents Carol's last hope of restoring her health, the filmmaker's distancing techniques begin to pay off in volatile, eccentric satire. Moore, in a nearly unplayable role, is amazingly vivid and touching; this is a heartbreaking portrait of a woman in full, panicked retreat from life.—T.R. (Village East Cinemas.)

SHE LIVES TO RIDE—Alice Stone's documentary look at women and motorcycles includes archival footage and interviews with, among others, an octogenarian cyclist and the creator of *Harley Woman* magazine. (Little Theatre.)

SMOKE—Five years ago, the director Wayne Wang asked the novelist Paul Auster to work up one of his stories as a screenplay. The result—a highly cerebral intertwining of the lives of white and black characters in

Brooklyn in 1990, centering on a cigar-store owner (Harvey Keitel) and a lonely writer (William Hurt)—is obviously a labor of love. But Wang's sentimentality and Auster's self-consciousness don't go together: the direction is literal, and the lines sound like short-story dialogue read aloud. Only Forest Whitaker, playing a guilty father, comes off well. A gorgeous sequence that runs behind the final credits—with no dialogue, just a song by Tom Waits—suggests what the film *might* have been. With Harold Perrineau, Jr., Stockard Channing, and Ashley Judd.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

SPECIES—In Los Angeles, where no one can hear you scream, a comely young blonde (Natasha Henstridge)—who is, in fact, half human and half extraterrestrial—roams the streets in search of a man to mate with. Hard on her heels are five alien-hunters (Ben Kingsley, Forest Whitaker, Michael Madsen, Marg Helgenberger, and Alfred Molina), who intend to destroy the Babe from Another Planet before she can have unsafe sex and drop a litter of nasty mutants. Roger Donaldson's movie is too dull and too plain to seduce even the most desperate viewer, and there's some comfort in the thought that this pathetic specimen probably won't be spawning any sequels.—T.R. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ♪ Astor Plaza; through Aug. 3.)

UNDER SIEGE 2: DARK TERRITORY—Steven Seagal returns, this time as a passenger on a cross-country train seized by terrorists who plan to blow up the Pentagon. Eric Bogosian is the lead bomber. Geoff Murphy directs. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

WATERWORLD—Kevin Costner battles a floating band of thieves, led by Dennis Hopper, in this adventure set in a wet, wet future. Directed by Kevin Reynolds. (Reviewed this week in *The Current Cinema*.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

WILD REEDS—André Téchiné's coming-of-age drama, set in a quiet provincial town in 1962, is the best French film in years. The young characters are all deeply confused about their political, intellectual, and sexual identities; the director sets up their conflicts with masterly ease, and, using smooth, complex tracking shots, carries them toward resolutions that are tentative but real. The movie flows like a river. Téchiné simply takes his characters from one point to another—from juvenile ignorance to a place where they can see themselves, and others, a little more clearly—and he makes that short journey look momentous. Few movies dealing with teen-agers have been so accurate about the moral and emotional urgency of adolescents' attempts to understand their lives, or so forgiving of their failures. Gaël Morel, Élodie Bouchez, Stéphane Rideau, and Frédéric Gorny play the main characters, and they're all terrific. In French.—T.R. (7/31/95) (Quad Cinema.)

ALSO PLAYING

BANDIT QUEEN: Cinema 3. . . . **BATMAN FOREVER** (reviewed in our issue of 7/10/95): Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . **BRAVEHEART** (6/5/95): Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 59th Street East Cinema, and Lincoln Square. . . . **BURNT BY THE SUN** (5/8/95): Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **CRIMSON TIDE** (5/15/95): Manhattan Twin and Lincoln Square. . . . **CRUMB** (5/1/95): Film Forum 3. . . . **DIE HARD WITH A VENGEANCE** (5/29/95): Manhattan Twin and Criterion Center. . . . **DON JUAN DE MARCO** (4/10/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FORGET PARIS** (5/29/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FREE WILLY 2: THE ADVENTURE HOME**: Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6,

New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center. . . . **FRENCH KISS** (5/29/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE INCREDIBLY TRUE ADVENTURE OF TWO GIRLS IN LOVE**: Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **JUDGE DREDD**: 23rd St. West Triplex and Embassy. . . . **LIE DOWN WITH DOGS**: Village East Cinemas. . . . **LITTLE ODESSA**: Plaza. . . . **A LITTLE PRINCESS** (5/29/95): Lincoln Square. . . . **THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE** (1/16/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MIDNIGHT DANCERS**: Cinema Village. . . . **MIGHTY MORPHIN POWER RANGERS: THE MOVIE**: Manhattan Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema. . . . **MURIEL'S WEDDING**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **PARTY GIRL**: Angelika 57. . . . **THE PEREZ FAMILY**: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **POSTCARDS FROM AMERICA**: Quad Cinema. . . . **PULP FICTION** (10/10/94): Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . **WINGS OF COURAGE** (4/24/95): Lincoln Square.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000). **LITTLE THEATRE**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171). **Anthology Film Archives**, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181). **MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX**, 36 E. 8th (477-6600). **VILLAGE THEATRE VII**, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400). **CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th (924-3363). **VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS**, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799). **19TH STREET EAST 6**, B'way at 19th (260-8000). **MURRAY HILL CINEMAS**, 160 E. 34th (689-6548). **34TH STREET SHOWPLACE**, 238 E. 34th (532-5544). **34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th (683-0255). **EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020). **SUTTON I AND 2**, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411). **GOTHAM CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262). **PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th (355-3320). **MANHATTAN TWIN**, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420). **59TH STREET EAST CINEMA**, 239 E. 59th (759-4630). **BARONET AND CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663). **CINEMA I**, **CINEMA II**, and **CINEMA 3RD AVENUE**, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022). **FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS**, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408). **GEMINI I AND 2**, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670). **BECKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622). **NEW YORK TWIN**, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339). **68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302). **TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313). **EAST 85TH STREET**, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100). **PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS**, 125 E. 86th (534-1880). **ORPHEUM VII**, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400). **86TH STREET EAST TWIN**, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110). **WAYERLY I AND 2**, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037). **ART GREENWICH TWIN**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350). **QUAD CINEMA**, 34 W. 13th (255-8800). **CHelsea CINEMAS**, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402). **23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX**, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060). **GUILD**, 33 W. 50th (757-2406). **WORLDWIDE CINEMAS**, 50th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. (504-0960). **ZIEGFELD**, 141 W. 54th (765-7600). **CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS**, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520). **ANGELIKA 57**, 225 W. 57th (586-1900). **PARIS**, 4 W. 58th (980-5656). **CINEMA 3**, 2 W. 59th (752-5959). **62ND & BROADWAY**, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466). **LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS**, B'way at 63rd (757-2280). **REGENCY**, B'way at 67th (724-3700). **LINCOLN SQUARE**, B'way at 68th (336-5000). **84TH STREET SIXPLEX**, B'way at 84th (877-3600). **METRO CINEMA I AND 2**, B'way at 99th (222-1200). **OLYMPIA I AND II**, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th (354-0900). **EMBASSY I**, B'way at 46th (302-0494). **EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4**, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262). **ASTOR PLAZA**, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340). **NATIONAL TWIN**, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

REVIEWS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Luis Buñuel was in his late sixties when he made this icy, bracingly unwholesome film about the secret life of an elegant Parisian bourgeoisie, Séverine (Catherine Deneuve), who is frigid with her handsome and considerate husband (Jean Sorel), spends her afternoons as a prostitute in a discreet, upscale brothel. The movie, adapted by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière from a popular novel by Joseph Kessel, is a pristine example of the great filmmaker's serenely outrageous late style. In this picture, desire has a de-luxe blandness that's both mysterious and deeply, unnervingly funny. Also with Michel Piccoli, Geneviève Page, and Pierre Clementi. In French.—T.R. (19th Street East 6 and Paris.)

THE EMPEROR JONES (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by Dubose Heyward. Murphy, a director with ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 6-7.)

GLEN OR GLENDA (1953)—Inadvertent, lunatic bargain-basement camp. The writer-director, Edward D. Wood, Jr., addresses this earnest study of transvestitism to an audience that had recently been shocked by Christine Jorgensen's sex-change operation. The opening titles promise a movie of "stark realism." The first sign of stark realism is Bela Lugosi, surrounded by skulls and a skeleton, declaiming about "man's constant groping of things unknown." The movie eventually homes in on the case history of Glen or Glenda (played by Wood himself), who starts out wearing his sister's dress and ends up appropriating her whole wardrobe. Lugosi pops up repeatedly and warns, "Beware of the big green dragon that sits on your doorstep. He eats little boys, puppy dogs' tails, and big fat snails!" He seems to be in Transylvania, but an entire Sorbonne of semiologists couldn't figure out exactly where this movie's images come from. With Lyle Talbot. (A portion of this film was lovingly re-created last year in Tim Burton's "Ed Wood.")—M.S. (A Different Light Bookstore; Aug. 6.)

THE GUARDSMAN (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the jealous husband (in disguise from his flirtatious wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play, which Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 7.)

THE MIDDLEMAN (1975)—Satyajit Ray's least known great film tells the story of a university graduate, Somnath Banerjee (Pradip Mukherjee), who, unable to find a suitable job, turns his hand to business—a desperate choice for a boy from a Brahmin family. A friend shows him the ropes of the commercial life, and in the course of the picture he becomes so tangled up in them that he's barely able to move. In this film Calcutta is a place where everybody cheats and nobody wins. For an hour and a half, Ray conducts a brisk, acerbic tour of the corrupt city, and then, in the movie's extraordinary last act, he slows the pace, darkens the tone, and takes us all the way to tragedy. Ray's salesman is even unluckier than Arthur Miller's:

instead of dying, Somnath winds up having to live with the knowledge that he has sold his soul too cheaply. When he clinches his final, most lucrative deal, we feel a shattering sense of loss. With Rabi Ghosh, Utpal Dutta, Aparna Sen, and Sudesna Das. In Bengali.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER (1962)—Arthur Penn, who had directed the Broadway version of William Gibson's play about Annie Sullivan and her pupil, Helen Keller, brought his two chief players with him—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. The play has some weaknesses, and they come through all too glaringly in the performances of Victor Jory and Inga Swenson as Helen's parents, but the dramatic force of the pitched battle between the strong-willed Annie and the equally strong, animal-willed Helen carries everything before it.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 8.)

OUT OF THE PAST (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 5.)

SHAFT (1971)—Richard Roundtree plays African-American private eye John Shaft, who mixes the urban-loner aspect of Sam Spade with the turtleneck-and-shoulder-holster look of Bullitt and the casual promiscuity of James Bond. (Strutting through Manhattan to Isaac Hayes's bristling score, he epitomized black machismo for a year or so, until the Super Fly prototype took over.) In what passes for a plot, a Harlem crime boss (Moses Gunn) hires Shaft to rescue his daughter; mafiosi and black militants soon figure in the action. The moviemaking is primitive—in one fight, fists hammer away at the camera and a bad guy seems to throw himself out the window. There's some mechanical interracial coitus, and a hint of anti-Semitism: the least simpatico character is a Yiddish-talking legal bureaucrat named Leibowitz. Gordon Parks directed, from a script by Ernest Tidyman and John D. F. Black, based on Tidyman's novel. (Soon there were two more Shaft movies, a second novel by Tidyman—"Shaft Among the Jews"—and a short-lived TV series.)—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 5-7.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 6-7.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Pop perfection. Fred Astaire plays a song-and-dance man headlining a London show, Ginger Rogers a high-society model who mistakes him for his married producer (Edward Everett Horton). In the dialogue and situations, the director, Mark Sandrich, and the writers, Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott, milk all manner of farcical misunderstandings. Irving Berlin provided the music and lyrics; as usual, the key numbers—"Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek

to Cheek"—divulge and heighten the couple's true feelings. In addition to Horton, and Helen Broderick as his wife, the character actors who make each bit of wordplay count include Eric Blore, as Horton's valet, and Erik Rhodes, as the malaprop-spewing dress designer Alberto Beddini. In this, their biggest hit, Astaire and Rogers make a superb comic-romantic team, though he still dominates the dancing. ("Top Hat" is the movie that inspired Graham Greene to describe Astaire, in his freedom and lightness, as "a human Mickey Mouse.")—M.S. (Bryant Park; Aug. 7.)

WAY OUT WEST (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd gone on vacation. James Horne directed.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; through Aug. 4.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—Aug. 2: "Mandingo" (1975, Richard Fleischer). . . . Aug. 3-4: "Friday Foster" (1975, Arthur Marks) and "Truck Turner" (1974, Jonathan Kaplan). . . . Aug. 5-7: "Shaft" (†). . . . Aug. 8: "Slaughter" (1972, Jack Starrett) and "Hammer" (1972, Bruce Clark).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films made from Broadway plays. Aug. 3 at 2:30 and Aug. 4 at 8: "Stalag 17" (1953, Billy Wilder). . . . Aug. 3 at 6: "Three Faces East" (1930, Roy Del Ruth). . . . Aug. 3 at 8 and Aug. 5 at 3:15: "The Yellow Ticket" (1931, Raoul Walsh). . . . Aug. 4 at 2:30 and Aug. 8 at 3: "Mister Roberts"

(1955, John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy). . . . Aug. 4 at 6 and Aug. 7 at 1: "The Long Voyage Home" (1940, Ford). . . . Aug. 5 at 1: "The Big Knife" (1955, Robert Aldrich). . . . Aug. 5 at 5: "Out of the Fog" (1941, Anatole Litvak). . . . Aug. 6 at 1 and Aug. 7 at 3: "The Emperor Jones" (†). . . . Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Summer and Smoke" (1961, Peter Glenville). . . . Aug. 6 at 5: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962, Richard Brooks). . . . Aug. 7 at 6: "The Guardsman" (†). . . . Aug. 8 at 1: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940, LeRoy). . . . Aug. 8 at 6: "The Miracle Worker" (†).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—French comedies, from the silent era to the present. Aug. 2 at 4 and 8:10 and Aug. 3 at 6:10: "Santa Claus Is a Louse" (1982, Jean-Marie Poiré). . . . Aug. 2 at 6 and Aug. 3 at 4 and 8:10: "My New Partner" (1984, Claude Zidi). . . . Aug. 4 at 4 and 7:45 and Aug. 5 at 5:45 and 9:30: "Delicatessen" (1991, Jean-Marc Jeunet and Marc Caro). . . . Aug. 4 at 6 and 9:45 and Aug. 5 at 4 and 7:45: "Baxter" (1991, Jérôme Boivin). . . . Aug. 6 at 4 and 8 and Aug. 7 at 6 and 10: "That Man from Rio" (†). . . . Aug. 6 at 6:15 and Aug. 7 at 4 and 8:10: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972, Luis Buñuel). . . . Aug. 8 at 4 and 7:50: "Male Hunt" (1964, Edouard Molinaro). . . . Aug. 8 at 6 and 9:50: "A Matter of Resistance" (1965, Jean-Paul Rappeneau). . . . Week-end showings for children. Aug. 5-6 at 2: "Three Ring Circus" (1954, Joseph Pevney).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Through Aug. 4 at 10:30, 1, and 2:30: "Way Out West" (†). . . . Aug. 6 at 2: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton). . . . Aug. 6 at 4: "Pursued" (1947, Raoul Walsh). . . . Aug. 6 at 8:10, 1, and 2:30: Three short films with the Three Stooges—"Women Haters" (1934), "Gents Without Cents" (1944), and "Dutiful but Dumb" (1941).

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St. (899-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Aug. 6 at 7, the feature will be "Glen or Glenda" (†).

BRYANT PARK, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style movie-going, beginning with Looney Tunes and coming attractions. The feature on Aug. 7 will be "Top Hat" (†). (Rain date is the following night.)

FILM AL FRESCO, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out-of-doors, with food and live music beginning at 6 and the movie starting at about 8:30. On Aug. 6, the feature will be "Babette's Feast" (1988, Gabriel Axel; in Danish and French).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Aug. 2 at 1:30 and Aug. 3 at 5:30: "Written on the Wind" (1957, Douglas Sirk). . . . Aug. 2 at 4 and Aug. 3 at 2:30: "The Savage Eye" (1959, Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick). . . . Aug. 4-5 at 11:30 and Aug. 6 at 2:30: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola). . . . Aug. 4-5 at 4 and Aug. 6 at noon: "Days of Heaven" (1978, Terrence Malick).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 8 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Northern Star" (1982, Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French).



At Film Forum 2, Richard Roundtree in "Shaft."

There's more to the Mazda Millenia than meets the wallet.

Mazda presents a new take on the old idea of getting what you pay for. The Mazda Millenia. A luxury sedan designed to compete with brands like Mercedes, BMW and Lexus. But the Millenia isn't sold by a separate luxury division. So you don't pay for luxury overhead. And more of what you spend goes into what you drive.



To make it feel more solid than other luxury cars, the sides of the Millenia are stamped from single pieces, not welded from smaller ones. The result is a fit so precise, body panel seams are 20% tighter than on a Mercedes C280.

Under the hood, the Millenia S has a unique, high-output V6, up to 80% more powerful than ordinary engines of comparable size. And though it makes the Millenia S faster from 0 to 60 than the V8-powered BMW 530i, it actually burns less fuel.*

To protect its passengers, the Millenia meets global safety requirements through 1997. Naturally, dual air bags, anti-lock brakes and front-wheel drive are standard. And for everyday peace of mind, the Millenia comes with a 36-month/50,000-mile warranty and 24-hour Emergency Roadside Assistance.**

The Mazda Millenia. Starting at just \$27,525,[†] one place we're sure you won't mind settling for less. For a free brochure, call 1-800-639-1000.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.

Claims based on results of tests conducted by Automotive Marketing Consultants, Inc., and certified by the United States Auto Club. Models tested with automatic transmission. *Millenia S EPA estimated 28 mpg highway/20 mpg city. **See dealer for details on limited warranty and Roadside Assistance program. †\$27,525 MSRP for Millenia with cloth trim. \$33,595 MSRP for Millenia S shown. Taxes, license, freight, options, dealer charges extra. Actual prices set by dealer. ©1995 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

NEWT'S CAPTAIN IN CYBERSPACE

FOR months, Donald G. Jones, a cable-television tycoon who likes to describe himself as a "farmer of technological change," had been sowing the seeds of a private dinner between two men who had never met before: Newt Gingrich, America's most prominent computer nerd, and Bill Gates, its richest one. Last Wednesday, it finally happened. For two and a half hours in the Speaker's office, at a table just opposite his beloved T-rex skull, the two men talked and talked: about E-mail and managing change; about the cost of communications and the cost of regulation; about how Gingrich made the best-seller list while Gates is struggling to finish his long-overdue book. And they talked about each other. Jones, who was there, too, says that Gates told Gingrich that Congress was on the right track; Gingrich, Jones says, told Gates that he was the most important entrepreneur of his era, on a par with Henry Ford in his.

For Jones, the soirée was only one—and not even the flashiest—of a series of coups he has pulled off since the November elections. Jones is a member of the Gingrich inner circle, a fifty-two-year-old veteran of the communications industry who sold his Wisconsin-based company last year and expected to be deep in retirement by now. Instead, he finds himself smack in the middle of Washington's new space race—the race for cyberspace. Where once the capital was terminally low-tech, now—well, it still is, but the political class is trying desperately to get with the program, or, at least, to be seen as getting with it. The fact that Gingrich is far ahead in this contest owes much to Jones, who

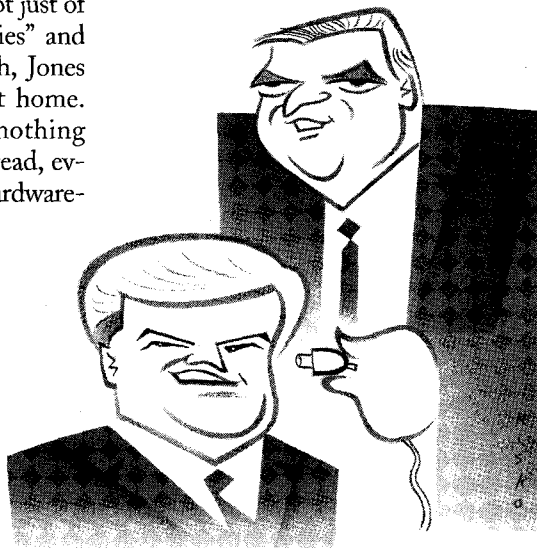
has come to serve, more than anyone else, as the Speaker's cyber consigliere.

As such, Jones is at the center of a constellation of what he calls "visionary thinkers and doers," who advise the Speaker on communications and computing. It's a wide and weird orbit—full of charlatans and luminaries in equal measure, of people who speak not just of the third wave but of "byte cities" and "brain lords"—yet one in which, Jones maintains, he feels perfectly at home.

You have to wonder, for nothing about Jones says cyberspace. Instead, everything screams milkman, or hardware-store owner, or small-town bank president. He has a wide, friendly face, a ponderous Midwestern drawl (the kind that turns "roots" into "ruts"), any number of chins, and a physical presence—he is six feet seven inches tall and as well fed as Newt—that lampoons his description of himself as a "truly virtual person." That is, however, the sort of thing Jones says routinely, whether in boasting of his "multimedia daughter," or in spitting out information-age jargon such as I-Phone and Mbone, or in explaining why, when he was running his firm, his business cards read not "C.E.O." but "Leader of Change." The language of the wired world, of nouveau management theory, and even of New Age spiritualism flows easily from Jones—which quickly reminds you why he is now so close to Gingrich.

THE money has helped, too. On a bright Washington afternoon, Jones is sitting on the balcony of the Speaker's office, enjoying a view of the Mall which could be described as price-

less were it not for the account Jones is offering of how he came to be allowed to sit there. "All my adult life, I've been a fairly serious checkbook citizen," he says. "In the eighties, I was one of the top donors in the country to the Republican Party, the only member of George Bush's Team 100"—people who gave a



Newt Gingrich and Donald G. Jones

hundred thousand dollars to the Republican National Committee—"in the state of Wisconsin, and an active contributor to GOPAC." It was through GOPAC, a conservative political-action committee with close ties to Gingrich, that the two men met, in 1987.

Seven years later, after Jones sold his cable-television empire and just before the Republicans pulled off their historic rout, Gingrich beckoned. "The Speaker challenged me to give more than my money," Jones says between sips of bottled iced tea, "and I accepted." Since the elections, Jones has been commuting from his home, in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, to Washington two or three days

a week. His first assignment, and most resounding success, came when the Speaker gave him a month to put Congress on-line. The result—the Thomas system, named, at Jones's suggestion, for Jefferson—is among the main reasons, along with the Speaker's goofy proposal for a laptop tax credit, that Gingrich, more than Al Gore, is now thought of as America's most computer-friendly politician.

"You know, the problem with all these hard-core, right-wing telecom visionaries is that most of them don't know anything about policy," says a telecommunications expert who is himself fairly right-wing. "In fact, most of them don't know much about technology, either. It's all just the next wave of ideological utopianism: first, supply-side economics, and now Tofflerism." That criticism, which might easily be applied to several prominent people whom Gingrich cites as gurus—Alvin Toffler, not least among them—might also be applied to Gingrich himself. He does not, for instance, use E-mail, and the other day he admitted that he is "pretty primitive" in his use of computers in general. When he was pressed on what he likes to do on the Internet, he paused and then said, with pristine vagueness, "I play."

Jones is not worried about Gingrich's lack of "actual screen time." He removes from his bag a memo written by Gingrich in the early seventies, which predicted that one day whole libraries might be stored on computers. What matters, Jones says, is that Gingrich sees the big picture—that the "entry into the information age is really about the redefinition of American civilization"—and that Gingrich may be the only person able to make that redefinition a reality and save the country from decline and decay. Jones smiles. "The Speaker doesn't stand still long enough for E-mail," he says. "But let me assure you, he is wired!"

SNAPSHOTS FOR AN ALBUM

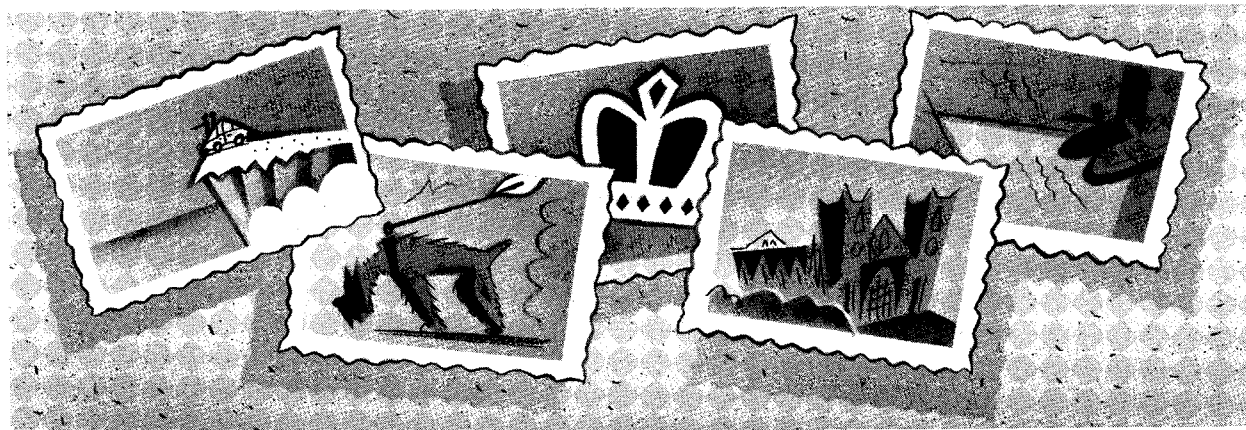
"TOURISM" in this country evokes the large—Mt. Rushmore, Disneyland castles, the Library of Congress—but for a tourist lately back from eleven sunbaked days in London and the west of Ireland what sticks in mind is the miniatures of travel: scraps of color, tones of voice, the odd moment at the significant site. "Robbie! Here, Robbie!" a woman calls in a pleasing Brit soprano, and the eager, rumped terrier who has been circling a Yank couple sitting in the shade in the water meadows behind Winchester College reluctantly returns to the family picnic under an adjoining immemorial oak. On the top floor of London's Courtauld Institute Galleries, the gray-blue eyes of the tiny, scarlet-clad figure just to the right of the crucified Christ in a fifteenth-century wooden altar panel painted by Fra Angelico are mysteriously clouded, and the tourist, leaning still closer, sees at last that the eyes are welling with sadness: a saint in tears.

In Westminster Abbey, one must pay four pounds a pop (no "Suggested Contribution" here!) to gain admission to the royal chapels and to Poets' Corner, which seems to have been filling up with memorial stones in recent years. Benjamin Britten is here now, and so are Laurence Olivier and Auden and Gerard Manley Hopkins and Oscar Wilde, and so is Anthony Trollope. While a visiting American couple regard the uncannily appropriate lines inscribed across the foot of Trollope's dark-gray stone ("Now I stretch out my hand, and from the further shore I bid adieu to all who have cared to read any among the many words that I have written"), a passing woman—also an American, one may guess—pauses and looks and, stooping over, returns the message with a brief

pat on the stone with one hand. A few yards and moments farther along, a baggy-jeaned teen-ager gazes down and discovers that his Reeboks are planted inches above the dust of Charles Dickens. "Jump back, Jack!" you want to whisper, but he beats you to it: "My God!" he exclaims, retreating, and then looks nervously about, hoping nobody has noticed.

WHAT you notice about Jane Austen's gravestone, which is not in Westminster Abbey but in Winchester Cathedral, an hour off by train, is that it refrains from mentioning that she wrote a few books. What you notice about Winchester College, the ancient public school just up the street from the low yellow house where Austen died, is not just that it goes back a bit (Bishop William of Wykeham called the first class to order in 1394) but that it is still a school. Somebody in the distance is practicing the lively, familiar Mozart Rondo alla Turca piano passage while a small party of visitors is being escorted around the hoary quadrangles, and, when your group comes to the room where the cascades of sound fall loudest, the lone soloist turns out to be pale and intense and about fifteen years old. Onward go the awed tourists, eventually into a school building attributed to Christopher Wren, where framed painted likenesses of bygone headmasters stare down from the walls. Somebody—a young vandal Wykehamist—has recently been reworking the portrait of a nineteenth-century head with a knife or key-point, adding a shocking white scratched-in beard, mustache, cross-eyes, and pair of spectacles to the old boy. This artist, like the pianist, will go far in life.

Elsewhere and later on, a different startling white line keeps appearing and fading away along the outer rim of one of the Blaskets—the heaped-up, blue-misted



islands that stand just offshore from the tip of the Dingle Peninsula, on Ireland's westernmost coast. It takes a minute before a visitor, alighted from his parked Hertz high on a shoulder of Sleah Head, can figure out that distant, silently arriving and waning sliver, and feel cheered by the thought that it's only the repeated crash and fall of Atlantic breakers, perhaps first born off Montauk, three thousand miles away—a wave from home.

MOSLEY'S MOVES

WALTER MOSLEY is sitting on a large white sofa in the double-height living room of his airy West Village apartment. The room is furnished with elegant sparseness, and the window has an inspiring view of the Hudson. Mosley is a lanky, pale-tan, young-looking fortyish man with an open face. He thinks and speaks of himself as black, although his mother is white. His four novels, about Ezekiel (Easy) Rawlins, an endearing black Everyman in Los Angeles who almost inadvertently becomes a private investigator, have been critical and popular successes.

That success has brought authority, and authority combines with Mosley's sterling discipline to allow him time to work for a cause he has founded: the Open Book Committee, a project of the PEN American Center, of which he is a vice-president. Its purpose is to encourage publishers to hire members of minority groups. "A lot of black people read, more than anybody thinks," he says. "But the publishing industry is very, very white. We don't only need black people and Chicanos and Native Americans and Asians writing books—we need them editing books, and not only books by members of their own races but other people's books. We need to integrate, and one of the places to do that is where culture is created."

When the conversation turns to Mosley's fiction, he admits that his new novel, "R.L.'s Dream," may trouble some of his fans, because it's a departure from his Easy novels. There's no particular mystery about the deaths in it. He smiles as he promises, "I'm not going to kill off Easy—not for a while. I want him to become old."

The new book tells the story of Soupspoon Wise, a blues singer and guitarist from Mississippi. "I wanted to write

about the blues, but the problem in writing a novel about music is that words can't duplicate music—they have to make the language approximate what the music says. It's deeper than writing black dialect. I'm really trying to say how language expresses the heart—so that if you're Irish and read it you'll get it, too."

"R.L.'s Dream" is dedicated to Mosley's father, who died in 1993, and whose photograph appears on the dedication page. "I feel very

connected to my father, who was a great storyteller," Mosley says. "My father came from the part of Louisiana where the music was Creole, and he didn't grow up with the blues. But he knew the life. He could understand Soupspoon, an old man, long forgotten, near dying, being saved by the most unlikely people. I gave a speech recently and told the kind of story that my father would tell, and people came up afterward and recalled storytellers in their own families. I find that, if you're a storyteller, your audience tells most of the story. When I give a reading and describe the white asphalt with lines of black tar next to the First African Baptist Church, some guy in the audience will say, 'I know that church. My uncle lived across the street.' But I made up that church. And so did he."



Walter Mosley

HOT FLASHES

IT'S just too hot right now to do much of anything, so what should you do? This is a good moment to visit with friends who are smarter than you, because the heat makes everyone stupid. How stupid, exactly? A week of intense heat in Manhattan gives everyone the mental acuity of, say, a "Baywatch" extra. When it's hot like this, you don't have to worry about discussing current events: people might want to read the newspaper, but during a heat spell they certainly don't want to touch it, because hot hands work like glue on newsprint. During heat waves, you realize that New York has six seasons: fall, winter, taxes, spring, summer, and the season of weird smells. That is six, isn't it? Oh, and remember that controversy about the huge skyscraper proposed for Columbus

Circle, the one that you vowed to oppose because it blocked so much sunlight—are you having second thoughts? Also, what are the health risks in eating nonfat frozen yogurt for more than two of your three daily meals?

Now, if you're not too dazed, here is some summertime math. Let's say you need to travel from A to B. First, do the cab calculation: an available taxi is good for ten points, but an available taxi with its windows rolled down—which indicates that it probably has no air-conditioning—means you lose fifteen points, so what does that equal? And is that a greater or lesser sum than this subway equation: take the temperature of a subway station (approximately a hundred and fifty degrees) and subtract the temperature of an overly air-conditioned subway car (approximately fifty-five degrees) and then add twenty energy units if you have to walk up a flight of stairs leaving the station. No fair, right? O.K., then consider walking. What's the heat value of walking down a hot sidewalk minus the incalculably small shade value of protruding window air-conditioners plus the incalculably small cooling value of the occasional air-conditioner drippings you can pretend are a gentle spring shower? Feeling faint? Well, you could look it up.

Honestly, it's too hot to be ironic. Forget irony. It is tempting to greet people these days with an ironic comment about the weather, but, given this heat-induced dumbness, you might accidentally sound sincere. You might say something enthusiastic about one of those dumb summer movies when you really meant to compliment the theatre on its superior climate control. It's getting very hard to think of clever hot-weather salutations, but don't despair: these are not the days for dry, witty repartee. In fact, these are not the days for dry *anything*.

NEW YORK'S BOOK BIND

NOT so long ago, Rudolph Giuliani revived a blustery mayoral tradition and announced (with that monstrous gaiety he sometimes affects), "We can kick your city's ass." Undoubtedly, what Giuliani meant by his offer was that he was prepared to prove that biggest is best and that New York is best

in all ways conceivable. But, one wonders, where do bookstores figure in his municipal gaze? It is becoming more and more evident that New York is no longer the best bookstore city in the country; in fact, it is not even close.

One of the best independent stores on the Upper West Side, Endicott Booksellers, will be a memory by Labor Day. (The news comes not long after the closure, in May, of another great independent, the Burlington Bookshop, on Madison Avenue.) Customers in the neighborhood counted on Endicott for a quirky stock of general literature and books on the arts; the store featured a knowledgeable, if sometimes twee, sales staff, as well as a commendable lack of coffee products.

"There are three words for why we're going under, and the words are 'Barnes & Noble,'" the owner of Endicott for the past fourteen years, Encarnita Quinlan, said. According to Quinlan, the advent two years ago of the Barnes & Noble "superstore" a couple of blocks west, on Broadway, wiped out a pattern of steady growth at Endicott and cut her sales by as much as forty per cent. "The neighborhood is now filled with Filene's Basement, Today's Man, Barnes & Noble," Stuart Bernstein, Quinlan's buyer, said. "Soon it will be like the shopping mall I grew up with. This is exactly why I left Long Island in the first place!"

It may not exactly be a fit point to press on the fine people at Endicott or at Burlington, but the fact is that Barnes & Noble ("Those people are Orwellian!" Quinlan said) has been successful precisely because it cleverly combined the financial might of a chain and the trappings of an independent. It has won as a kind of high middle-brow enterprise, taking away the bulk of the neighborhood business and leaving behind the precious few—the bibliophiles, the customers who, as an act of defiance and preservation, would rather pay a higher price at an independent. There are not many of those customers.

The dirty secret of all this is that New York's best-known and surviving independents—Books & Co., Three Lives & Co., Gotham, St. Mark's, Shakespeare & Co.—cannot match, in space or selection, the best independents in many other cities. New Yorkers cannot claim any superiority over the Tat-

tered Cover in Denver; Great Expectations in Evanston, Illinois; Square Books in Oxford, Mississippi; Books & Books in Miami Beach; Elliott Bay in Seattle; Cody's in Berkeley; Powell's in Portland.

"It's true that New York comes up short, and you have to wonder why there aren't better stores in this city," Arthur Paul, the manager of Books & Co., on Madison, said. "New York is quite bad, generally."

The trend is ominous: a literary capital with bookstores that have come to resemble shopping malls (nice malls or not). "New Yorkers might wake up one day and find they have lost all their independent bookstores," Jeannette Watson, the owner of Books & Co., said. "The decisions on book orders will be bland and centralized, with no attention to neighborhoods. The death of Burlington and Endicott is a tragic loss for the city. I have two years left on my own lease, thank God. But after that—well, I just don't know."

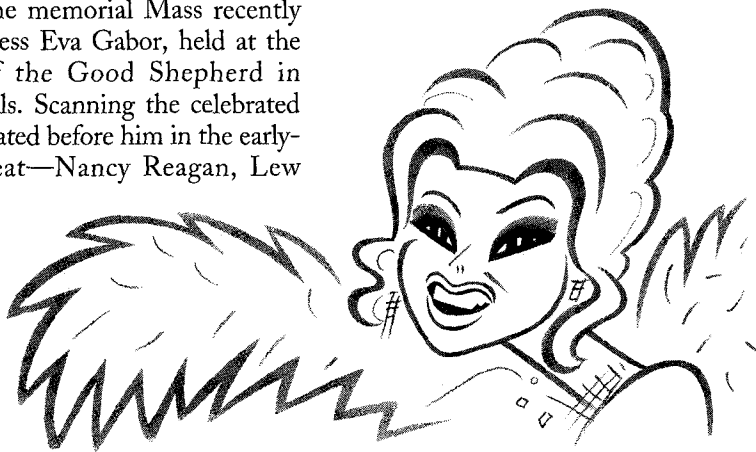
GOODBYE, DAHLINK

"SOME of you may not exactly be familiar with the customs of the Catholic Church" is how the priest introduced the memorial Mass recently for the actress Eva Gabor, held at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. Scanning the celebrated assembly seated before him in the early-evening heat—Nancy Reagan, Lew

Eva, whose glamorous blond countenance graced such movies as "Gigi" and "The Last Time I Saw Paris," had left behind a legacy quite distinct from that of her testier sister, Zsa Zsa. In short, Eva was the good sister—the conciliator. As her longtime friend Warren Cowan, the legendary Hollywood publicist, said, "Eva was a kind, big person. People felt better when they were around her. They left her feeling they were better people, lighter in some way."

In fact, almost everyone at the service seemed to have a personal memory or a spin on the significance of Eva's passing. But it wasn't until Eddie Albert, who played her husband on the nineteen-sixties sitcom "Green Acres," took the pulpit that a true funereal hush fell over the church.

Working on the show, which ran for six years, Albert probably saw more of Gabor than any of her five real-life husbands did. And, like any couple, married or not, they had their differences. She, for example, never quite understood his passion for wildlife conservation. "Everytime you hear about a sick fish, you make a speech. Vy?" Albert recalled his co-star saying. "And I would tell her, 'I think we ought to preserve nature, save wild animals,' and so on.



Eva Gabor

Wasserman, and Merv Griffin were there, along with Eva's sisters Zsa Zsa and Magda—he went on to issue a thumbnail primer of the ceremony and, just to make sure no one would feel left out, added, "But if you're not a member but would like to come to the altar to be blessed, just put your head down when I get to you and put your hand over your heart."

Everybody knew that that's exactly how Eva Gabor, who died a few weeks ago, would have had it. This is because

Well, one day she showed up in a gown made of feathers, and I asked her not to wear it. 'But so chic!' she said. And I said, 'Yes, and ladies will see it and want one, and thousands of birds will die.' And she said, 'But, Eddie, feathers don't come from birds.' 'Well,' I asked, 'where do they come from?' And she said, 'Dahlink. Pillows! Feathers come from pee-lowz!'" ♦

This week's contributors: John Heilemann, Roger Angell, Naomi Bliven, Susan Orlean, David Remnick, Greg Critser.

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM



AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY TELEPHONE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

INSIDE URBAN ECOSYSTEMS
7th National Urban Forest Conference
New York City
September 12-16, 1995
Organized by American Forests
Presented by Chevrolet/GEO Environmental

SPONSORED BY INTERNATIONAL PAPER

Not long ago, ecology was considered far removed from urban areas. Today we are beginning to look at our cities as ecosystems—complex webs of people, natural systems, and built infrastructures we call community.

"Inside Urban Ecosystems" will look beyond trees and explore the science of a city's natural systems, discuss how to see and understand these systems, and show how people are turning this new understanding into action programs—to improve where we live.

Don't miss this meeting. You'll love New York! For information, call Michael Barratt, Conference Chairman, at 1-202-667-3300, ext. 227.

NEUTROGENA RAINBATH® "THE RAIN MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAN" Photo Competition

Now until September 30th, Neutrogena Rainbath will sponsor "The Rain Makes Everything Clean" Photo Competition to benefit Gilda's Club, a non-profit support community for people with cancer and their families. Rainbath has donated \$25,000 to Gilda's Club in honor of all entrants. For information on how to enter, call 1-310-215-3214.

ADVERTISEMENT

BOOK NEWS

Books on Tape, Inc. World's largest selection of unabridged audio books. Best sellers on cassette. More than 3,000 current and classic favorites. 25 new titles monthly. All full-length. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call for color brochure. 1-800-626-3333.

Daedalus Books. Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. 7 catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. For a free issue, please call 1-800-395-2665.

CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St., NYC. A major survey of the work of German artist Georg Baselitz through September 17th. SPONSORED BY HUGO BOSS. Includes approximately 100 paintings and a number of major sculptures, filling the museum's entire Frank Lloyd Wright-designed rotunda and 2 of the Tower Galleries. Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. For more information about this exhibit call 1-212-423-3500.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A. Chase PC Banking puts you in complete control of your money any time, any place, from your desktop or notebook PC. For more information, call 1-800-CHASE-24.

HEALTH CARE

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." To speak to an oncology information specialist, or receive literature by mail, please call 1-800-234-9082.

HOME FURNISHINGS

Country Casual Garden Furnishings. A 64-page catalog of natural teak and painted mahogany furniture, modular trelliswork, and arbors. Immediate shipment from stock. We pay the freight. Call 1-301-540-0040.

MEDIA

SKYTYPING—Say it in the sky! A single message can be seen over 400 square miles; depending on the location where it's displayed it can reach as many as 2,000,000 people at one time! The average 25 to 30 letter message is approximately 1,000 feet tall and 6 to 8 miles long. Reach people quickly, in a spectacular manner. Call Mort Arken, 1-718-507-5220.

RESTAURANTS

Marché. A grand French/American brasserie serving contemporary interpretations of traditional bistro fare. French onion soup, fresh seafood specials, and grilled rotisserie dishes are a must. 833 West Randolph St., Chicago, IL. For reservations, please call 1-312-226-8399.

RETAIL

Edgecraft — Sharpen Your Knives Perfectly... Easily...with the Chef's Choice® Diamond Hone® Knife Sharpener Professional Model 110. Puts a long-lasting, incredibly sharp edge on the entire blade length of cooking, hunting, fishing, and pocket knives. For a store near you, call 1-800-342-3255.

Edgecraft — The World's Best Kitchen Knives. Fully forged from a unique stainless steel alloy. Chef's Choice® Trizor® Professional 10X® Cutlery is 2 to 3 times sharper and stays sharp up to 10 times longer than any other brand. Exquisitely handcrafted in the U.S.A. For a store near you, call 1-800-342-3255.

Endless Pools™. Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, and rehabilitation. Custom depths. The 8'x15' pool is easy to install inside or outdoors. Call 1-800-732-8660.

Patagonia. Call for our free adult and kids catalogs—featuring our quality outdoor clothes, reports from the field and provocative articles on the environment. Call 1-800-336-9090.

SCHOOLS

The New School. For a free New School Bulletin with information on more than 1,500 Fall adult education courses including distance instruction and B.A., M.A., and M.S.T. degree programs, call 1-800-319-4321, ext. 46.

THEATRE

Love! Valour! Compassion! Broadway's Tony Award Winning Best Play. Terrence McNally's hilarious and touching comedy is also winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle Award, the Outer Critics Circle Award, and the Drama Desk Award. At the Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 West 48th St., NYC. For tickets, call Tele-Charge at 1-212-239-6200; 1-800-432-7250 outside New York.

Sylvia. A. R. Gurney's new romantic comedy hit, featuring Sarah Jessica Parker as New York's most sophisticated canine! The acclaimed Manhattan Theatre Club production also includes Mariette Hartley, John Cunningham, and Derek Smith, and is directed by John Tillinger. Tickets at the City Center Box Office, 131 West 55th St., NYC, or call CityTix at 1-212-581-1212.

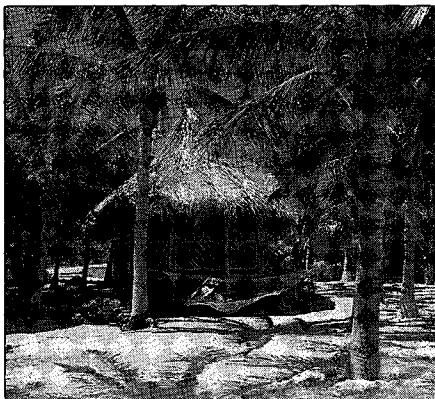
TRAVEL

1-800-CALL-ATT. No matter where you travel in the U.S., Know The Code and your calling card calls will always get through from any phone. Dial 1-800-CALL-ATT.

AT LARGE Travel Newsletter is produced by the Marketing Department of **THE NEW YORKER**. Each issue includes the latest news about travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles on exciting destinations. Special introductory offer: 1 year subscription (3 issues) for just \$10 plus a fourth issue free. To order, please call 1-800-759-9838.

TOURISM BOARDS

Cayman Islands. An elegant British Caribbean Island trio with crystal-clear waters, relaxing beaches, safe world-famous diving, and fishing. For a free brochure call 1-800-346-3313.



The natural setting for romance.

September is dedicated to couples. It's a time for romance, rich with simple pleasures. Snuggle on the beach. Snorkel with green sea turtles. And rediscover one another under a canopy of stars.

For September Romance Specials, call 800-367-5290.

Kona Village
RESORT

Hawaii as it was meant to be.
P.O. Box 1299, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745

Free Catalog

One piece from our new collection of carefully designed and handcrafted solid wood furniture of the finest cherry, mahogany or quarter sawn oak. Fully assembled and beautifully finished.

Also available as precision-cut kits. Share with us in the experience of creating an heirloom.

Updated classics by...

Wood Classics

Box 95Y3210, Gardiner, NY 12525

(914) 255-5599

**CRUISE NEW YORK STATE CANALS
FLORIDA WATERWAYS**
"European Style" Weekly bareboat rentals



COLLAR CITY CHARTERS, INC.
1-800-830-5341

HOME FROM HOME

Privately owned London Flats
and Houses for Short Term Lets.
Centrally located. Competitive prices.

TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

HONG KONG BABYLON

The cult of Hong Kong movies is growing. Why are they so outrageous and violent? It may have something to do with the industry that produces them.

BY FREDRIC DANNEN

JACKIE CHAN, the most popular film actor in the world, stepped out onto the ledge of a clock tower. More than fifty feet below, in a town square, a group of onlookers waited anxiously to see him jump. They had been waiting for days. The onlookers were the cast and crew of "Project A," a comedy-action film about pirates on the China Sea in turn-of-the-century Hong Kong. In reality, the time was 1982, and Jackie Chan was the new king of the Hong Kong cinema, the colony's biggest draw since Bruce Lee died, a decade earlier. Chan, like Lee, had once been a kung-fu artist, but now he was something different—a comedy-action star who did his own stunts. The scene in the town square called for Chan, who has been cornered by pirates, to dangle Harold Lloyd-style from the clock's minute hand, then plummet through two cloth awnings and hit the ground—all in one take, to make it clear that Chan was not using a safety mat. The crew had pre-tested the stunt, in a manner of speaking, by tossing a sack of topsoil off the ledge, but the test was not terribly scientific, and Chan could not be certain that the fall wouldn't kill him. "I just don't want to go down," Chan recalls thinking. "Scared." So the entire production of "Project A" came to a halt for more than a week while he stood on the ledge every day, steeling himself. Finally, he announced that he was ready, let go of the clockface, and, as planned, tore through the first awning. But instead of tearing through the second awning, he inadvertently bounced off it, was flipped upside down, and hit the ground head first. By some miracle of Hong Kong luck, he was not seriously injured. A few days later, he tried the stunt again. This time, it went perfectly.

When I met Chan one morning, at his office building, on the Kowloon side of Hong Kong, he had recently broken his ankle jumping from a bridge onto a

hovercraft for his new movie, "Rumble in the Bronx." I got there early and waited for him downstairs, expecting him to arrive with an entourage. Instead, he walked in unaccompanied and, as if I might not recognize him, said, in a quiet voice, "I am Jackie." He was dressed in black pants, a matching vest, and a white shirt, and carried a cellular phone. Chan is about five feet nine, lean and muscular, with a Beatles haircut, and a handsome face offset by a pug nose. The nose, which he has broken three times, gives him an underdog look, which is central to his screen persona. He escorted me upstairs, moving slowly and stiffly. Chan is now forty-one, and more than twenty years of stunt work have wrought permanent skeletal damage. His most serious accident occurred in Yugoslavia in 1986, during the filming of "Armour of God," an Indiana Jones-style adventure: he had no trouble executing the film's most dangerous stunt, in which he jumps off a mountain and lands on top of a drifting hot-air balloon, but while he was performing a relatively easy leap onto a tree he turned to make sure the camera would catch his face, missed a branch, fell forty feet, and hit his head on a rock. He required brain surgery, and still has a hole in his skull.

Chan hoped that "Rumble in the Bronx," which he filmed primarily in Vancouver, would appeal to an American audience, for he has had a long, perplexing romance with the United States. Though between 1980 and 1985 he appeared in four American films, including "The Cannonball Run" and its sequel, and starred in two—"The Big Brawl," opposite José Ferrer, and "The Protector," opposite Danny Aiello—he has yet to achieve fame here. But he is the biggest movie star in Asia, a far larger audience. A personal appearance by Chan in Taipei or Seoul or Tokyo can cause a riot. "In Asia," he says, "I am 'Jurassic Park.' I am 'E.T.'"

Hong Kong is often called Dongfang Haolaiwu, the Hollywood of the East. It produces more than two hundred features a year, and is the world's second-largest exporter of films, after the United States. Besides entertaining Hong Kong's own movie-mad populace, the colony's films fill the movie theatres in Taiwan, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines, and Indonesia, and are immensely popular in South Korea and Japan. In mainland China, Hong Kong movies are pirated like crazy. Though for American audiences the movies remain cult films, the cult is growing rap-

even bother to dub in their own voices, but instead use voice doubles.

The majority of Hong Kong films have subtitles in Chinese and English—the former because written Chinese is the same for all the different spoken dialects, and the latter simply by tradition. Similarly, the movies have dual Chinese and English titles, and most top stars have Chinese and English names; Anita Mui, for example, is actually Mui Yim-fong. These conventions greatly assist the American fan, although the English subtitles can be disconcerting. (“After seeing Kitty . . . I had priapism!”)

The Hong Kong community of male and female actors in leading roles is rather small; it does not take long for the same twenty or thirty faces to become familiar. When Hong Kong movie stars are on a hot streak, they can work at a pace that American film actors would find incomprehensible. For example, over the past decade, Andy Lau, who, like many top actors, is also a Cantonese-pop recording star, has appeared in more than seventy films. At his peak, in 1991, he averaged a movie a month, and during one stretch he was acting in four different movies a



Hong Kong's biggest comedy-action star, Jackie Chan: "In Asia, I am 'Jurassic Park.'"

idly. The Hong Kong festival held each summer at Cinema Village, in New York, is always a sellout, as was a recent Jackie Chan marathon there.

It must be said that the production values of Hong Kong films are not always the best. Budgets are minuscule by Hollywood standards: a million United States dollars is average, and four million is very big. Film companies are able to churn out features from start to finish in seven or eight weeks. Movies are edited as they are being shot, and post-production time is astonishingly brief. (I was told of one major film for which the shooting ended four days before the sneak preview.) Most Hong Kong movies are filmed without synchronized sound; the entire soundtrack is created afterward in a recording studio. Often, top stars, including Jackie Chan, don't

The movies' low budgets help explain why so much emphasis is placed on stunt work. The definitive moment in "Stone Age Warriors" (1991), a medium-budget shocker filmed in New Guinea among aboriginal headhunters, comes as the movie's two heroines plunge over a hundred-foot waterfall; and the way the director, Stanley Tong, filmed the scene is a perfect illustration of the difference between Hollywood and Hong Kong. When Harrison Ford appears to dive over the raging waters of a dam in "The Fugitive," it is an illusion created by means of a computer matting technique known as blue screen. Hong Kong directors cannot afford the blue screen, so Tong and his stunt assistant dressed up as the two heroines, tied themselves to some trees with wire, and went over the falls.

day, at as many locations, and sleeping in his car.

The overexposure of certain top names has to do with the unique economics of the film industry in Hong Kong. The theatre chains of Asia are so eager for new Hong Kong pictures that a movie company can pre-sell an as yet unproduced film, for a considerable sum, all around the Asian circuit. The only thing that matters is the cast. Indeed, many Hong Kong films are shot without a script. Anyone—literally, anyone—who can persuade a popular performer or two to appear in his movie can make the movie with little or no investment of his own. As a result, some of the most active movie producers in the colony during the past decade have been the triads—Hong Kong Chinese organized-crime figures—whose powers

of persuasion compensate for their ignorance of film technique.

Perhaps the best way to describe the Hong Kong genre is to speak of its comic-book aesthetic: it is a cinema of incessant action, eye-popping effects, and cartoonlike violence. I think, for instance, of the tree-devil serpent in "A Chinese Ghost Story," who saps the life of its victims with a mile-long tongue, and whose human form is an aging drag queen; the climactic shootout in "Full Contact," which is filmed from the bullets' point of view; the martial-arts star Jet Li in "Once Upon a Time in China," fighting on a ladder suspended high above the ground like a seesaw; the psychotically evil male and female Siamese twins in "The Bride with White Hair," who kill with a look; and Jackie Chan in "Police Story," hanging from a speeding bus by an umbrella.

While certain stars—Chan, to name one—strive for wholesomeness, the level of sex and gore in the Hong Kong cinema is peerless. Popular, mainstream films shock the viewer in ways that no Hollywood studio would ever attempt. The gangster film "The Big Heat" (1988) opens with a shot of a power drill piercing a man's hand. In "The Heroic Trio" (1993) three of the top actresses in Hong Kong—Michelle Yeoh, Anita Mui, and Maggie Cheung—are costumed super-heroines doing battle with a subterranean villain who is kidnapping babies he plans to train as his netherworld army; in one scene, two of the heroines encounter a group of five-year-old boys who already show signs of training, so they blow them up. In "Run and Kill" (1993) a man incinerates his enemy's twelve-year-old daughter into charcoal, sets her corpse at the enemy's feet, and mimics the girl's voice, saying, "Daddy, I am so dark, can you still recognize me?"

Hong Kong films are mostly in Cantonese, the local dialect, which is considered rather less refined than the Mandarin dialect of mainland China and Taiwan, and is apparently better suited to commercial rather than art films. Hong Kong's most internationally famous director is John Woo, a commercial filmmaker whose 1989 New Wave gangster movie "The Killer" is probably the best-known Cantonese-language film in the West. Woo, who

has since been lured to Hollywood, has had a lot to do with the growing audience for Hong Kong movies here. (Until recently, most of the Chinese-language movies that have received national distribution in the United States have been art-house features in Mandarin from mainland China or Taiwan—films such as Zhang Yimou's "Raise the Red Lantern" and Chen Kaige's "Farewell My Concubine.")

Perhaps another reason for the enhanced interest in Hong Kong films is the popularity of Quentin Tarantino, a fan of the genre, whose first feature, "Reservoir Dogs," appropriates plot elements from a Hong Kong movie, Ringo Lam's "City on Fire." Miramax has given Tarantino his own distribution company, Rolling Thunder, through which he plans to release "Chungking Express," a story of two lovelorn cops, directed by Wong Kar-wai, a member of Hong Kong's small coterie of art-film directors. Miramax also plans to issue two Jackie Chan movies next year—"Drunken Master II," the superb 1994 sequel to a Chan film from the late seventies; and "Crime Story," a 1993 action film that, for a change, emphasizes Chan's dramatic acting over his stunt work.

The eighties and early nineties were a glorious era for the industry, both creatively and financially. Innovators such as Wong Kar-wai and Tsui Hark, a master of the comic-strip style of Hong Kong filmmaking, flourished. After such a sustained boom, a down cycle was probably inevitable, and one set in about two years ago. Although movies featuring the biggest stars, such as Jackie Chan, the dramatic leading man Chow Yun-fat, and the comedian Stephen Chow, still draw huge crowds, over-all theatre attendance has declined thirty per cent since 1992. What is different and, to some people, disturbing about the current down cycle is that it comes at a time when the entire colony is nervous about its future, because of the ceremony that is to take place at midnight, June 30, 1997—the moment when a century and a half of British colonial rule will come to an end, and Hong Kong will revert to China. The atmosphere of "Take the money and run" has certainly not helped the film industry; a number of top people have left the business or, like John Woo,

left Hong Kong. Those who remain feel some anxiety. Hong Kong directors who have filmed in China complain that they have encountered censorship, bureaucracy, and corruption. No one knows what to expect.

THE first Hong Kong movie, "To Steal a Roasted Duck," was made in 1909 with financing from an American and with a director and cast from Shanghai. Until the early nineteen-fifties, both Shanghai and Hong Kong were major movie towns, but the nationalization of Shanghai's private studios by the Communists left Hong Kong's movie industry preëminent. After the war, Asia's most powerful movie mogul was Run Run Shaw, one of four brothers from Shanghai who began producing and exhibiting films in the nineteen-twenties. In 1958, Run Run moved the Shaw Brothers operation to Hong Kong, and three years later he oversaw the completion of Movie Town, the largest studio complex ever built in Asia, on a forty-six-acre lot in Hong Kong's Clearwater Bay. He was subsequently knighted by Queen Elizabeth.

The year Shaw Brothers relocated to Hong Kong, Run Run hired Raymond Chow, a former journalist and the son of the chairman of the Bank of China, as his head of advertising and publicity. Before long, Chow had moved up to head of production, a position he held for eleven years. "We were very close, but our relationship was strictly business," Chow says of Sir Run Run. "I was never really a partner of Shaw Brothers. Had I been one, I would probably never have set up my own corporation." The company that Chow founded—in 1970, along with Leonard Ho, who had been his right hand at Shaw Brothers—was Golden Harvest. It has gone on to become the biggest movie conglomerate in Hong Kong, while by 1986 Sir Run Run had all but withdrawn from movies to concentrate on television.

Chow, who is now in his late sixties, is a shy, slight, balding man with glasses, but as a boy he studied kung fu, and his appreciation of the martial arts proved fortunate. In 1970, he signed Bruce Lee—a dual Hong Kong and American citizen who had three years earlier played the role of Kato in the American television program "The Green Hornet." Lee's first chop-socky, "The Big Boss,"



A PLAIN ORDINARY STEEL NEEDLE CAN FLOAT ON PURE WATER

(RIPLEY'S "BELIEVE IT OR NOT!")

Who hasn't seen
a plain ordinary
steel needle float serene
on water as if lying on a pillow?
The water cuddles up like Jell-O.
It's a treat to see water
so rubbery, a needle
so peaceful, the point encased
in the tenderest dimple.
It seems so *simple*
when things or people
have modified each other's qualities
somewhat;
we almost forget the oddity
of that.

—KAY RYAN

broke all previous box-office records in Asia when it was released, in 1971, and netted Golden Harvest a return of five hundred times its investment. After making two more hits the following year, Lee starred in an English-language film, "Enter the Dragon," which was co-produced with Warner Bros. In July, 1973, when Lee was partway through filming a fifth feature, "Game of Death," he died suddenly, at age thirty-two, of an edema in the brain caused by a reaction to an unprescribed painkiller.

Golden Harvest rebounded, first with comedies and then, beginning in the late seventies, with Jackie Chan, whose popularity in Asia has surpassed even Bruce Lee's. Chan, who directs many of his own films, is a perfectionist, and his productions are the antithesis of Hong Kong's rapid, assembly-line approach to filmmaking. "With a Jackie Chan movie, there is no schedule and no budget," says his longtime manager, Willie Chan (no relation).

Chan often speaks of Buster Keaton, who also performed stunts of considerable bravado, as his idol and inspiration. (In one of Chan's best films, "Project A II," the 1987 sequel to "Project A," the façade of a building collapses on him, but he passes safely through a window—a sight gag borrowed from Keaton's "Steamboat Bill, Jr.") While Keaton grew up in vaudeville, Chan grew up in

a kind of travelling circus. He was born Chen Gang-shen, in Hong Kong, on April 7, 1954, and was an only child. His father, a cook, and his mother, a maid, were so poor, he says, that they offered to sell him for twenty-six dollars to the British doctor who delivered him. The doctor declined the offer, but when Chan was seven his parents moved to Canberra, Australia, abandoning him to a boarding school in Hong Kong called the China Drama Academy. There Yu Chan-yuan, a feared taskmaster, trained a hundred or so boys and girls in the art of Peking Opera—an entertainment in which acrobatics, mime, martial arts, and swordplay are as important as singing. The school was free, but Master Yu was entitled to whatever his students earned from their performances. Too young to understand his enrollment contract, Chan selected the longest possible term of indentured servitude—ten years.

The contract also permitted Master Yu to beat and starve his students at will, and he did so routinely. (The mainland-Chinese movie "Farewell My Concubine," which realistically depicts a Peking Opera academy, contains scenes of child torture that are difficult to watch.) Chan and his fellow-students were awakened every morning at a quarter past five and put through their paces until midnight. They learned to sing by screaming in front of a brick wall, and

to perform somersaults and backflips like Olympians. They learned to apply face paint. They learned to punch and kick, and to handle more than a dozen weapons, including the spear and the broadsword. Only about an hour a day was spent on formal education, and Chan still cannot read or write fluently in Chinese.

When Chan graduated, in 1971, the Peking Opera was dying in Hong Kong, and he discovered that his training best suited him to be a movie stuntman. He was eventually groomed to be the "new" Bruce Lee, and between 1976 and 1978 he made seven kung-fu quickies—all flops. Then he had an epiphany. "The audience like Bruce Lee and doesn't like me," he recalls thinking. "So how can I get rid of the Bruce Lee shadow and be Jackie Chan? Then I look at Bruce Lee all the film. O.K. When Bruce Lee kick high, I kick low. When Bruce Lee punch, he is the superhero; when I punch, ahh!"—he shakes his hand. "It *hurts*." By combining kung fu and comedy, Chan was reborn a star. In "Drunken Master," the 1978 movie that made him famous throughout Asia, Chan is a disrespectful young man who is taught how to fight by an old wino of an uncle.

Chan joined Golden Harvest in 1979, and the following year, with Chow's support, he began a two-year residency in Los Angeles and enrolled in a language school in Beverly Hills to work on his English. After returning to Hong Kong, having failed to crack the American market, Chan decided that he would no longer make historical kung-fu films. He moved his stories into urban settings, and his new style of picture, beginning with "Project A," probably has no better analogue than the action-filled comedies of the American silent-movie era. He also began a tradition of showing outtakes of flubbed stunts during the closing credits of his movies; at the end of "Project A," for example, one can see him landing on his head after bouncing off the second awning of the clock tower. No one leaves a Jackie Chan movie during the closing credits.

With each new movie, Chan tried to outdo the outlandish stunts of the previous one. Before long, he was unable to get insurance. It was also becoming difficult for Golden Harvest to recruit stuntmen who were willing to act with him—"Everybody knows Jackie Chan is

crazy," he says—and soon he found it necessary to assemble his own stunt team, and pay their frequent hospital bills. (During the filming of "Police Story," a 1985 movie about a maverick Hong Kong cop, two stuntmen crashed through the upper deck of a double-decker bus and hit the pavement, instead of landing on the car roof that was supposed to have cushioned their fall.) As usual, though, Chan leaves the most hair-raising moments for himself; in the last reel of "Police Story" he jumps off a railing in the atrium of a department store, slides down a seventy-foot string of exploding Christmas lights, and crashes through a glass ceiling. Because of a misunderstanding, the propman used house current instead of a low-voltage car battery to light the bulbs, and Chan could have been electrocuted. Luckily, he suffered no permanent injuries, although, he says, "all the skin peel off my hands."

Over the years, the women in Chan's movies have tended to be ornamental. "Jackie believes that women should not fight," the director Stanley Tong says. Tong himself believes otherwise, so in 1992, when Golden Harvest asked Tong to direct Chan in "Police Story III," better known as "Super Cop," he cast the top action actress in Hong Kong, Michelle Yeoh, as Chan's sidekick. Like Chan, Yeoh, who is now thirty-two, does her own stunts and fight scenes, and she is every bit as gutsy as he is. She comes from the small mining town of Ipoh, in West Malaysia, and she grew up speaking English and Malay before learning Chinese. She moved to England as a teen-ager, studied dance and drama, and acted in plays by Shakespeare and Oscar Wilde. Upon returning home, she won the Miss Malaysia beauty pageant. Then, in 1987, for a lark, she signed a contract to star in some action films for a new production company called D&B, one of whose co-founders, Dickson Poon, had made a fortune in wristwatches. Yeoh learned freestyle boxing, and discovered that she could punch and kick with tremendous speed. By the time she made her second feature, "Royal Warriors," she was expected to do almost nothing but kick male butt. "My lines were



like 'Oh, well, we have to fight again,'" she told me. In 1988, at the age of twenty-six, after completing her fourth movie, she was at the top of her profession, but at that point Dickson Poon married her and encouraged her to retire. Three years later, they were divorced, and Poon withdrew from film production.

"Super Cop" was Yeoh's comeback picture, and she made the most of it by performing a number of dangerous stunts, such as rolling off the top of a van and onto the hood of a fast-moving sports car. In the movie's climax, Yeoh hops on a motorbike, chases after a speeding train carrying the bad guys, rides off a steep hill, lands on the train, and ditches the bike on impact. (Yeoh learned how to ride a motorbike the day before she executed the stunt.) "When I see the movie now, I sit there and think I must have been mad," she says. Jackie Chan, who had sat glumly by the side of the train during the filming of the motorbike stunt, after vainly trying to talk Yeoh out of doing it, could not allow himself to be bested. In the same scene, he leaps off a building, grabs the rope ladder of an airborne helicopter, dangles a thousand feet over the city of Kuala Lumpur, crashes through a billboard, and jumps onto the train.

IN Hong Kong, movie stars are refreshingly businesslike and unpampered, and movie publicists don't even exist. But because gangsters exert so much control, those who work in the industry face problems that are far more complicated—and potentially lethal—than any faced by their American counterparts. Perhaps the closest the film industry comes to a temperamental actress is Anita Mui, with whom Jackie Chan has been linked romantically. Mui, who is full-lipped and sultry, is sometimes called the Madonna of Hong Kong, because besides being an actress she is a platinum-selling Cantonese-pop singer who likes to get down and dirty in her concerts and videos.

In the early morning hours of May 4, 1992, Mui found herself in serious trouble. She and some friends were giving a birthday party for her assistant in a private room at Take One, a karaoke club

in Kowloon, where many movie industry people have their offices. It was prime time for Mui—a night owl, she is notoriously difficult to roust for a daytime shoot—but she should probably have known better than to show up at a karaoke bar, since they are popular hangouts for triads. (The word "triad" is used to denote both a member of a Chinese criminal society and the society itself.) As it happened, a man named Wong Long-wai, who was both a triad and a movie producer—not an unusual combination in Hong Kong—was in another part of the club that morning, with his wife and at least one business associate. Wong Long-wai was no one to trifle with. The triad to which he belonged, the 14K, was a powerful one, and he was the head of a particularly violent faction.

Sometime that morning, Wong learned that Mui was at the club, and he evidently asked her to have a drink with him and sing a song. A social encounter between a film star and a triad is likely to have bad consequences. The next day, the triad calls the star's manager with the news that the star has promised to appear in the triad's new film. Actors have reputedly been kidnapped and actresses raped for refusing to work for triads. Mui declined Wong's invitation, but, according to testimony from one of Wong's employees, she declined rudely—and in English. "Don't speak to me in English. I don't understand," Wong said, to which Mui responded, in English, "So what?" Wong slapped her.

The incident should have ended there, but other Hong Kong triads besides the 14K had an interest in the movie business, and perhaps not all of them were inclined to overlook an assault on a movie star. The following evening, Wong Long-wai was leaving a restaurant in the Wan Chai district of Hong Kong when he was confronted by three men, one of whom claimed to be Andely Chan, also known as the Tiger of Wan Chai. The Tiger was a race-car driver in his early thirties who had many friends in the movie industry—including, it was said, Anita Mui. He was also a triad. According to testimony in a subsequent trial, one of the Tiger's men slashed Wong Long-wai's arm with a knife, and the Tiger struck Wong in the

face with a mobile phone. Wong was hospitalized for the knife wound. Two days later, someone slipped into Wong's hospital ward and shot him fatally in the head. Anita Mui immediately fled Hong Kong.

Many people were quick to criticize Mui, including Jackie Chan, her old boyfriend; he said he had repeatedly warned her to stay away from night clubs. Chan is virtually the only movie star in Hong Kong who is immune to triad pressure—partly because he has the backing of a major, legitimate company, Golden Harvest, and partly because his movies are expensive and take a long time to make, whereas most triads want a fast buck. Willie Chan, Jackie's manager, has had grievous problems with triads, however. Managers in the Hong Kong movie industry perform a role akin to that of Hollywood agents, except that they rarely have multiple clients; there are no Mike Ovitzes in Hong Kong. Willie Chan was once the sole exception. In 1986, the top actress Maggie Cheung—who plays Jackie's long-suffering girlfriend in the "Police Story" series—asked Willie to represent her, and when he agreed many other actors followed suit. "At my peak, I managed about forty-four artists," Willie told me. "But then the pressure from the triads became too great. They just said, 'I don't care what you do—I want this girl or this guy.' So a few years ago I decided to give up most of my artists. Maybe Jackie alone is good enough." He refused to say more, and his agitation had become visible. Tony Deakin, a Detective Chief Inspector of the Royal Hong Kong Police, says, "We were informed that a gun was pointed at Willie's head for release of the actor Andy Lau. Willie denies the incident, but I think the possibility of its being true is quite genuine."

Fortunately for Willie, he had never managed Anita Mui. In the months that followed Wong's murder, Mui lay low, in the United States, Europe, and Japan. A grisly rumor circulated that the 14K wanted her leg in retribution, though there was no evidence that she had conspired in Wong's knifing or shooting, nor was she ever charged in connection with either offense. The Tiger, meanwhile, had been arrested in Macao as a suspect in the murder, and then

released for lack of evidence, but he was scheduled to stand trial for the knifing.

On November 20, 1993, the Tiger finished second in the Macao Grand Prix, and was almost immediately disqualified when his race car was found to have illegal modifications. As he stepped out of a hotel in Macao around three o'clock the following morning, he was shot dead by three men wearing motorcycle helmets. After that, the matter seemed to be settled. No convictions resulted from either the Tiger's murder or Wong's, or from the knife attack on Wong. Anita Mui, who had returned to Hong Kong, kept quiet about the entire affair, except for complaining in a Singapore newspaper, "Which man would want to marry a woman who has so much trouble?"

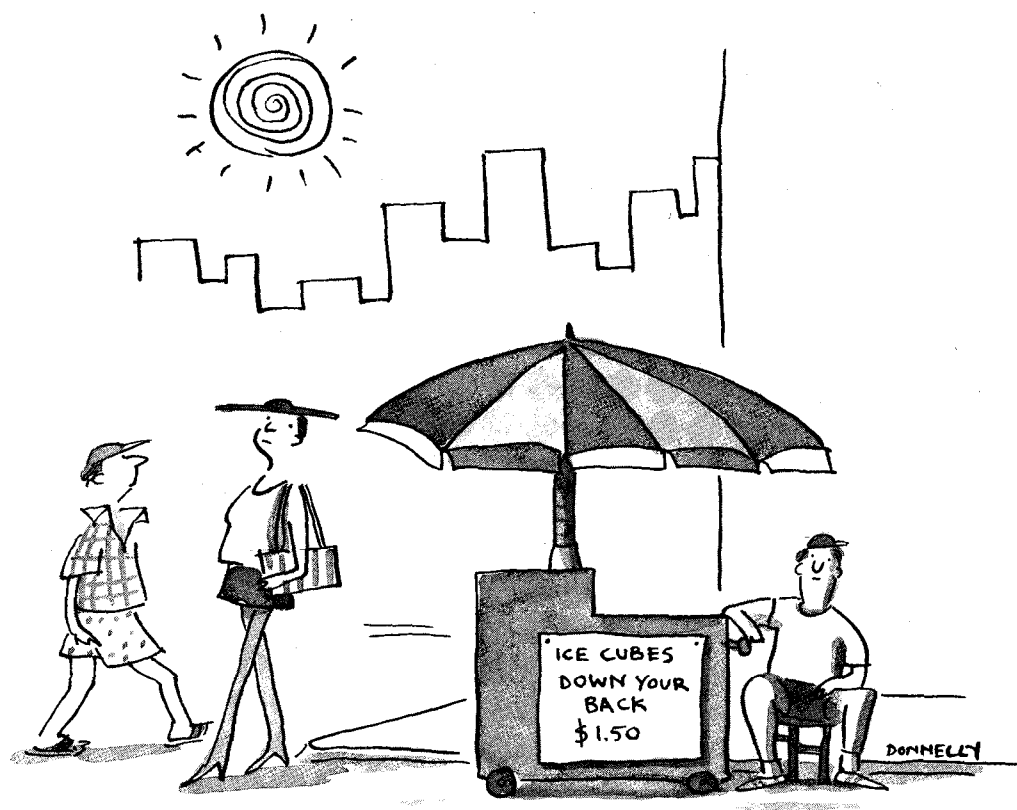
WHILE Golden Harvest, the movie conglomerate that produces Jackie Chan's films, remains the industry leader, in recent years a company called Win's Group has come on strong. Win's has access to a large number of top stars, and it has produced so many hit movies that Golden Harvest, once a direct com-

petitor, has agreed to distribute many of them through an affiliate. Win's is controlled by two brothers named Heung Wah-keung and Heung Wah-sing, who are also known as Charles and Jimmy Heung. Next to Raymond Chow of Golden Harvest, the Heung brothers are probably the most powerful people in the Hong Kong movie business today.

Charles and Jimmy Heung are, respectively, the tenth and thirteenth children of the late Heung Chin, who, in 1919, founded the Sun Yee On, by far the largest triad in Hong Kong. In 1988, the eldest brother of Charles and Jimmy, a law clerk named Heung Wah-yim, was convicted in Hong Kong of being the Dragon Head, or boss, of the Sun Yee On, but the conviction was reversed on appeal in Great Britain. Charles and Jimmy have repeatedly denied being triads, and, as far as I was able to discern, neither of them has a criminal record. Earlier this year, the United States Attorney's Office in Brooklyn won a racketeering case against a Chinatown businessman with alleged ties to the Sun Yee On. One of the key witnesses claimed to have been in the Sun Yee



"So how's the family? Still disintegrating?"



On, and identified five of the Heung brothers, including Charles and Jimmy, as "top guys."

The Hong Kong police seem to view the Heung brothers as omnipotent. "No one in Hong Kong will talk to us about the Heungs unless he is willing to emigrate to Nigeria afterwards," Tony Deakin says. One afternoon, I visited Charles Heung in his office, in Tsim Sha Tsui, at the southern end of Kowloon. It is pointless to ask someone in Hong Kong if he belongs to a triad, because membership alone is a crime. I raised the subject indelicately enough for Heung to catch on, however. He spoke at length in Cantonese to one of his employees, and she then told me, "Since you are curious to know the background of Mr. Heung, his family, to be honest, they do have a Mafia background, because his father was one of the heads. But the father died when Mr. Heung was very small, and he had very little knowledge of what was going on. Over the years, Mr. Heung has had to work even harder to overcome the negative effects of the family name."

Heung, who is a handsome man in his mid-forties, with close-cropped hair and a face that suggests vulnerability, has

acted in a few of his company's films. In "Return of God of Gamblers" (the movie that will open the Hong Kong Film Festival at Cinema Village on August 11th) he plays a sensitive bodyguard. The movie's director, Wong Jing, a squirrely man with large glasses, makes most of his films for the Heungs, and is one of the most successful directors and producers in Hong Kong. He is sometimes called the Cantonese Roger Corman, because, even in a cinema known for its exploitation films, he stands out. ("Naked Killer," a movie he wrote and produced, features a team of emasculating lesbian assassins in hot pants.) One day last November, at about three in the afternoon, as Wong was about to enter his office in Kowloon three men jumped him from behind and bashed his teeth in. Wong has a reputation for being talkative, but when the police questioned him about the assault—after his dental surgery—he was mum. "We firmly believe he got beaten up for something he said, because his attackers concentrated on his mouth," Tony Deakin told me. "Maybe he was talking about certain people behind their backs." I asked Charles Heung for his reaction to the assault. "We will leave it to the police

to solve," he said. Then he laughed.

The assault on Wong Jing did not appear to upset the movie industry—he is not terribly well liked by his peers. The Heungs, on the other hand, are surprisingly popular. Movie people make a distinction between "bad" triads and "good" triads, and when they complain about the involvement of gangsters in the film industry, they are usually referring to the ones who rape and kidnap and use other coercive means to get actors and actresses to sign contracts. The Heungs are never accused of anything like that. Both brothers are considered to be knowledgeable and creative filmmakers; Win's Group, their company, makes a lot of good movies and pays competitive salaries. Moreover, if you work for the Heungs

there is a considerable bonus: the bad triads tend to leave you alone. These days, Charles Heung told me, smiling, "the most famous stars in Hong Kong have contract with us."

The martial-arts star Jet Li, for example, began making movies for Win's in 1993. The previous year, he lost his manager, Jim Choi, to two gun-wielding assassins dressed as security guards: Choi was shot down as he stepped out of an elevator in the building where he worked, shortly after he had argued on the phone with a bad triad who wanted to use Jet Li in a movie. Andy Lau, who is both the biggest pop singer in Southeast Asia and a popular romantic leading man, is also in business with the Heungs. Before he struck up this arrangement, he had terrible problems with bad triads. In November, 1993, his assistant, a twenty-six-year-old woman, wound up in the hospital after her apartment was fire-bombed. "There is lots of movie that is made by the gangster, and it was hard for me to reject that kind of project, so I just take it with a smiling face," he said.

In the past few years, one man has emerged in the eyes of the movie industry as particularly bad. His name is Chan

Chi-ming. The *South China Morning Post* has suggested that Chan is connected to a mainland Chinese brotherhood called the Big Circle, though he has never been convicted as such. "We believe he's been behind a lot of violence in getting actors for films," Tony Deakin says, adding, "We have absolutely no proof." Recently, Chan Chi-ming sent a script to the film star Chow Yun-fat, and when Chow didn't respond someone threw a cat's head into his courtyard. Chan is a former professional boxer in his early thirties, married, with three children. He is superstitious, and is said to have gone into the movie business on the advice of a fortune-teller. A portrait of Chairman Mao hangs in his office. He produced his first movie, "Hong Kong Godfather," in 1991. It starred Andy Lau.

Chan Chi-ming wanted Leslie Cheung, the star of "Farewell My Concubine," to appear in his next project, but Cheung's movie company, Mandarin Films, refused to lend him out. The actor was busy completing Mandarin's release for the 1992 Lunar New Year, a comedy entitled "All's Well, Ends Well." The first week of the Lunar New Year is the time of peak movie attendance in the Chinese-speaking world, equivalent to our summer and Christmas seasons combined. On January 9, 1992, a month before the scheduled release of "All's Well, Ends Well," five masked men armed with pistols and knives burst into Mandarin's film laboratory in Kowloon and demanded the negatives. One of the thieves was tried and convicted; in a confession—later recanted—he said he had committed the robbery for Chan Chi-ming, but Chan was never charged. "All's Well, Ends Well" opened as planned. "They stole the wrong negatives," Leslie Cheung told me.

The Mandarin Films robbery was more than the movie industry could tolerate. Five days later, during the morning rush hour, more than three hundred actors, directors, cameramen, screenwriters, and production-crew members marched on Police Headquarters in the business district of Hong Kong. Jackie Chan was at the head of the parade, wearing a yellow armband. Among those marching beside him were Andy Lau, the comedy star Stephen Chow, and the busty soft-porn star Amy Yip,

whose movies include "Robotrix" and "Sex and Zen." The protesters carried a large banner that read "Show Business Against Violence," and handed the police a petition urging that the movie community be protected from extortion. The march came to be known as a demonstration against triads, though in fact it was a demonstration against bad triads.

The following year, Chan Chi-ming's career in motion pictures was interrupted when, during a business trip to Shenzhen, a city in south China, he was jailed for unlawful sexual intercourse with a Chinese resident. (It is widely believed that the Heungs lured Chan to Shenzhen and used their influence to arrange his arrest. When I asked Charles Heung if this was true, he laughed and said, "Of course not true. I am not so big power!") After a year of incarceration, Chan Chi-ming returned to Hong Kong and, to the amazement of the movie industry, relocated his company, Wang Fat Film Production, directly across the street from the office of Charles Heung. On a recent afternoon, he agreed

to speak with me about his career. Chan has a dark complexion and large, sensual lips, and he was dressed, improbably, in a herringbone jacket, a floral tie, and tortoiseshell glasses. I quickly discovered that Chan defies interviewing. Mostly, he giggled or made cryptic pronouncements, such as "The movie business is like a flying dragon." I asked how he had managed to get a big star like Andy Lau to act in his first movie. "It was fate," Chan said.

FOR all the problems the industry has had with triads, its movies tend to make them seem heroic. Perhaps the blame lies with John Woo, the acknowledged master of the Hong Kong gangster film. Woo, who was born in Canton in extreme poverty in 1946 and now lives and works in Los Angeles, has achieved the recognition from the American movie industry that continues to elude Jackie Chan. He is fascinated with the themes of loyalty and brotherhood, and the triads in his movies are modern, gun-toting versions of honorable Chinese swordsmen. Woo has



"A good day to you, sir, and might the cow of the house be in?"

them slaughter one another with operatic grandeur. His first gunplay picture, "A Better Tomorrow," released in 1986, spawned scores of imitations, and set off a fashion craze for the trenchcoat and sunglasses worn in the film by the actor Chow Yun-fat. (This was no small accomplishment, since Hong Kong is too humid for trenchcoats.)

I met Woo not long ago on the lot of Twentieth Century Fox, where he is now at work on "Broken Arrow," a movie about a stolen nuclear missile, starring Christian Slater and John Travolta. He was dressed in black, down to a pair of zippered boots. A short, modest man, he greets visitors with a bow. Woo has found working in Hollywood a sobering experience. In Hong Kong, the director is king; when Woo made his movies there, he said, "even the boss from the studio is not allowed to see any footage. Every day, I can shoot based on my instinct, and I can put the new stuff in any minute. I only need to deliver the final print." Within reason, this is the norm. Even directors who work for triads—a fate that Woo avoided—never complain of creative interference. As the director Wong Kar-wai puts it, "it's better to deal with a godfather than an accountant."

"Hard Target," Woo's first American movie, starring Jean-Claude Van Damme, involved a lot of accountants. "I just didn't get used to the system here," Woo said, shaking his head. "Too many meeting, too many politic. So many people get their input in the script. The people have so much worry and fear, and sometimes they are afraid to make any decision. So you have to deal with them, and waste time and energy on those kind of things. . . . In Hong Kong, I feel I work like a painter. In Hollywood, I also work like a painter, but somehow my hand is tied up by rope." He sighed. "But I still think I can do something here."

AT the end of "Super Cop," Jackie Chan's Hong Kong police officer jokes to Michelle Yeoh's Chinese inspector that it doesn't matter which government gets the bad guys' loot, since 1997 is just around the corner. That is about the most daring political reference I've seen in a Hong Kong film—an art form that scrupulously avoids overt political content. The Hong Kong censor-

ship board is far less interested in sex and violence than in references that might offend China. The director Ann Hui told me, "I have a subject I really want to do. It's imperative we make a film about Hong Kong people in the period of June 4th"—the day in 1989 when the Tiananmen Square massacre took place. "I spent the last two years trying to get money to make this film, and I was treated like someone with leprosy."

Filmmakers have every reason to be worried about the coming reunification. Under the terms of the Sino-British Joint Declaration, Hong Kong will be permitted to preserve its laws and its free-enterprise system for fifty years after its accession to China—provided, of course, that China keeps its word. "Who knows? The Chinese government, their policy can change every day," the director Stanley Kwan says. Kwan's most recent movie, "Red Rose White Rose," was filmed in Shanghai, and the experience left him shaken. He discovered that the mainland government's policy is to confiscate all negatives and, after a review by censors with an eye to political and sexual content, allow the director to take home no more than ten thousand feet of film—about two hours' worth—for postproduction. "So that mean if you have a new idea after you get the final censor cut, no way can you do it," he said. One of the love scenes in Kwan's movie did not meet China's stringent anti-pornography standards, and had to be smuggled out. As a penalty for the smuggling, Kwan will not be allowed to film on the mainland again for two years.

Even after the reunification, it may be financially risky for Hong Kong movies to appear pro-China in sentiment, because that might offend Taiwan. It was only a decade ago that Taiwan blackballed Hong Kong filmmakers or actors who so much as shot on location in China. (Tony Leung, the star of Jean-Jacques Annaud's "The Lover," was unable to get acting work for years for this reason.) Taiwan remains the largest export market for Hong Kong movies, and ticket sales there can cover as much as twenty per cent of a movie's budget.

The mainland has historically provided little or no income to the Hong Kong movie business, and what's worse

is that the Communist government has condoned, and officials have even profited from, the piracy of Hong Kong films. There is no guarantee that China will become a significant source of revenue for Hong Kong filmmakers after 1997, though the potential rewards of tapping into a hitherto closed market of a billion two hundred million people could be tremendous. "The China market is our future," Charles Heung told me confidently. In August, 1993, the Heung brothers entered into a joint-venture agreement with a Chinese corporation to build theatres and video-rental outlets across China and a film studio in Shenzhen. Two months after the deal was signed, Golden Harvest followed suit by making a similar agreement. The Heungs and Golden Harvest now have distribution rights in China for all non-pirated Hong Kong videos and laser disks. "There will be a lot of teething problems," Raymond Chow said, sounding rather less confident than Heung. "But it is a very important step in the right direction."

One added benefit of Golden Harvest's joint-venture deal is that Jackie Chan's recent films are now officially sanctioned in China. Meanwhile, his popularity in the rest of Asia is undiminished. His latest movie, "Thunderbolt," scheduled to open in Hong Kong on August 8th, is far and away the most expensive Hong Kong movie ever made—it cost more than twenty million dollars. Chan plays an internationally famous race-car driver who befriends a group of teen-age Hong Kong hot-rodders and helps them overcome some nasty triads; in the process, he crashes a few cars and sets himself on fire. When I asked Chan if he has made preparations for 1997, I was not surprised by his answer. "I never think tomorrow—I think what I'm doing today," he said. "People ask me, 'You don't scare 1997?' I say, 'I don't know I still alive in 1997.'" ♦

THREE CHEERS FOR HUMANISM DEPT.

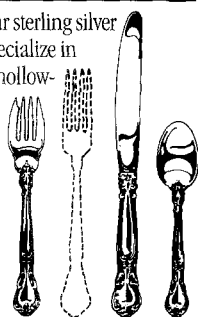
[From the Vancouver Sun]

He moved readers in *The Martian Chronicles*, *The Illustrated Man*, *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and arguably his coldest, most prescient novel, *Fahrenheit 451*. His best short stories celebrate the imagination and embrace humanist values such as racism, censorship, technology and nuclear war.

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®

Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and hollowware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. (We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)

Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.



Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5
404 261-4009

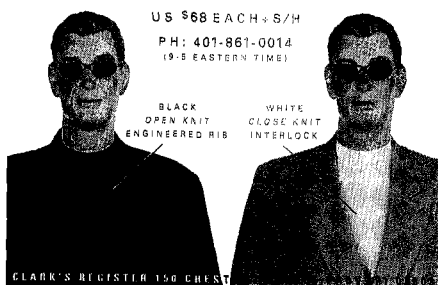


T-SHIRTS AS GOOD AS YOUR SUITS

EXTRA FINE GAUGE MERCERIZED
COTTON BY HANRO OF SWITZERLAND

US \$68 EACH + S/H

PH: 401-861-0014
(9-5 EASTERN TIME)



CLARK'S REGISTER 150 CHEST

VENICE

Apartments by the week or month

Vacanza
Bella

Discover a Venice only
an extended stay can offer
(415) 861-3340

personal insights on

Turkey ♦ Greece

yacht cruises & customized tours

43 Hooper Ave, Atlantic Hlds, NJ 07716

Club Voyages / 908-291-8228

PERSONAL HISTORY

OBJECT LESSON

Packing for a move can be a therapeutic way of letting go of the past, until your possessions decide that they're not leaving.

BY NOELLE OXENHANDLER

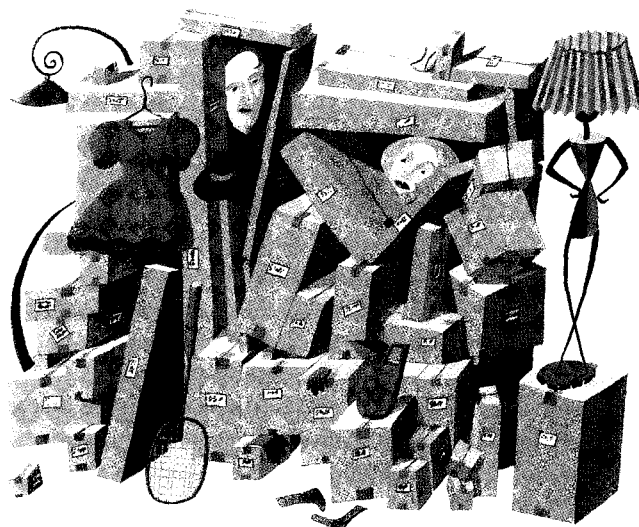
THERE is a latent hostility—or, at least, a resistance—in objects. Philosophers have written about it, and it is evident even in children's stories: dumplings run away, and harps cry out, and late at night toys race around and wreak havoc. This resistance is never more apparent than when we set about the task of moving, and, though I've moved many times, it always takes me by surprise.

Ever since I first left California, and found myself in the Snow Belt, in upstate New York, I have longed to go back. It's been nearly twenty years since I arrived, as a student, and now, suddenly, it is time to pack. My husband, Eliot, and I have sold our house in Rochester and rented a house in the vineyards near Sonoma, and we're giving ourselves a year to see if we can survive the transplant. Isn't this how it goes? Eventually, our dreamiest thoughts ("I will get married," "I will have a child," "I will move to California") can lead us to the most mundane labor: wiping a child's bottom, wrapping newspapers around pots and pans and shoving them in a box.

The packing begins—it always does—at a dignified pace, *andante maestoso*. Why not make a ritual of it? I set up a folding chair in the garage. It is a lovely summer day, warm but with a cool breeze blowing, and I begin by sorting through the boxes of my daughter's clothing. I make four piles: for a future grandchild, for my friends' babies, for the Salvation Army, and for the garbage. I sit on my chair neatly sorting, feeling clever and well organized. I have never

before looked at my neighborhood from this vantage point inside the garage, and now that I am leaving I feel a sudden gust of affection. In the yard next door, Mrs. Donner's eight pairs of bright polyester pants, different-colored but all the same style, flap on the line in the breeze: How I will miss them!

I go on with my sorting. My daugh-



ter, Ariel, is five now, and as I fold I am savoring her babyhood. Most of the memories that seem held in the shape of these clothes are happy ones, and as I fold I am reconciling myself to the rapidity with which my only child is growing. The physical action itself is therapeutic: gazing, folding, letting go.

It takes one day to sort through the clothes, and the next day I begin on the papers. There are boxes of notebooks, and there are cookie tins containing letters, quotations, and scraps of patterned paper for collage. In an old spiral notebook I find three Economics 101 papers. Eliot is working diligently in the driveway, getting the car ready for the trip, but I lean over the trash bin and read the papers furtively, like a teen-ager sneaking a look at pornography. (Later,

KATHY ARIAS

when I tell a friend what I did, she calmly replies, "There are some things I read *only* when I move.")

Then, digging around on shelves in the garage, I discover an old shoebox of letters and mementos which is worth thousands of dollars in therapy. There is a twenty-year-old gift card from my father, from whom in recent years I have been mostly estranged. He wrote, "I thought this book had a wonderful spirit. It reminded me of you." And there is the photograph of Michel, my first love—a dark-haired boy from the French Alps, who died last year on Mt. Everest. For months, I have spent frantic, obsessive hours hunting through every drawer and box and corner of the house to find that photograph. His mother recently sent me a copy, but it was an enlargement, and too big—and it was not the one he had sent me. Here it is: Michel in a beige sweater and brown corduroy pants, sitting at a little table, his wide eyes looking into the lens while his hands lay out a perfect *petit déjeuner*. His sister told me that up until the end—when an avalanche buried him in his small tent—he savored the good life, and that in his backpack, which a group of Catalonian mountaineers found and returned to her, she had found two tiny glasses and a bottle of the finest cognac. The last entry in his journal was "*Que Dieu nous garde*"—"God watch over us." Standing in this garage, I vow to keep this photograph forever.

That night, just before I fall asleep, I say to myself that, if only we go

about it the right way, moving is a sacrament, a way to recollect the self, reconcile us to the past, and reunite us with lost treasures.

BUT by the third day the process has begun to unravel. In truth, the real packing has not even begun. We're only at the stage that one of my friends calls "broad-stroke sorting," and already I can feel that I am beginning to lose my mind. I'm the kind of person who needs visible order; in the chaos, even this very early chaos of moving—the pulled-out drawers, the closet doors standing open, the piles that have formed along the perimeter of each room—I become a sort of muddled bird. I'm sure I must look like one of those plump, startled quail one sees alongside the road. My head bobs, my eyes spin in their sockets, I lose the ability to focus. I freeze, and then seize on some absurd task. This morning, I spent nearly an hour ironing the pink linen Christian Dior dress that my Jewish grandmother gave me to wear on Easter Sunday when I was eleven years old.

BY the fourth day, we have begun to enter the dark and malevolent space that lies at the true heart of packing.

Those first few days, I still felt firmly in control of the objects in my possession. They confirmed my sense of self in a comforting way, linked me to my past, reminded me of people I loved, and flattered my aesthetic judgment. I had no trouble sorting them into broad cat-

egories, and I took pleasure in bequeathing the things I had resolved to give away. At first, I didn't realize that my preoccupation with finding the right home for these things was a subtle way of extending my control over them, and it was with a feeling of pure and innocent pleasure that I gave my green leather gloves to my French friend Kirsten, who pines for Parisian elegance; my red-bound biography of Louis the Sun King to Kirsten's Francophile husband, Richard; my brass chafing dish to Margaret, for her braised-tofu-and-kelp stew; my Yiddish cookbook to Chuck, Margaret's husband, who married into macrobiotics but truly loves a knish.

Now, however, the sheer number of objects has crushed my ability to govern, and in between "keeper" and "throw-away" there stretches a nearly infinite spectrum of categories. I turn to my friends for help.

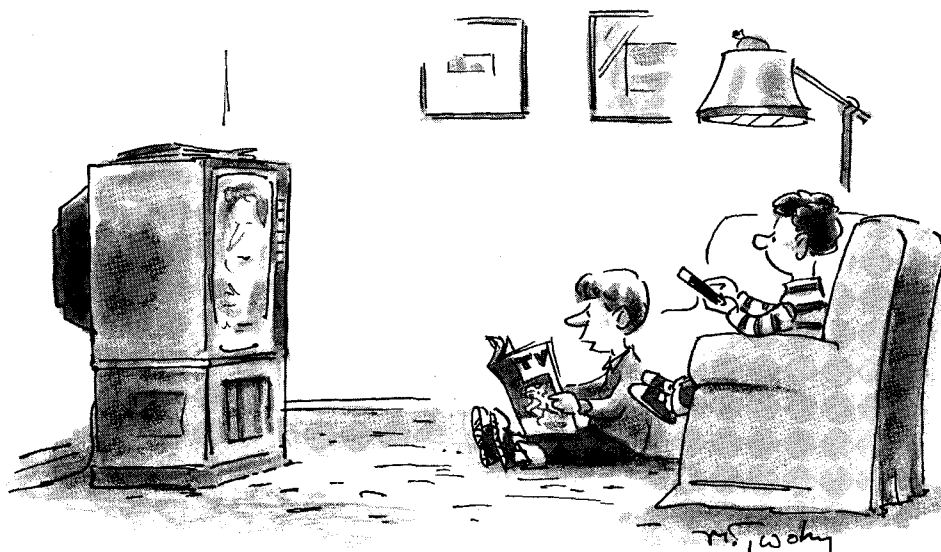
"Have nothing that is not beautiful or necessary," one friend advises me.

"If you haven't worn it in a year, throw it out," another says.

But what of my grandmother's century-old glass baking dish? It is neither beautiful nor necessary, and I have never used it. It is old and it was hers, so what should I do with it? I wrap it in three sections of the *Sunday Times* and set it in the rapidly growing "to be decided later" pile. I remember a long-ago family move, when my little sister was six, and how she insisted on bringing several large boxes labelled, in her wobbly hand, "Junk for Use."

And what about my green bicycle? I haven't ridden it in three years, but it was so beautiful when I bought it, nearly twenty years ago, and rode it up and down the golden hills of Santa Cruz. And Chris Dybdahl, with his thick dark hair—I fell in love with him in high school but never dared to kiss him—helped me buy it, so how can I let it go? I struggle to get the front wheel off, and then I have another struggle to fit the bicycle into a box.

What all this means, of course, is that I rely on objects not only as reservoirs of the past but also as promises of an open-ended future—a future that might, at any point, circle back into a past in which I take up bicycle riding again and kiss Chris Dybdahl or make collages or discourse impressively on economics. By now, the objects know this: they have



"This one looks hot. Their big advertiser pulled out."

become aware of their power over me; they sense fatigue and my gathering confusion, and they are moving in for the kill.

ARIEL has been staying at her grandmother's, across town, and it's a good thing. Until now, Eliot and I remained in a recognizably human realm: we worked side by side in various rooms; we were able to speak coherently and to process each other's speech; we ate reasonable meals at reasonable intervals; we slept at night.

But now we have entered a different zone, and we are drawing on the kind of energy that comes when there is no energy—moving on legs that keep moving long after being severed from the brain. It is a zone of mechanical gestures and hallucinatory thoughts: objects swirl, grimace, shatter, and laugh horribly, and the body just keeps moving to pick them up, wrap them, and set them in a box.

Into this surreal zone, friends come to help. There is no truer test of friendship. Although we all work separately, it's an intimate process. A wonderful release from good manners occurs, and we are free to grunt and curse, as in childbirth. Those whose possessions are being packed are in a vulnerable state; there's a nakedness in having the contents of one's life exposed, and with it comes a mute appreciation for friends who, no matter what embarrassing or inexplicable item they discover, would never dream of mocking or criticizing.

It's late afternoon when the last friend leaves, and this is when the objects unleash their final power. In a wild, random way, they begin to multiply: objects are breeding objects. We clear off one shelf, and on our way to put its contents in the proper storage space we stumble upon some other cache, teeming with objects that we haven't laid eyes on in twenty years, and none of which fit easily into the "keeper" or "discard" pile.

Afternoon turns into evening, and the night goes on and on. By now, we are both completely aphasic, as if the uprooting of objects had displaced the words in our brains as well. When Eliot painfully stubs his toe on the over-turned sofa, I comfort him by crying, "Oh, your nose, your poor nose!"

Though he is usually a stickler for precision, he doesn't even try to correct me. We grab snatches of sleep on the floor, then lurch awake and stagger about some more. For hours, we've been subsisting on chunks of a blueberry cake that a merciful neighbor brought us for breakfast, and if we could speak the only words worth saying would be the ones that Kurtz uttered as he lay dying in "Heart of Darkness," spent and sickened by a life of hoarding: "The horror! The horror!"

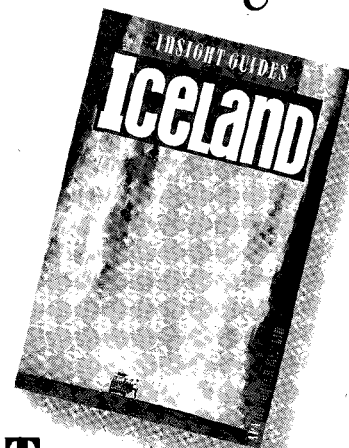
THE plan was to leave by ten in the morning, but it is six in the evening before we are ready. Even so, there is that strange handful of objects which always resists until the very last moment. This time, it's a small, chipped-marble angel's face that I found in the back yard long ago (a trace of a gravestone cutter who once lived here), a fossil insect from ancient clay beds near Lake Ontario, and an odd-shaped screw that looks as if it were a crucial part of something. Although Eliot and Ariel are waiting for me in the car, I deliberate, as if there were all the time in the world, and then I make an artful arrangement of angel, fossil, and screw on the windowsill.

Just before I go out the front door, I turn and look at the interior of the house one last time. After the chaos of the past week, it looks unbelievably beautiful, so still and pristine. There's an irresistible feeling of wanting to stay. "Why bother to move?" the house seems to ask. "If it's a different life you want, you could stay and lead it right here. It's a clean slate—just look at the empty closets and shelves. Don't you feel them beckoning to you?"

As we pull out of the driveway, I remember a letter my mother sent me years ago, when she was in agonizing pain from an abscessed tooth. "If I ever get over this," she wrote, "I am going to live in a different way."

In California, I say to myself—with only the slightest sense of foreboding—we are going to live in a different way. We'll find a house, and we'll never move again for the rest of our lives. Inside this house will be the minimum number of possessions necessary for a comfortable, uncluttered existence, and they will know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, just who has the upper hand. ♦

See the world with Insight!



The world's leading full-color travel guides are now available in three information-packed formats: **Insight Guides**, **Insight Pocket Guides** (with pull-out maps) and the new **Insight Compact Guides**.

.....
300 different titles available at bookstores nationwide.



Houghton Mifflin

The Educated Traveler®

The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism • Museum Travel • Learning Vacations

RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST

\$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022

1-800-648-5168

LONDON FLATS

COTSWOLD COTTAGES

✦ FINEST STANDARD ✦

MR. THOMAS MOORE

THE LONDON CONNECTION

801-393-9120 FAX: 801-393-3024

CRUISE THE COAST OF MAINE!

Cruise comfortably aboard the
83-ft. mini cruise vessel PAULINE (12 passengers).
Or sail into an adventure aboard the distinguished
Maine windjammer Schooner
STEPHEN TABER (22 passengers).
3- & 6-day cruises
Brochures: 1-800-999-7352

Windjammer Wharf, P.O. Box 1050, Rockland, ME 04841

HUMMINGBIRD PIN

The delicate flight of a hummingbird
is captured in this sterling silver pin
designed by Chip deMatteo 1.5"
\$20.00 Ppd. Catalog \$2.00
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
(800) 545-4556



It's Quiet, It's Comfortable,
And Everything's Right Where You Want It.
(If You Like That Sort Of Thing.)



Just think about all the time you spend in your car. We did. From the shape, texture and placement of the knobs to the foam sound absorbers, dash silencers and triple-sealed doors. All of which help you concentrate on more important things.

Like driving. Which could soon become your favorite pastime after you take just one lap in a Geo Prizm.

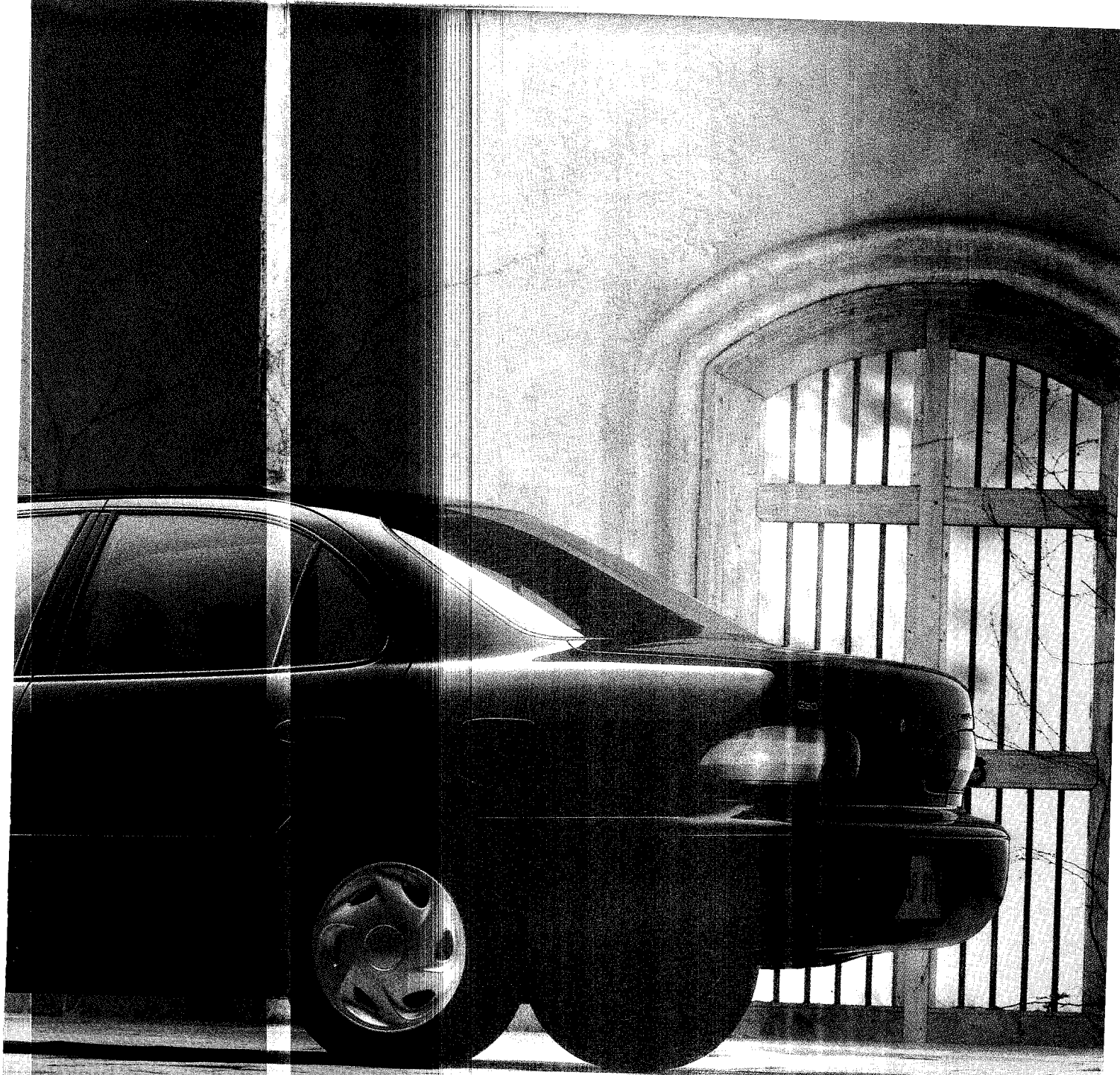
Four-wheel independent suspension gives Prizm the solid, stable feeling you'd expect only from a much more expensive car.

From \$12,350*

Standard Dual Air Bags

Available ABS

*\$13,015 M.S.R.P. of Prizm LS as shown. M.S.R.P. including dealer prep and destination charge. Tax, license and optional equipment additional.



Which goes to show you why Prizm has been named a *Consumers Digest* Best Buy for the third straight year.

So drive a Geo Prizm. You'll like it so much you'll want to do it again, and again, and again. (Just don't forget to go to work.)

Call 1-800-GET-2-KNO

At Your Chevrolet/Geo Dealer

GET TO KNOW



P R I Z M

Chevrolet, Geo and Prizm are registered trademarks of the GM Corp. ©1995 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Buckle up, America! 

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

DOUBLE MYSTERY

Recent research into the nature of twins is reversing many of our most fundamental convictions about why we are who we are.

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

A SET of identical-twin girls were surrendered to an adoption agency in New York City in the nineteen-sixties. The twins, who are known in psychological literature as Amy and Beth, might have gone through life in obscurity had they not come to the attention of Dr. Peter Neubauer, a prominent psychiatrist at New York University's Psychiatric Institute. Neubauer, who was also an adviser to the adoption agency, believed at the time that twins posed such a burden to parents, and to themselves in the form of certain developmental hazards, that adopted twins were better off being reared apart from each other.

It was clear that such a separation would also offer Neubauer exceptional research possibilities. Studies of twins reared apart are the most powerful tool that scholars have for analyzing the relative contributions of heredity and environment to the makeup of individual human natures. Identical twins are rare, however, and twins who have been separated and brought up in different families are particularly unusual. Neubauer knew of only a handful of studies examining twins reared apart, and in many cases the twins being studied had been separated late in their childhood and reunited at some point long before the study began. Amy and Beth presented an opportunity to look at twins from the moment they were separated and to trace them through childhood, observing at each stage of development the parallel or diverging courses of their lives. Such a study might not lay to rest the ancient quarrel over the relative importance of nature and nurture, but one could imagine few other experiments that would be more relevant to understanding the mystery of the human condition.

By the time Amy and Beth were sent to their adoptive homes, an extensive team of psychologists, psychiatrists, pediatricians, and observers was waiting to follow them as they moved from infancy to adolescence. Every step of childhood would be documented through psychological tests, tests of skills and abilities, school records, parental and sibling interviews, films, and the minutes of several hundred weekly conferences. Because the twins had identical genetic constitutions, the team could evaluate the effects of the environment on their personalities, their behavior, their health, their intelligence. Broadly speaking, the differences between the girls as they grew older would be a measure of the validity of the most fundamental assumption of analytical psychology, which is that experience—and, in particular, our family background—shapes us into the people that we become.

The agency that placed the children shortly after their birth informed each set of potential adoptive parents that the girl they were adopting was already involved in a study of child development, and strongly urged the adoptive parents to continue it; however, neither the adoptive parents nor the girls themselves were ever told that the subject of the study was twins. The sisters were fair-skinned blondes with small oval faces, blue-gray eyes, and slightly snub noses. Amy was three ounces heavier and half an inch longer than Beth at birth, an advantage in height and weight that persisted throughout their childhood. The girls were adopted into families that were, in certain respects, quite similar—both were Jewish, and lived in New York State. The mothers stayed at home, and in each family there was a son almost exactly seven years older than the twin. (In

Beth's family, there was an older daughter as well.) In other respects, the environments were profoundly different; notably, Amy's family was lower middle class and Beth's was well off. Amy's mother was overweight, low key, and socially awkward. Although she had a compassionate side to her nature, she was an insecure mother, who felt threatened by her daughter's attractiveness. Beth's mother, on the other hand, doted on her daughter and spoke positively of Beth's personality and her place in the family. The team described Beth's mother as pleasant, youthful, slim, chic, poised, self-confident, dynamic, and cheerful. Whereas Amy's mother seemed to regard Amy as a problem, a stubborn outsider, Beth's mother treated her daughter as "the fun child." She went out of her way to minimize the differences between herself and Beth, to the extent of dyeing her own hair to emphasize their similarity. The girls' fathers were alike in many respects—confident, relaxed, at ease with themselves—but were as different as the mothers in their treatment of the girls. Amy's father came to agree with his wife that Amy was a disappointment, whereas Beth's father was more available and supportive.

All in all, the research team characterized Amy's family as a well-knit threesome—mother, father, and son—plus an alienated Amy. It was a family that placed a high value on academic success, simplicity, tradition, and emotional restraint. Beth's family, on the other hand, was sophisticated and full of energy—"frenetic" at times—and it tended to put more emphasis on material things than on education. Clearly, Beth was more in the center of her home than Amy was in hers.

And how did these identical twins in such contrasting environments turn out?

AMY ARBUS

Separated-twins stories feed the fantasy that we might have someone who is not only our mirror but who understands us perfectly.

As might be expected, Amy's problems began early and progressed in a disturbing direction. As an infant, she was tense and demanding. She sucked her thumb; she bit her nails; she clung to her blanket; she cried when left alone; she wet her bed; she was prone to nightmares and full of fears. By the time she was ten, she had developed a kind of artificial quality that manifested itself in role-playing, made-up illnesses, and confusion over her sexual identity. Shy, socially indifferent, suffering from a serious learning disorder, pathologically immature, she was a stereotypical picture of a rejected child. If only Amy had had a mother who was more empathic, more tolerant of her limitations, more open and forthcoming (like Beth's mother), Amy's life might have turned out far better. If only her father had been more consistently available and affectionate (like Beth's father), she might have been better able to negotiate the Oedipal dramas of latency and might have achieved a clearer picture of her own sexual role. If only her brother had been less strongly favored (like Beth's brother), Amy would have been spared the mortifying comparisons that were openly drawn in her family. In theory, if Amy had grown up in Beth's family, the sources of her crippling immaturity would have been erased, and she would be another kind of person—happier, one presumes, and more nearly whole.

And yet in almost every respect Beth's personality followed in lockstep with Amy's dismal development. Thumb-sucking, nail-biting, blanket-clenching, and bed-wetting characterized her infancy and early childhood. She became a hypochondriac and, like Amy, was afraid of the dark and of being left alone. She, too, became lost in role-playing, and the artificial nature of her personality was even more pronounced than Amy's. She had similar problems in school and with her peers. On the surface, she had a far closer relationship with her mother than Amy had with hers, but on psychological tests she gave vent to a longing for maternal affection which was eerily the same as her identical sister's. Beth did seem to be more successful with her friends and less confused than Amy, but she was also less aware of her feelings.

The differences between the girls seemed merely stylistic; despite the differences in their environments, their pathology was fundamentally the same.

Did their family lives mean so little? Were they destined to become the people they turned out to be because of some genetic predisposition toward sadness and unreality? And what would psychologists have made of either girl if they did not know that she was a twin? Wouldn't they have laid the blame for the symptoms of her neurosis on the parents who raised her? Finally, what did all this say about the fundamental presumptions of psychology?

THE separated-twins story is a chestnut of American journalism—one that is guaranteed to gain national exposure, along with stories of pets that have trekked across the country to find their masters. The appeal of the separated-twins story is the implicit suggestion that it could happen to anyone. Babies actually do get lost or separated, and, however rare such an event may be, it feeds the common fantasy that any one of us might have a clone, a doppelgänger—someone who is not only a human mirror but also an ideal companion, someone who understands us perfectly. It is not just the similarity that excites us but the difference: the fantasy of an identical twin is a projection of ourselves living another life, finding other opportunities, choosing other careers, sleeping with other spouses; an identical twin can experience the world and come back to report about choices we might have made.

But the story has a darker and more threatening side, and this may be the real secret of its grip on our imagination. We think we know who we are. We struggle to build our characters through experience; we make ourselves unique by determining what we like, what we don't like, and what we stand for. The premise of free will is that we become the people we *choose* to be. Suppose, then, we meet an Other who is, in every outward respect, ourself. It is one thing to imagine an identical Other who, having lived a separate and distinct life, has been marked by it and become different from us. But what if, in spite of all the differences, we and the Other arrive at the same place? Isn't there a sense of loss? A loss not only of identity but of purpose? We are left wondering not only *who* we are but *why* we are who we are.

The Neubauer twin study is just one among thousands that have raised these questions. Over the last decade, there has

been a tidal wave of twin-based scholarship. There are now so many scientists seeking to study twins that every August researchers set up booths under a huge tent at the Twins Day Festival in Twinsburg, Ohio, where some three thousand browsing identicals and fraternal twins stop to take blood-pressure tests or fill out questionnaires. Recent studies of twinning have challenged our most entrenched views of human development and have capsized cherished beliefs about human nature—in particular, the bedrock notion that character is created by experience. But then twins have been confounding humanity from the earliest times—almost as if they were a divine prank designed to undermine our sense of individuality and specialness in the world. Twins are both an unsettling presence, because they sabotage our sense of personal uniqueness, and a score-settling presence, because their mere existence allows us to pose questions we might not have thought to ask if we lived in a world without them.

In the United States today, at least eleven births out of every thousand are twins, which is to say that about one person in fifty has a twin (about one-third of those are identical). That constitutes a virtual epidemic. Between 1973 and 1990, twin births shot up at twice the rate of singletons, and triplets and higher-multiple births increased at seven times the single-birth rate—partly because many women are waiting until later in life to have children, and multiple births are more frequent among older mothers. Last year, fully a third of all first births in this country were produced by women over the age of thirty-five. "But that's only part of it," says Dr. Louis Keith, a professor of obstetrics at Northwestern University Medical School, and the president of the Center for the Study of Multiple Birth. "The real increase in twins and triplets in the United States did not occur until 1985, when we learned how to superovulate women. Now doctors are prescribing ovulation-enhancing agents as if they were prescribing bubble gum at a children's birthday party."

If twins are important to science because they allow us to ask how much of our nature arises from our genes and how much from our circumstances, the answers have equally profound implications for social policy. The hallmark of

DAVID IERUCA, M.D., M.F.A., COURTESY OF THE COLLECTED IMAGE, EVANSTON, ILL.



Some of Dr. David Teplica's six thousand twin portraits. "Why are you so fascinated?" a twin asked him. "Maybe you are one."

liberalism is that changes in the social environment produce corresponding changes in human development. But if people's destinies are written in their genes, why waste money on social programs? Much of the ferocious argument over individual and group differences in intelligence (which has recently been rekindled by Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray's "The Bell Curve") draws upon the fact that there is a closer correlation between I.Q.-test scores of identical twins than between those of fraternal twins—the difference being an indication of how much of what we call intelligence is inherited. Even matters that would seem to be entirely a reflection of one's personal experience, such as political orientation or depth of religious commitment, have been shown by various

twin studies to be largely under genetic influence.

All this comes after several decades of heightened political struggle between those who believe that people are largely the same, with differences imposed upon them by their environment, and those who conclude that people differ mainly because of their genes, and that their environments are largely of their own making. Obviously, the roots of liberal and conservative views are buried in such contrary presumptions about human nature. The broad movement from environmental determinism to behavioral genetics which has transformed psychology over the last thirty years has also dramatically altered society's view of human development and become a part of the invisible substratum of American politics.

This can be demonstrated by comparing the climates of opinion that produced the Great Society, in 1965, and the Contract with America, in 1995.

These days, even the most dogmatic environmentalist is willing to admit that nature influences nurture. The debate has evolved into a statistical war over percentages—*how much* of our personality or behavior or intelligence or susceptibility to disease is attributable to our genes, as compared with such environmental factors as the family we grow up in or the neighborhood we live in or how long we attend school. (What the statistics measure is genetic differences in populations, not in individuals. We cannot infer from the statistics that, say, fifty per cent of any one individual's personality is genetically acquired.) The fulcrum upon which one side rises while the other falls is the concept of heritability. Heritability, decreed the animal geneticist J. L. Lush in 1940, is the fraction of the observed variation in a population that is caused by differences in heredity. For instance, laboratory rats that are bred for their intelligence in escaping mazes will grow smarter over the generations, just as maze-dumb rats will grow dumber when they are bred together. Since there is no difference in their environments, the difference between the two populations must be inherited. It is easy to demonstrate the transmission of traits in plant and animal populations; in fact, the manipulation of observable genetic traits is the basis of selective breeding.

In human beings, however, matters are more complex. Since selective breeding is morally out of the question, scientists must rely on the chance data that society sends their way. One of the principal sources of information about human heritability is twin studies. Theoretically, if a trait is highly heritable then it will approach a hundred per cent concordance in identical twins and fifty per cent in fraternal twins and other siblings. But environmental factors can also affect traits that are genetically transmitted. Height, for instance, is a heritable trait, and in well-nourished Western populations most of the variation in stature is an expression of the genes. But the genes require a supportive environment in order to be expressed in the first



"You've been around here longer than I have. What are congressional ethics?"

place. A population that exists on the brink of starvation can have little variation in height, because growth is arrested; there is no way of telling who has tall genes and who has short ones. If one group within a population enjoys an abundant diet while the rest are starving, the variation in height is largely environmental.

Identical, or monozygotic (MZ), twins are thought to result from the splitting of a single fertilized egg—a zygote—in a form of asexual reproduction. Fraternal, or dizygotic (DZ), twins are thought to be the product of two separate eggs, independently fertilized. Thus, identical twins are clones, having identical genes, whereas fraternal twins share only fifty per cent of their genes on average. The existence of these two types of twins creates a statistical opportunity that has contributed to the expanding field of behavioral genetics, which is built on heritability estimates. Behaviors as diverse as smoking, insomnia, marriage and divorce, choice of careers and hobbies, use of contraceptives, consumption of coffee (but not, oddly enough, of tea), menstrual symptoms, and suicide have all been found to have far higher rates of concordance for identical than for fraternal twins—a finding that suggests these traits to be more influenced by genes than was previously suspected.

A survey of Australian twins in the early nineteen-eighties also found a surprisingly significant genetic component for attitudes toward such wide-ranging political and social issues as apartheid, the death penalty, divorce, working mothers, and some forty other subjects. Only on a motley assortment of topics—coeducation, the use of straitjackets, and pajama parties—was there no meaningful genetic influence on individual attitudes. An especially interesting, and ongoing, Swedish study of elderly twins, begun in 1984 by Professor Robert Plomin, a behavioral geneticist at the Institute of Psychiatry in London and at Pennsylvania State University, looked at life events such as divorce, retirement, illness, the death of a child, the mental illness of a spouse, and financial reverses—many of which might seem, almost by definition, to be accidents of the environment. The researchers concluded that, in many respects, identical twins who had been reared apart were even more alike in terms of their major life events than identical twins who had been reared together.

Underlying these startling findings is an insistent unanswered question: How? Is there a gene for neurosis or Alpine skiing or traditional values? Nothing in molecular biology suggests anything of the sort. It is more likely that configurations of genes shape behavior than that a single gene exercises autonomous control over certain kinds of actions. This is especially true of complex functions such as intelligence.

Because supporting molecular evidence has been slow in coming, in most cases the only proof of genetic influence on personality and behavior still comes from twin and adoption studies, which examine unrelated individuals reared together (thus complementing studies of twins reared apart). Numerous twin studies have shown that alcoholism is an inherited disorder; for example, identical twins are much more alike in their drinking patterns than fraternal, and if these patterns lead to alcoholism it's more likely that both twins will be alcoholics. But even if alcoholism is genetically rooted it is clear that environment plays a significant role in much of drinking behavior. Alcoholism is rarely a problem in religious cultures where drinking is forbidden.

Homosexuality appears to be moderately heritable among males and less so among females. A stretch of X chromosome has been implicated in some instances of male homosexuality, but it leaves open the question of what, exactly, is inherited. "The fairest thing to say is that nobody knows," Richard C. Pillard, a professor of psychiatry at the Boston University School of Medicine, says. "Is it a propensity to like somebody who is sort of the same as you versus somebody who's different, or to like a man versus a woman, or to be very sensitive, or what? To me that's the payoff question. What is that little brain up there doing that's making you different?"

One reason for the dearth of such knowledge is that research involving the genetic underpinnings of behavior has often been discouraged. When Dutch scientists announced, two years ago, that they had found a connection between a genetic defect and a form of familial aggression, they were denounced for even considering a genetic basis for violent behavior. In this country, the National Institutes of Health, facing charges of racism, pulled the rug out from under a

planned 1992 conference on "Genetic Factors in Crime" and scaled back research into the causes of violence. Again and again, when genetic research turns toward human nature, and away from simple biology, politics swamps the discussion and often sinks the research efforts.

THE most powerful studies in behavioral genetics are of twins who have been reared apart, and the most influential of these studies have been conducted at the University of Minnesota by Professor Thomas J. Bouchard, Jr. A tall, shambling man of fifty-seven, Bouchard wears suspenders and looks as if he'd be more at home sharing a cup of coffee with the local dairy farmers than sorting through the computerized data bank in the university's Center for Twin and Adoption Research, which he founded. Largely because of Bouchard and his team, the University of Minnesota has been the epicenter of twin studies since 1979. It was then that Bouchard read a newspaper story about Jim Lewis and Jim Springer, identical twins who had been separated at birth and reunited thirty-nine years later.

Each of the Jim twins, as they were called, was six feet tall and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds; they looked as much alike as any other identical pair. At their reunion, they discovered that each had been married twice, first to a woman named Linda and then to a woman named Betty. Jim Lewis had named his firstborn child James Alan, and Jim Springer had named his James Allen. In childhood each twin had owned a dog named Toy. They had enjoyed family vacations on the same beach in Florida and had worked part time in law enforcement. They shared a taste for Miller Lite beer and Salem cigarettes.

At the time, only nineteen cases of reunited identical twins had been reported in the United States. Few had been reared by families who were not biologically related, and that made the Jims all the more exceptional—almost perfect for a behavioral geneticist who had spent his career trying to tease apart the influences of nature and nurture on the human personality. Bouchard excitedly persuaded university officials to provide grant money to initiate a study of the Jim twins. "It was just sheer scientific curios-



ity," Bouchard says now. "I thought we were going to do a single study of a set of twins reared apart. We might have a little monograph."

The morning the tests were to begin, Bouchard took the Jims to breakfast. He intended to brief them on the particulars of the study, but it was the first time he had ever worked with twins, and he found himself obsessing over little things about them—the way each one had bitten his nails, for example. Each of the Jims had a peculiar whorl in his eyebrow, and Bouchard started absently counting the number of hairs in their brows. "You're staring at us," one told him. Bouchard apologized. He had been staggered by the similarities of their gestures, their voices, and the morphology of their bodies. These two men had lived entirely separate lives, and yet if Bouchard closed his eyes he couldn't tell which Jim was talking.

Since the Jims' first visit, more than a hundred other reared-apart twins have come to the Twin Cities to spend a week in Bouchard's laboratories, in Elliott Hall. In the tests, which usually start on Sunday afternoon and go through the following Saturday, twins undergo a variety of personality assessments and medical examinations, including X-rays, cardiograms, and blood tests. They have their fingerprints taken and their allergies evaluated. They submit to a sexual-history questionnaire that is so intimate that some twins decline to finish it. By the end, Bouchard's team will know as much about each of the twins as it is possible to measure in fifty hours of testing. The researchers will know what both twins eat, the books they read, their sexual orientation and predilections, the television shows they watch, how much their hands quiver when they hold a stick in a hole, their musical tastes and talents, their fears and phobias, their childhood traumas, their pulse rates at rest and under stress, their hobbies, their values, the amount of decay in their teeth, the way they sit in a chair. Because of the Minnesota project, separated twins have become one of the most densely studied populations in the history of psychology.

Besides the Jims, many memorable personalities have passed through Elliott Hall. Among the early pairs were Daphne Goodship and Barbara Herbert, who, like the Jims, had been adopted separately as infants and lived apart for

thirty-nine years. Barbara had gone to a modest home in Hammersmith, a borough of London, as the daughter of a city gardener. Daphne had a middle-class childhood north of London, in the town of Luton, where her father was a metal-lurgist. When they finally met, at King's Cross Station in London, in May of 1979, each was wearing a beige dress and a brown velvet jacket. Right away, they noticed they had identical crooked little fingers—a small defect that had kept both of them from ever learning to type or to play the piano. There were other commonalities that were harder to explain. Both had the eccentric habit of pushing up their noses, which they called "squidging." Both had fallen down the stairs at the age of fifteen and had weak ankles as a result. At sixteen, each had met at a local dance the man she was going to marry. The twins suffered miscarriages with their first children, then proceeded to have two boys followed by a girl. And both laughed more than anyone else they knew, prompting them to be nicknamed the Giggle Twins. Bouchard was interested in the fact that each fell silent whenever the conversation turned to provocative subjects, like politics. In fact, neither had ever voted, except once, when she was employed as a polling clerk.

Among other twins who came to Minnesota to be quizzed and probed and bled and recorded were Jack Yufe and

Oskar Stöhr. They were born in Trinidad in 1933 and were split apart a few months later by a bitter divorce, brought on by their father's violent behavior. Jack stayed in Trinidad with their father, a Jewish merchant in Port of Spain. Oskar went to live in the all-female household of their German maternal grandmother. While Oskar was preparing to become a member of the Hitler Youth, Jack was exploring his Jewish identity. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Israel to work on a kibbutz. In 1954, he decided to emigrate to the United States, and stopped off in Germany to meet his brother for the first time since their separation. The reunion was chilly and brief. Then, twenty-five years later, Jack's wife read about the Jim twins and the Minnesota studies, and Jack decided that it might be a good idea to meet his twin again, this time on neutral ground. He got in touch with Bouchard, and the professor eagerly agreed to fly them both to Minneapolis.

Bouchard was standing with Jack at the Minneapolis airport when Oskar got off the plane. "I remember Jack pulling in his breath, because Oskar walked exactly the same way he did," Bouchard says. "They have a kind of swagger to their bodies." Each sported rectangular wire-rimmed glasses, a short, clipped mustache, and a blue two-pocket shirt with epaulets. They shook hands but did not embrace. Bouchard thought that they would be an ideal pair for detecting en-

UPON WINNING ONE'S FLIGHT IN THE SENIOR FOUR-BALL

Oh, where have they gone to—the eight-iron stiff to the pin,
after two less fortunate shots, setting up a par;
the calmly stroked putt that snatched a win away
from the staggered opponents; the heroic long drive
that cleared the brook on the fly by a foot or two;
the bravely slashed wedge that lifted the plugged ball
up in a sea-spray of sand to bobble blindly toward the hole?

How can these feats matter so little, so soon after
they mattered so much? The blood thrumming in the temples,
the rushes of love for one's doughty, erratic partner,
the murderous concentration upon imaginary
abstractions carved in the air by sheer sinew and bone—
boiled down to a trinket of silver, a tame patter
of applause in the tent, a pleasantry, a loss.

—JOHN UPDIKE

vironmental influence. The contrasts in their upbringing, their cultures, and their family lives were overwhelming. Moreover, they didn't seem to like each other enough to mythologize their similarities, as critics of twin studies have suggested that twins tend to do.

As it turned out, Jack and Oskar were full of quirky habits in common, such as storing rubber bands on their wrists, reading magazines from back to front, flushing the toilet before using it, and dipping buttered toast in their coffee. They also enjoyed startling people by sneezing in crowded places. They differed in certain obvious respects; Oskar, for instance, was married, while Jack was divorced, but Jack noticed that Oskar expected his wife to take care of all his needs without question—much as he himself had done when he was married. Jack regarded himself as a liberal Californian, and he saw his brother as “very traditionalistic, typically German.” Oskar was a skier, Jack was a sailor. Oskar was a devoted union man, Jack a self-employed entrepreneur. Of course, they had lived profoundly different lives, so they differed completely in their memories, their experiences, their religious and political orientations—in other words, their interior worlds, the raw stuff of selfhood. And yet their personality profiles were strikingly similar. Bouchard observed that their tempos, their temperaments, their characteristic mannerisms were far more alike than different—similarities that were all the more surprising because Oskar had been reared entirely by women and Jack had grown up with their father.

The mountain of data compiled by the Minnesota team, along with ongoing twins research in Boulder, Stockholm, and Helsinki, has stunningly tipped the balance in the nature-versus-nurture debate. Bouchard and his team have assessed a variety of personality characteristics, such as sense of well-being, social dominance, alienation, aggression, and achievement, which they described in an important article in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* in 1988. They concluded that identicals reared apart were as

much alike as identicals reared together. Moreover, there was not a single one of those personality traits in which fraternal twins reared together were more alike than identicals reared apart. How could this be? Wouldn't twins who had grown up in the same family, gone to the same schools and churches, and been exposed to the same values and traditions have been similarly shaped by those influences? If, as the Minnesota team was claiming, half of the variance in personality in a population was genetic in origin and the other half was environmental, why wouldn't identical twins reared together be far more alike in their personalities than identicals reared apart?

The answer to this paradox had been suggested before, but not with the force of so much data. The Minnesota team asserted that almost none of the environmental variance was due to sharing a common family environment; rather, most of the differences that could be attributed to environmental causes arose from unshared experiences—in other words, the lives the twins led outside the home. Bouchard and his colleagues repeated this assertion in a disturbing 1990 article in *Science*. “The effect of being reared in the same home is negligible for many psychological traits,” the Minneso-

tans wrote. “We infer that the diverse cultural agents of our society, in particular most parents, are less effective in imprinting their distinctive stamp on the children developing within their spheres of influence—or are less inclined to do so—than has been supposed.”

CONSIDERING all that we've learned about human nature from studying twins, it's astonishing to realize how little we know about the twinning process itself. In spite of the burst of twin-based scholarship in recent years, much that is commonly believed to be true about twinning is either wrong or in dispute. It is not clear, for instance, whether twinning is a kind of birth defect or, contrarily, whether birth defects are caused by twinning (or if, indeed, either has anything to do with the other). We don't know what significance, if any, to attach to the elevated incidence of left-handedness among both kinds of twins. It is not even certain whether fraternal twins always come from two eggs or sometimes from one that has split before fertilization. We are just now learning that twins are different in particular ways from singletons (their teeth are more symmetrical, for example), but we don't know why or what that means. In sum, we don't know who twins are or how twins happen. We only



“Josephine, my man!”

presume to know what they tell us about who *we* are.

So much depends on a phenomenon about which we know so little. Even the prevalence of twins is a subject of puzzlement and controversy. With the increasing use of ultrasound to detect early pregnancies, we now know that twinning is a far more common occurrence than anyone had previously imagined. Although only about one out of eighty or ninety live births produces twins, at least one-eighth of all natural pregnancies begin as twins. Many of us singletons, in other words, began life as something more—as part of a pair.

Doctors equipped with color-Doppler and vaginal ultrasounds and high-speed scanners have been able to observe multiple pregnancies as early as five weeks after conception. “People are picking up twin pregnancies the size of garden peas,” says Professor Charles E. Boklage, a developmental biologist at the East Carolina University School of Medicine and a well-known maverick in the world of twin biology. “They’re seeing a lot more twins than they ever knew were there.” Many doctors have undergone the unnerving experience of spotting twin embryos one month, only to find a singleton the next time they looked. What was happening? At the Third International Congress on Twin Studies, held in Jerusalem in 1980, this question was raised, and one of the participants cried out, “Vanishing twins!”—thus giving a name to a phenomenon that has caused as much confusion as excitement.

Boklage studied reports of three hundred and twenty-five twin pregnancies and found that sixty-one ended as twins, a hundred and twenty-five as singletons, and the remainder—a hundred and eighty-six—as a complete loss: a measure of how risky twin pregnancies are. Often the only external sign of a vanishing twin is vaginal bleeding. “The so-called phenomenon of the ‘vanishing-twin syndrome’ is neither phenomenal nor a syndrome,” Boklage contends. “It is much too common to be considered phenomenal, and it occurs for too many reasons to be considered any kind of syndrome.” He says that most pregnancies, whether multiple or single, fail anyway, so it is not as surprising as it seems that twins often disappear. “Somewhere in the vicinity of ten to fifteen per cent of us—and that’s a *minimum* estimate—are walking around

thinking we’re singletons when in fact we’re only the big half,” Boklage says. He estimates that for every set of twins born live there are at least six singletons who are survivors of twin conceptions.

Twins are far more susceptible to the birth defects, spontaneous mutations, and vascular problems that threaten early life. Simply being a twin is stressful and raises the odds against survival. Because all twins battle in the womb for space and nutrition, the experiences of twins before birth may be considerably different from those of singletons. “Twins compete physically,” says Dr. Louis Keith, of Northwestern. Several years ago, one of the doctors on his staff observed twin fetuses fighting. “One punched the other and the other looked startled,” Dr. Keith recalls. “On another occasion, a doctor was looking with the ultrasound at triplets, and two of them were kissing, as clear as day. Among multiples, there is intrauterine life. They do fight. They do kiss.”

There is considerable evidence that when one twin dies the survivor can suffer lifelong feelings of guilt. “When someone loses a twin, the intensity of grief tends to be higher than with many other relatives,” says Nancy L. Segal, a professor of developmental psychology and the director of the Twin Studies Center at California State University, Fullerton. “It’s a loss that only another twin can understand.” Six years ago, Dr. Elizabeth Bryan, who is the medical director of the Multiple Births Foundation, in London, helped set up the Lone Twin Network, to provide support for survivors coping with their grief. “I’ve met quite a number of people who only discovered their twin was stillborn—that is, they only discovered that they were a twin at all—at some adult occasion such as when they were about to get married, or their first child was on the way, and their mother suddenly said, ‘Your twin died and I never told you,’” Dr. Bryan says. “Several of them said that the news came as a profound relief. For the first time, they understood the loss they’d felt all their lives.”

Dr. David Teplica, a plastic surgeon in Chicago, has been photographing twins since 1988. “Since my early teens, I’ve been obsessed with the idea of twinning,” the thirty-six-year-old Teplica says. “I read everything I could about twins.” Five years ago, he got to know

Dr. Keith and his identical twin, Donald, who is a Pentagon defense contractor. At their urging, Dr. Teplica turned his hobby into a more formal project, and he has already compiled an archive of approximately six thousand twin portraits. “There have been fascinating things that have come up as part of the whole process of collecting these images,” he says. “It’s now clear to me that almost all secondary skin characteristics on the head and face, and probably elsewhere, are genetically predetermined. Freckle patterns, hair whorls, the first gray hairs, the first wrinkles on the human face, even the development of acne in the same location on the nose at exactly the same time—all these things seem to be in some way genetically predetermined. Why else would a set of identical twins from upstate New York get exactly the same three little crow’s-feet at the corners of the eyes? Why would two women from Texas develop basal-cell carcinoma in exactly the same spot on their left ears within a year of each other? How can it be that two cells that were separated just after conception can carry enough genetic information to predetermine where your blackheads will develop when you are fifty or sixty years old? It’s really very scary.”

After a year or so of collaboration, Donald Keith asked Teplica, “David, why are you so fascinated with twins? Maybe you *are* one.” Teplica laughed and replied, “Donald, I’m *not* a twin.” But the next time his mother came to visit Teplica asked her if there was any chance that he was a twin. “She turned white,” he recalls, “and proceeded to tell me how she had tried to get pregnant for many years, and when she finally became pregnant she was so large, put on so much weight so quickly, that her physician told her she would be delivering twins. But then in the fourth month she had some cramping, passed some tissue, had some bleeding. She spent the rest of her pregnancy in bed, and delivered only me. Now, that was before the days of ultrasound, but every indication was that she did have a twin pregnancy.”

Charles Boklage cites another interesting phenomenon, which, though it has rarely been detected, may not be at all uncommon. “Possibly some of us are twins who are walking around in a single body,” Boklage says. Such a creature is called a chimera, after the mytho-

logical Greek monster that had the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent. Chimeras are easily produced in laboratory experiments with animals, and sometimes occur in nature within a single species when littermates fuse together early in their development in the uterus. Occasionally, blood donors are found to be carrying two different blood types: it could mean that fraternal twins merged in the womb. Of course, there is no way to determine whether identical twins have merged, since their genes and blood types are the same. In those cases, the twins don't vanish; they amalgamate.

BEHAVIORAL geneticists have spent the last thirty years waging war on the environmentalist belief that people are fundamentally alike—that they are made different only by their families, their schooling, the traumas of life. Now, after decades of persuasive twin studies showing how similar identical twins are, even when they have been raised in separate families, behavioral geneticists must face the question of why identical twins differ *at all*.

In 1981, an unusual set of twin girls found their way to the office of John Burn, who was at the Hospital for Sick Children in London and is now a professor of clinical genetics at the University of Newcastle Upon Tyne. Katy and Jenny were friendly, easygoing eight-year-old girls, who both wore their dark hair in pigtails. Both had distinctive dark round eyes, slender lips, and long faces that finished in jutting chins. Katy, a gifted gymnast, had a lively expression and a bouncy, athletic gait. Jenny was notably shorter and weaker. Her calves were swollen, giving a false impression of muscularity; in fact, she had difficulty standing, and she walked with an obvious waddle. Her scores on verbal-intelligence tests were also significantly lower than Katy's, reflecting the duller expression in her eyes. Further tests demonstrated something that Professor Burn suspected but could scarcely believe: the shorter, weaker, less intelligent twin was suffering from muscular dystrophy; the other twin showed no sign of the disease. And yet, according to DNA tests, the twins were identical.

The twins presented, as it were, twin mysteries. Like hemophilia and red-green color blindness, muscular dystro-



THE HAMPTONS EXPRESS Top row: Mort Zuckerman, Kim Basinger, Alec Baldwin,



Barbra Streisand, Marvin Davis, Barbara Davis, Veronica Webb. Middle row: Jann Wenner, Martha Stewart, Steven Spielberg, Donna Karan. Bott



w: Patricia Duff, Ronald Perelman, Tom Wolfe, Jerry Della Femina, Judy Licht, David Salle.

phy is carried on the X chromosome. Specifically, it is a flaw in the dystrophene gene, which gives integrity to the muscle membranes and allows them to contract and relax. The form of the disease manifested in Jenny, called Duchenne, is particularly savage, and what surprised Burn was that it is a genetic disorder normally seen only in boys. A progressive wasting illness, it almost always leads to death by the age of twenty. Since few males with Duchenne muscular dystrophy live long enough to reproduce, the flaw is carried through the maternal line. Yet here was a young girl with all the marks of full-bore Duchenne, which did in fact continue its remorseless progression over the next several years, confining her to a wheelchair by the age of eleven and killing her at sixteen. Why, Burn wondered, did this girl suffer from a disease that is supposed to be found only in boys? Even stranger, how was it that her identical-twin sister was spared this appalling destiny?

When Burn looked in the scientific literature, he discovered that this wasn't the first time that one of a set of identical-twin girls had exhibited signs of muscular dystrophy and the other had not. Because the disease is carried on the X chromosome, Burn reasoned, the discordance between the two girls must have something to do with X-chromosome inactivation. Females, of course, carry two X chromosomes, whereas males have an X and a Y. When a female zygote discovers that it has twice as many X chromosomes as it requires, an interesting process follows: half of its X chromosomes are turned off. One way of understanding this is by looking at calico cats, which are exclusively female. Genes for fur colors are carried on the X chromosome: there is one gene for black-and-white coat colors and another gene for the orange-marmalade color. A male cat may be either black-and-white or orange, but the female, through X inactivation, may choose one or the other X chromosome from each pair.

"If you took a normal girl and looked at a thousand cells, you'd expect five hundred of those cells to be using the mother's X and five hundred to be using the father's X—just like tossing coins," Burn reasoned. "Now and again, very rarely, a girl will toss heads in every cell, and not tails, and switch off all her good copies." As it turned out, Burn was right: the afflicted twin was using only the mother's X, whereas her unaffected sister was us-



"There's still something about a Yalie-Smithie wedding that gives me major goose bumps."

ing only the father's X. Could this difference in the two girls, which explained why one of them had muscular dystrophy, also be a cause of twinning? That might account for the excess of girls among identical twins in general.

Burn and a colleague, Judith Goodship, arranged to collect the placentas of all twin girls born in the Newcastle region over a period of two years. DNA tests of the umbilical cords determined whether the twins were MZ or DZ. Burn had predicted what the survey showed: that identical-twin girls were more likely to have skewed distribution patterns of the X chromosome. The rest of his theory, however, posited that if one twin had an excess of the mother's X, then the other would mirror her by having an excess of the father's—that it was something about the tug-of-war that had caused the zygote to break apart in the first place. What he and Goodship found was that if one twin had an excess of the mother's X, the other was just as likely to have only the father's, or some of the

mother's and some of the father's, or all of the mother's—it didn't seem to matter. Yet the MZ girls as a group showed more skewing than DZ girls. "Whatever causes identical twinning, these studies show that even though identical twins share the same genes, a genetic trait does not have to be shared," Burn says. "The English language is misleading in calling these twins identical—perhaps we should use the German term *eineiige*, 'one egg.'

"We still need to understand why monozygous twinning is so common in humans and so exceptionally rare in other species," he continues. "I now think that it has something to do with chronology. If you start messing around with the exact timing of ovulation, and fertilization, and implantation, then you may end up creating the conditions that allow MZ twinning to occur. No single magic bullet will explain everything. It may be a fundamental law of physics that the very things that hold cells together will every now and again just come apart. So maybe

we shouldn't try to explain everything at once."

Clearly, some identical twins are more identical than others. "Some of the differences are traceable to the very early prenatal stages—unequal nutrition, unequal blood supplies," Nancy Segal says. "Twins never have identical fingerprints. One twin may be right-handed, one left-handed. One may dominate in certain situations and one may be more submissive. There's a spectrum along which twins differ." Identicals can be dramatically discordant for facial and other physiological features, such as cleft lip or cleft palate. An MZ twin who is the product of a placenta that was only marginally attached to the womb may develop into a miniature version of his sibling—as in the Hollywood gag that brought together Danny DeVito and Arnold Schwarzenegger as long-lost twins. There have even been instances—at least three are known—of genetically identical twins who were of different gender. In each case, one of the pair was born with only one X chromosome and no Y. (It takes a Y chromosome to make an embryo male.) Somehow, possibly because of the twinning process, that twin grew from cells that didn't have the Y chromosome, and so had become a female by default. "None of the characteristics of identical twins correlate perfectly," Segal says. "Even among identicals, there are differences in virtually everything."

About twenty-five per cent of all identical twins show signs of mirror imaging—a reversal of laterality that is most commonly detected when twins have opposite-handedness. They may have opposite hair whorls, opposite dental patterns, and opposite birthmarks and moles. In its mildest form, mirror imaging can be a matter of, say, on which side of the mouth the first tooth appears, but it can also be more dramatic, as in rare instances of twins whose organs have been found on the wrong side of their bodies. This condition appears in Siamese twins—a circumstance that has led most researchers to conclude that mirror imaging is characteristic of MZ twins only, and especially those who have separated later in development. It became an article of faith that twins who had opposite-handedness must be identical—even when there were obvious differences in eye and hair color. "It turns out that there is no difference between identical and

fraternal twins in the frequency of left-handedness," Charles Boklage says. And he speculates that mirror imaging is just as common among fraternal twins as among identicals. "My own twin daughters—I used to think that they were monozygotic twins. I found out not long ago that they're not. They always looked practically identical, but there were impressionistic differences, and one day I discovered why. I held one child up in front of the mirror. Now, I'm used to seeing my face in a mirror, but I wasn't used to seeing hers. What it did, of course, was reverse the asymmetries in her face." Her eyes metamorphosed into the image of her sister's.

Twins of both kinds have a higher rate of left-handedness. Some scientists, like Luigi Gedda, the director of the Gregor Mendel Institute, in Rome, have suggested that all left-handed singletons may be survivors of a vanished-twin pair. Like twins, lefties are a puzzling minority whose origins have never been satisfactorily explained. Their brains develop differently from those of right-handers; for instance, right-handers tend to rely on the left hemisphere of their brain for language, whereas left-handers are more diffuse in their neurological organization. They are disproportionately likely to be alcoholics, psychotics, epileptics, and dyslexics, and to suffer from allergies and auto-immune disorders. Some evidence suggests that they are also more likely to be gifted and precocious, especially in mathematics, presumably because of their more enriched right hemisphere. Boklage believes that because "non-right-handedness" (a term he uses to include ambidexterity) is found at a higher rate not only in twins of both types but also in their family members, there must be a highly heritable factor that both forms of twinning have in common.

After infancy, most identical twins are sufficiently distinct that they can easily be told apart by their parents and close friends. A few identical twins are so different that they don't resemble each other any more closely than ordinary siblings. Some researchers suspect that certain differences, particularly in behavior, result from their separating early in embryogenesis, and therefore coming to term in separate placentas. "There is evidence now from four studies that placentation does make a difference in twin resemblance," says Richard J. Rose, a professor

of psychology and medical genetics at Indiana University, in Bloomington. Rose was speaking of behavioral characteristics. "There's no *genetic* variation—they're all monozygotic—but our new data suggest that the early-separating twins are significantly less alike in many dimensions of personality. I don't know quite what that represents. It could be a consequence of differences in the in-utero environment, or it could simply be a consequence of the actual timing of the embryological splitting in the twinning process. We certainly do know that genetic differences are not the cause of these behavior differences, because they're all genetic replicas."

So environment does matter, after all. But what is it in the environment that affects us and makes us different from each other—and different from the selves we might have been if genes alone controlled who we are? The differences between identical twins may turn out to be more informative than the similarities.

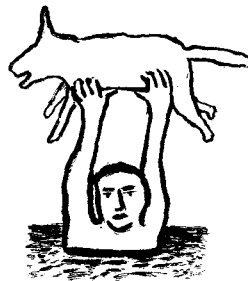
ONE of the most provocative questions in the entire nature-versus-nurture debate concerns the influence of genes on criminal behavior. Twin studies in Nazi Germany confidently placed the heritability of criminality at between sixty and seventy per cent, and that became part of the rationale for sterilizing criminals. Although more recent American studies tell us that there is a genetic connection to the anti-social behavior of very young children, they also point out that from adolescence on the environment plays an increasingly important role. A Swedish adoption study in 1982 found that the rate of criminality in adopted children was 2.9 per cent when neither their biological nor their adoptive parents had committed a crime; the figure rose to 6.7 per cent if their adoptive parents were criminals and to 12.1 per cent if their biological parents were criminals. That might seem to be a clear demonstration of the relative weight of environment and genetics in determining anti-social behavior. If *both* sets of parents were criminals, however, the chance of the child's being criminal as well was forty per cent. Together, genes and environment appear to be several times as powerful as either force acting alone.

Cancer also shows the effects of genes

and environment acting in concert. For more than ten years, Dr. Thomas Mack, an epidemiologist at the University of California in Los Angeles, has been amassing a registry of adult twins with chronic diseases, and he has now identified more than fifteen thousand sets of twins with cancer, multiple sclerosis, and Lou Gehrig's disease, among others. According to Mack's data, a twin whose identical twin has multiple sclerosis is more than ten times as likely to get the disease as a fraternal twin whose sibling is afflicted—a finding that demonstrates how powerfully genetic M.S. is. On the other hand, out of five hundred sets of twins in which melanoma occurred, there are only ten instances of both twins' having the disease, indicating that despite the genetic contribution of inherited traits such as light skin, an overwhelming environmental influence is at work. If you are an identical twin with breast cancer, which is known to be a familial disease, the chances that your twin will also get the disease is about five times as high as the average. Although the vast majority of the twins get the disease, the likelihood of getting breast cancer is affected by the age of first menstruation: the younger you are, the higher your chances for breast cancer in the future. Mack found that not all identical twins get their period at the same time, so there must be an environmental element triggering the hormones. Breast-cancer rates

also rise with a woman's age at her first pregnancy and with her age at menopause. In each case, environmental factors create differences between identical twins, and those differences influence the health of women who are equally susceptible to the disease.

One of the most puzzling features of identical twins is their love lives. When David Lykken and Matt McGue, colleagues in the University of Minnesota Psychology Department, conducted a study of fifteen hundred sets of twins, they found that if one identical twin had been divorced the chances that the other twin had also been divorced were forty-five per cent, which is twenty-five per cent above the average divorce rate among Minnesotans. Lykken postulates that genes influence divorce rates through personality characteristics that contribute to or detract from marital har-



mony. Identical twins tend to have their first dates at about the same time and to date with equal frequency. Their sexual dysfunctions also tend to be very similar. They marry and begin having children at roughly the same points in their lives. The only real difference between identical twins lies in whom they choose to marry.

When Louis Keith was in medical school, in Chicago, he had a friend named Phyllis Markuson. They dated a couple of times but were never more than friends. On New Year's Eve of 1960, Phyllis bumped into Louis's identical twin, Donald, at the ballet. Louis and Donald were as physically alike as identical twins can be—both of them dark-eyed, long-lashed, full-lipped Latin-lover types. Donald, who was home from the Army on leave, was wearing his dress blues. "There was just something different about him, like a spark," Phyllis recalls. "They were both very good-looking. I think Louis has softer features, especially around the mouth. Donald is more angular. His jaw is more set and refined, which reflects his personality. But who knows what one sees in another person—physically, emotionally, or intellectually—that makes him different from everybody else?" Phyllis was instantly smitten, and so was Donald. Immediately after the ballet, he called his brother and asked if he had any romantic inten-

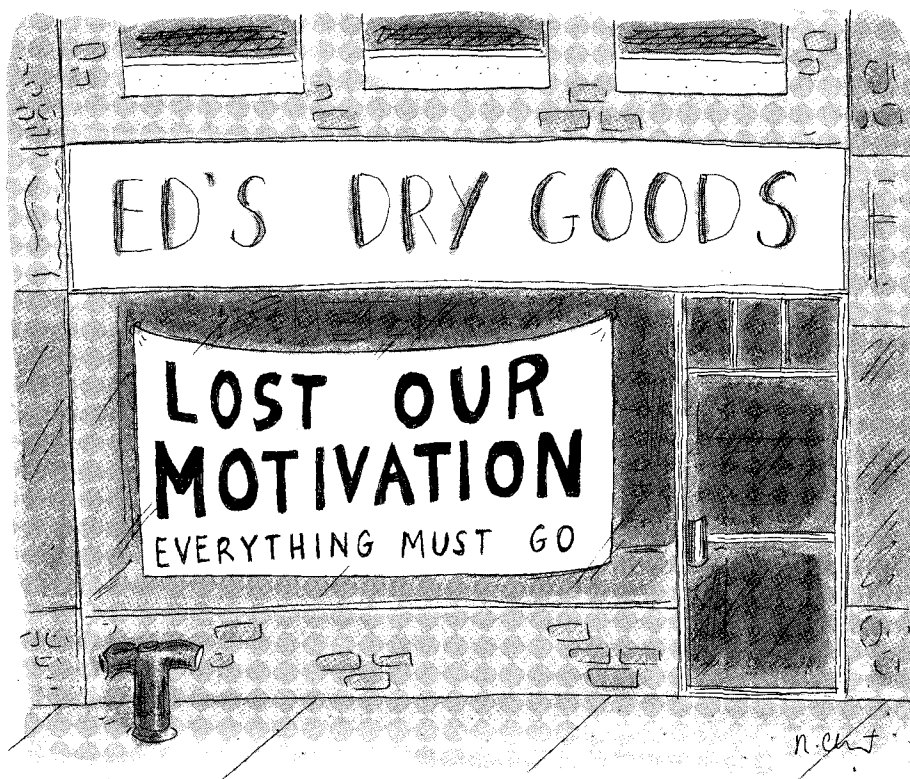
tions toward Phyllis. "Most twins know that this area is a big, fat hot potato," Donald says. Louis told his brother that he liked Phyllis a lot but wasn't romantically interested. "Are you sure?" Donald asked. "I don't want you to say ten years from now that I stole a girl you were interested in." Donald and Phyllis have now been married for thirty-two years. "It's lucky Louis and I don't have the same taste in women," Donald says. "It would be very difficult going through life wanting the same spouse."

Although twins competing for the same mate is a staple of television talk shows, the relationship between the Keiths and Phyllis is more typical. Two years ago, Lykken and Auke Tellegen, who is also a member of Minnesota's Psychology Department, reported the results of a study of a thousand middle-aged twins and their spouses, which examined various widely held assumptions about mate selection. One such assumption is that people tend to choose mates similar to themselves. When the researchers compared sets of twins with the people they had chosen to marry, they found that there was a strong correlation between twins and their spouses in regard to height, physical attractiveness, education, and traditionalism but over all the twins and their spouses had too little in common to explain their selection of

each other. A second assumption is that we are all looking for someone special, someone who has certain qualities that we admire. Presumably, identical twins who have been raised together will have the same criteria; after all, they do tend to make very similar choices about clothes and furniture and vacations. But, when Lykken and Tellegen compared the spouses of identical twins, they resembled each other even less than the spouses resembled the twins they were married to; they were hardly more alike than people who were married to unrelated individuals. Another surprise was the fact that when the twins were asked to evaluate their twin's spouse, in more than half the cases they expressed merely neutral feelings. The spouses, for their part, returned the favor—although one might have expected them to be at least somewhat attracted to the identical twin. And, while nearly twice as many husbands of identical twins approved of the other twin as did the wives of identical twins, even among the husbands twenty-five per cent were not attracted at all to the identical twin, and only thirteen per cent said that they "could have fallen for her myself." Among the wives, the figure was only seven per cent.

"We are left with a curious and disquieting conclusion," Lykken and Tellegen wrote. "Although most human choice behavior . . . reflects the characteristics of the chooser and of the choice, the most important choice of all—that of a mate—seems to be an exception. Although we do tend to choose from among people like ourselves, another person who is remarkably like ourselves (our MZ twin) is not likely to be drawn to the same choice we make." The authors concluded that human pairing is inherently random: "Romantic infatuation, we suggest, like imprinting, forms an initial bond almost adventitiously and then sustains it long enough, in most instances, for an enduring bond to be forged by the slower processes of learning and adaptation that result in compassionate love."

Several other recent twin studies have begun to look at what makes people happy. The findings so far point to two independent components of happiness—one called extraversion, or positive emotionality, and the other called neuroticism, or negative emotionality. Curiously, the two traits appear to operate



independently of each other—and not, as might be expected, like a seesaw, in which the rise of one marks the decline of the other. A person who is free of negative moods is not necessarily happy, just as a person who never experiences positive moods is not necessarily unhappy. Some researchers have proposed that both extraversion and neuroticism arise out of particular situations, with positive experiences leading to positive emotionality, and negative experiences to negative emotionality. This is a basic environmentalist position: that an accumulation of pleasant experiences will endow a person with a happy nature, while unpleasant experiences have the opposite effect. Other researchers assert that both extraversion and neuroticism are genetically driven.

To test these theories, in 1992 a team directed by Laura Baker, a professor of psychology at the University of Southern California, who heads the Southern California Twin Project, recruited some fifty sets of twins from the Los Angeles area, who ranged in age from sixteen to seventy-two. This twin study was done in conjunction with a family study comprising three generations of two hundred and twenty families. What the two studies found was that the more closely family members were related, the more similar they were in experiencing negative emotionality; that is, levels of this trait were more similar among DZ twins and siblings, who share, on the average, fifty per cent of their genes, than among grandparents and grandchildren, who share about twenty-five per cent of their genes. This finding suggests the presence of a marked genetic effect where neuroticism is concerned. Predictably, MZ twins were even more alike in this respect than DZ twins. But a different conclusion emerged when positive emotionality was measured. There the differences between MZ twins and DZ twins were not nearly so great, suggesting that shared experiences, instead of genetics, may influence levels of positive emotionality.

Unhappy natures, as we might as well call those with negative emotionality, seem to pass through the generations in the genes of descendants. Yet happiness



"Rest assured, society will always prefer B-2 bombers."

seems to be largely a gift of the environment—including the family environment. Although countless twin studies have now documented the paucity of influence that ordinary families have on children, Baker's study suggests that one thing a good family can do is to make a child happy.

"O.K., Senator, we'll have lunch and talk about it," David Lykken said as he hung up the phone. The state legislator on the other end of the line wanted to talk about Lykken's proposal to require the licensing of parents. "We already have criteria for parents who adopt a child," Lykken told me as he sat in his office in Elliott Hall amid piles of books and research papers. Lykken, who is the head of the Minnesota twin registry, has gray hair and a Vandyke beard, and often talks in a quiet voice with his eyes closed, as if he were in a reverie. "Typically, the parents have to be mature," he continued. "There has to be a father and a mother, and they have to have means of support, and they can't be actively psychotic or seriously criminal. I say that our problems are not going to be

mitigated until we establish similar criteria for those who would produce children biologically."

Although even Lykken considers it very unlikely that his licensing plan will become law anytime soon, it is social engineering like that that causes people to be terrified of behavioral genetics. "A lot of social scientists are so scandalized by my proposals that they think I must be a Fascist," Lykken says. "But I consider myself a political atheist." Lykken is a well-respected researcher who is known for taking authoritarian positions on public policy. He has just published a new book, "The Antisocial Personalities," in which he contends that what turns children into sociopaths is not genes but environment, and particularly the environment of a fatherless home and an illiterate mother. "It has become part of the received knowledge from twin studies in recent years that being reared together in the same home does not make siblings more alike, and that puzzles people," Lykken said. "The one real exception to that is socialization—learning how to avoid breaking the rules that are necessary for living together. We know

that criminality runs in families. Thirty per cent of arrestees have a brother already in the slammer. There's no question that the small group of chronic criminals who are responsible for sixty per cent or more of crime in this country tend to come from the same areas, the same social classes, the same families. When you look at the sorts of environments in which the typical juvenile delinquent grows up, you don't need a study in order to be convinced that this is a pathogenic environment. It's mind-boggling, the kinds of homes in which several million American adolescents are currently developing into little sociopaths."

Lykken acknowledges that under his plan a disproportionate number of the unlicensed parents would be black, since he says that illegitimacy is some six times as high among blacks as among whites. "I think that this is the explanation for the difference between black and white crime," he said. "One-eighth of the population is responsible for about half the violent crime. That is because such a high proportion of black males are reared without fathers. So, if we could accomplish, by some magic, a reduction to a very low level of illegitimacy in both races, crime rates would plummet and would equalize between the races, and even I.Q. differences would be smaller than they are."

Race and I.Q. are the bugbears of behavioral genetics, because of historically lower I.Q. scores among blacks. At the center of the I.Q. controversy is Sandra Scarr, a former colleague of Lykken and Bouchard at the University of Minnesota, who is now a professor of psychology at the University of Virginia. Scarr was one of the first researchers to conduct twin studies in minority racial populations. Brilliant and dauntingly prolific, much praised and often damned, Scarr has divided the academy because she has insisted on applying the insights of behavioral genetics to developmental psychology.

Early in her career, Scarr began studying why so many black children did poorly on tests and in school achievement. She wondered whether it was a result of sociocultural disadvantage or genetically based racial differences. This was a forbidden question in 1967, when Scarr first started studying the records of black and white twins in the Philadelphia public schools. Two years later, the Berkeley psychologist Arthur Jensen stirred up a

nasty debate by airing his theory, based on I.Q.-test scores, that whites are genetically superior to blacks in intelligence. Two years later, Richard J. Herrnstein, a Harvard psychologist, followed with an article in *The Atlantic* on I.Q., in which he disowned his previous environmentalist stance. (That article was widely discussed and became the basis of "The Bell Curve," which was published last year, shortly after his death.) Having observed the public pillorying of Jensen and Herrnstein when their articles appeared, Scarr decided that if her data supported a substantial relationship between African ancestry and low intellectual skills she was prepared to leave the country. "There was no point in documenting yet again that on average blacks score lower than whites," Scarr says. "So I turned to testing black twins in order to look at the genetic and environmental variation within the black community."

One of the most striking findings of Scarr's early work on twins was that, while studies had shown a closer correlation between the I.Q. scores of white identical twins than between those of white fraternal twins, the scores of both identical and fraternal black twins were similar. A set of black fraternal twins was less likely to range widely in intelligence; there was less likely to be one clever and one slow twin. Scarr speculated that the differences were suppressed by the deprivations of the black children's environment. When she compared the I.Q.

scores for white children at the bottom of the socioeconomic ladder, it turned out that environmental differences were just as important for them. Scarr's findings suggested that inner-city black children (and white children in the same severely deprived circumstances) could have the genes for a higher intelligence than their environment permitted them to express. In 1972, soon after Scarr began teaching at the University of Minnesota (a move that seems almost inevitable for anyone interested in twin studies), she and one of her students, Andrew Pakstis, decided to test Jensen's theory that intelligence differences between blacks and whites were genetic in origin. Scarr and Pakstis reasoned that if Jensen was right children of mixed black and white ancestry (as is the case with most African-Americans) would score higher on intelligence tests according to their proportion of white ancestry. But subsequent tests of Philadelphia twins found no relation between intellectual-performance scores and degree of white genetic background.

Then Scarr, along with Richard A. Weinberg, a psychologist who worked with her at Minnesota's Institute of Child Development, went on to study a hundred and thirty black and mixed-race children, ranging in age from four to twelve, who had been adopted by well-off white families. The average I.Q. of these children was 106, which was higher than the average white I.Q. and well

LIZARD AND I

The early sun skins us. He's crept from beneath
an ivy cover to stretch beside me, a twig
in straw, rock wedge, sack of breath.

The sun hazes the ground straight across,
a trained spotlight casting all nearby
in silhouette: field, poplar, ridgeline.

I'm counting out days like coins, a hoard.
I'm presuming nothing but this bright effusion
outside the bicker and crush, the should and hurry.

Our airwaves play Disaster other hours.
I've raised him five. He's seen me. No one cares.
We're alive at the start. The lavender nods with bees.

—SANDY SOLOMON

above the average score of 90 for black children in the region. The earlier the children had been adopted, the better they fared. Scarr and Weinberg estimated that the scores of these early-adopted children could be as much as twenty points higher than those of children of comparable age who had been reared in the black community. It seemed clear to the two researchers that environment influenced I.Q. considerably: specifically, being reared and educated in the culture of the I.Q. tests apparently made a large difference in achievement.

At the same time, however, Scarr and Weinberg were studying a group of white adolescents who had been adopted in early infancy by white families across the middle range of the socioeconomic spectrum. "We were interested in seeing the cumulative effects of the family environment on I.Q. scores," Scarr says. "We were astonished at the results." The hypothesis of the study was that if family environment mattered, then at the end of the child-rearing period adopted children should show the maximum effects of the advantages and disadvantages of the families that had taken them in. But what the Scarr-Weinberg adopted-adolescent study found was that the I.Q. scores of the adopted adolescents bore *no relation at all* to those of the other children reared in the same family or to those of their adoptive parents. "We had expected the children reared in the same family to resemble one another *more* in I.Q. and personality than the young children in our transracial study, but we were dead wrong on both counts," Scarr says. The adopted young black children in the other study were more similar to their white siblings than the adopted adolescents in the new study were to their siblings, despite the fact that the adolescents had spent their entire childhood with their adopted families and were of the same race. "This was really interesting," Scarr says. "First, we were amazed that in an adolescent-adoption study we did not find any resemblances among people unless they were genetic relatives. This did not jibe with previous adoption literature or with our own transracial adoption study. We tried to figure out why adolescents bore so little resemblance to their adoptive families."

Scarr found that children in the same family who were genetically unrelated were alike in their early years but grew to

be different over time. They became more like their biological parents, whom they didn't know, than like the adoptive parents who raised them—not only in social attitudes, vocational interests, and certain personality features, such as prejudice and rigidity of belief, but also in I.Q. A follow-up study of the black and mixed-race children who were adopted into white homes found that by adolescence their I.Q. scores had fallen to a point slightly above what would be the average for their racial and ethnic mixture in the area. It was similar to the progression of mental development observed in MZ and DZ twins: the two types start out life being almost equally alike but diverge as they pass through childhood, with the MZ twins becoming even more similar and the DZ twins going their separate ways.

One lesson from the adopted-adolescent study seemed to be that genetic differences caused individuals to respond differently to similar rearing conditions. Another was that adopted children reared in rural or working-class homes did not differ significantly in their intelligence from adopted children reared by parents who were professionals. From these two findings, Scarr concluded that black and white children were essentially alike in their inherent intelligence and in their ability to achieve in schools, provided that they were given realistic opportunities to become part of the culture of the tests and of the schools. As long as children in a population were reasonably nurtured, Scarr observed, the individual

differences between them must be genetic. Therefore, efforts to improve intellectual or academic performance should concentrate on rescuing those who were living on the far margins of society—who were genuinely deprived and were unable to gain the skills or knowledge needed to compete in the mainstream culture.

Over the last fifteen years, Scarr has been refining a new theory of development, based largely on her conviction that environments do influence the intellects of young children. At early stages of life, she observes, enriched environments, such as day-care centers with stimulating programs, can boost a deprived child's achievement. Even young children, however, are genetically programmed to create certain experiences for themselves. For instance, a smiling, gregarious baby is more likely to be cuddled and petted than a fussy and undemonstrative one. If these two dissimilar infants are siblings, their experiences of living in the same home can be quite different. As children mature, they gain more and more control over their environment, and actively select from the superabundance of opportunities and experiences those which conform to their genetic disposition. The distinction between genes and environment becomes less and less clear. "The dichotomy of nature and nurture has always been a bad one, not only for the oft-cited reasons that both are required for development, but because a false parallel arises between the two," Scarr wrote (in collaboration



"It's always poor you, isn't it, Albert?"

with her student Kathleen McCartney) in 1983 in the journal *Child Development*. "We propose that development is indeed the result of nature *and* nurture but that genes drive experience. Genes are components in a system that organizes the organism to experience the world."

That is why MZ twins become more similar over time and DZ twins less so. Identical genes compel MZ twins to experience the world in a similar manner, thus reinforcing the similarities of their natures, whereas the genetic variation of DZ twins awakens different interests and talents, which inevitably pull the twins apart into more distinct individuals. Identical twins who have been reared separately may live in different families, and even in different cultures, but they evoke similar responses from their environment and are disposed by their natures to make similar choices and to build similar niches for themselves.

In this school of thought, environment and genes do not represent separate, countervailing forces. To some, it may not even make sense to allocate percentages of heritability to, say, I.Q. or personality traits, because after one reaches a certain age the environment is itself a heritable reflection of one's genetic disposition. We make our environments, rather than the other way around—that is, as long as the environment we find ourselves in is not so impoverished or abusive that normal development cannot occur. "Good enough" parents, who provide an average environment to support development, will have the same effects on their children as "superparents," who press upon their children every cultural advantage.

"The statement that parents have few differential effects on children does *not* mean that not having parents is just as good as having parents," Scarr said, in a 1991 presidential address to the Society for Research in Child Development. "It may not matter much that children have *different* parents, but it does matter that they have parent(s) or some supportive, affectionate person who is willing to be parent-like. To see the effects of having no parents (or parent surrogates), one would have to return to the orphanages of long ago . . . or see children trapped in crack houses of inner cities in the United States, locked in basements and attics by vengeful, crazy relatives. Really deprived, abusive, and neglectful environments do not support normal devel-

opment for any child." Despite these caveats, Scarr's speech was bitterly attacked by developmental psychologists who oppose her views, believing that they discourage efforts to improve the welfare of children—especially black children—and fail to hold parents accountable for their children's behavior. In fairness, Scarr concedes that parents can have important effects on children's motivation and self-esteem, but she insists that, beyond a minimum level of nurturing, they have little measurable impact on intelligence, interests, and personality.

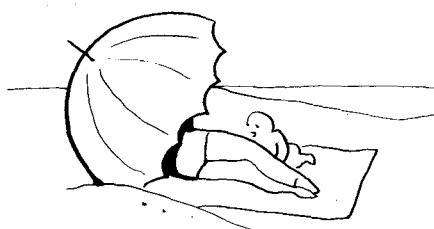
THE assault of behavioral genetics, which has had academe in tumult for the last three decades, has only recently begun to affect politics and social policy, having captured a place in the popular culture. Although twin studies are rarely a conspicuous feature of policy debates, they do exert an underlying force, through the altered understanding of human development which they have engendered. Clearly, we have moved from being a country that believes in the equality of human nature and the effectiveness of government to being one that not only doubts the ability of government to improve people's lives but also denies the possibility of personal transformation. This shift in perspective is reflected in the retreat from the social activism of our recent past. One can look at the cuts in welfare and job-training programs, the attacks on affirmative action, and the erosion of tax support for public education as strong evidence that Americans no longer embrace the ideal that it is possible to change people substantially by improving their circumstances.

Given the consequences, it's not surprising that there has been so much resistance to the portrait of human nature which has been drawn from twin studies. When we read about twins who were separated at birth and are reunited in middle age only to discover that in many respects they have become the same person, it suggests to us that life is somehow a charade: that we only *seem* to react con-

sciously to events; that the life experiences we think have shaped us are little more than ornaments or curiosities we have picked up along the way; and that the injunctions of our parents and the traumas of our youth which we believed to be the lodestones of our character may have had little more effect on us than a book we have read or a show we have seen on television—that, in effect, we could have lived another person's life and still be who we are.

And yet twins may have a different lesson to teach us. "A philosopher who was talking about twins said that maybe it's freedom that makes identical twins different," says Lindon J. Eaves, who is a human geneticist at the Virginia Commonwealth University School of Medicine. "Frankly, I don't believe that for a minute. It could be freedom that makes them alike." Eaves runs one of the largest twin studies in the world, known as the Virginia 30,000, which surveys fifteen thousand twins and their relatives. He is also an Anglican priest, and has consequently reflected on the implications of behavioral genetics for the doctrine of free will. "I think freedom means something about the capacity of the human organism not to be pushed around by external circumstances," he says. "I would argue that evolution has given us our freedom, that natural selection has placed in us the capacity to stand up and transcend the limitations of the environment. So I think the quest for freedom is genetic. I can't prove it, but I think it's a way forward."

It may be threatening to see ourselves as victims of our genes, but that may be preferable to being victims of our environment. To a major extent, after all, our genes are who we are. A trait that is genetically rooted seems somehow more immutable than one that may have been conditioned by the environment. This seems to leave aside the possibility of free choice—or even consciousness of choice at all. And yet people who are aware of their natures are constantly struggling with tendencies they recognize as ingrained or inborn. It makes little difference how such tendencies were acquired—only how they are managed. If it is true that our identical clone can sort through the world of opportunity and adversity and arrive at a similar place, then we may as well see that as a triumph of our genetic determination to become the person we ought to be. ♦



SKETCHBOOK • BY ALEC STEVENS

COOL RIDE



FACT AND FICTION

A. BURGESS, SLIGHTLY FOXED

Writers write. Readers read. Why in the world would they ever want to meet each other?

BY PAUL THEROUX

ANTHONY BURGESS enjoyed the story I told him of how the distinguished critic and poet William Empson, the author of "Seven Types of Ambiguity," interrupted himself while discussing an obscure metaphysical poet with a friend of mine and got onto his knees and said unambiguously, "I want to kiss your pretty little thing with my mouth."

My friend, who was a great reader and loved Empson's work, said no, thanks, in a stammering voice and helped the professor to his feet.

The poetry discussion continued for another hour, at which point Empson's charlady served tea and cookies.

Empson said to her, "He won't let me kiss his pretty little thing."

The charlady laughed indulgently and poured the tea. "These Yanks!" she said.

Empson, seventy-something, lumpy and elderly, with gray flesh and wild hair and bristly cheeks, wearing a shapeless woollen sweater, stared at my friend, his discolored teeth showing through his thin lips, and smiled, "looking thirsty."

That was when my friend made for the door.

When I told Burgess the story in London, he laughed knowingly, and I did not understand why until, years later, I read his autobiography and discovered that at various times during his first marriage he had tried just about everything.

I told Sam Lettfish that story, too. It fell flat. "Empson isn't collected," he explained. So the story bored him. "But I'm one of Burgess's greatest readers," he said. "I'm a book lover. Does that sound corny?"

He had brought three boxes of Burgess's books for the author to sign. "I keep doing these wacky things!"

This was at an event in London, an interview on the stage of the National Theatre, where Burgess was the special

guest and I prodded him with questions. Afterward, members of the audience came forward with books to sign, and the one with the most was this man Lettfish, who was told to stand at the back because he had so many books, three large boxes of them. Lettfish also had a man to carry them.

That was when he made the remark about being one of Burgess's greatest readers, and he added, "I'm kind of a little Burgess myself."

We were standing near the line of people waiting for signatures. Later, Burgess and I were to be given lunch by the theatre. "He is the most articulate of modern novelists. I've been collecting him for years. There's tons of material." Lettfish was agitated. "I've got the largest Burgess archive in private hands. I'm as bad as he is!"

Modern firsts was one of the passions of the early eighties, along with junk bonds and antique maps and Japanese netsukes—good clean collectibles. The books had to have dust jackets, "original wrappers," no foxing or stains, nothing ex-library.

"You must have some Burgesses," Lettfish said, looking me over as though he had just realized that I might be of value. "I'm always searching for association copies."

"I just read paperbacks, and throw them away," I said, to tease him.

"Letters, notebooks, manuscripts," he was saying. "The corrected typescript of 'The Doctor Is Sick.' I paid seven thousand for it. Listen, if you've got any Burgess material you want to sell, get in touch, even if it's slightly foxed."

He passed me his business card and when it was his turn he signalled for his book-box carrier and stacked up his firsts, and Burgess put his elegant and easily readable signature on the half-title page of each one, while Lettfish pressed him with questions.

"You're nuts," people say to me. I don't care. I'm as bad as you are!"

Burgess was hunched over, perspiring, working his pen; he heard nothing. I examined Lettfish's card. He was an attorney, with an office, Littler and Lettfish, in New York City and another in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The signing over, Burgess got up and stretched and clawed at his hair, and turned his back on Lettfish and the rest of his readers.

"I'm rather peckish," he said to them as they closed in on him. "You will excuse me, won't you?"

"You know, that last man, with all the books, is a real collector of yours," I told Burgess at lunch. "He owns the largest Burgess archive in private hands."

"What man?"

"Lettfish. He believes you to be the most articulate of modern novelists."

"Ballocks."

AFTER that, I began hearing from Sam Lettfish, polite but persistent notes and phone calls. He invited me for lunch and asked me again if I had anything to sell—letters or postcards from Burgess. I resisted his invitations at first, but then in a moment of weakness I asked for Lettfish's help. He gave me legal counsel and quickly solved for me what could have become a terrible tax problem. Lettfish refused payment. I was so grateful that I made him a gift of a Burgess postcard, written in half-Malay, half-Jawi script.

"That was one great *momento*," Lettfish said—it was his usual pronunciation of the word. "Hey, you're worse than I am."

My instinct was to be courteous and not alienate bankers or men with money like Lettfish, because they were well connected, and who did I know? But I felt Lettfish had no interest in me. "Do you mind not smoking?" he said to me one day after lunch as we sat drinking

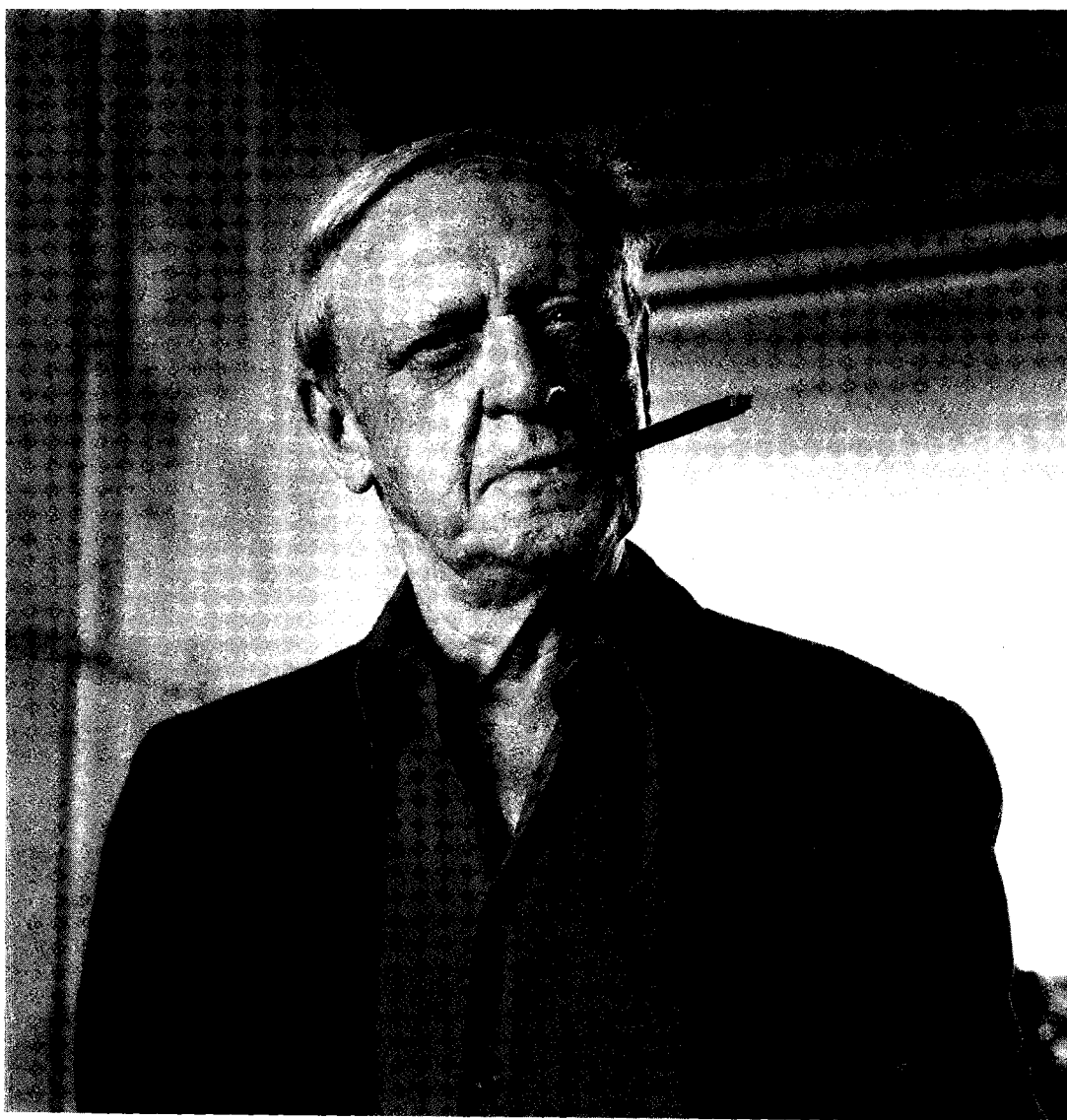
coffee. He was the host, so I put my pipe away. Then we resumed our conversation. Our talk was nearly always about Burgess. Talking about Burgess made me miss him.

I valued my friendship with Burgess because I felt that I somewhat resembled him. We had both been raised Catholic, in the age of the Latin Mass, and, as the liturgy had become folksy and English-speaking, with show tunes

messy families, but instead of finding our fortunes in the metropolis (London in his case, New York in mine) we had expatriated ourselves and headed for distant parts of the globe—Europe and then the equatorial world. His first good work was done in the tropics, and that work had inspired me to do mine in a similar sort of place. I remember a rainy Saturday afternoon in 1964 when I bought the Penguin edition of the “Ma-

and knew nothing of music, but his example gave me heart. He was a traveller, a teacher, a natural expatriate; he was a perceptive and witty critic; he had no literary circle. He was old enough to be my father. That was crucial.

I read everything of his that I could find—about a dozen novels. I kept travelling, and I went on writing. In 1969, after I married and moved to Singapore to teach English literature at the uni-



The late Anthony Burgess, photographed by Helmut Newton in Monte Carlo, 1985.

played after the Consecration instead of the Agnus Dei, and all that hugging and hand-holding, he had lapsed and so had I. But the Church had done its work, and we both still regarded our souls as stained indelibly with sin.

We had both been young sinners from the provinces, escaping from large,

layan Trilogy”: in Nyasaland, at the Limbe Trading Company, three shillings and sixpence. Reading it, I felt vindicated in my decision to have gone as far away as possible, and I was heartened that he had found a subject in his remote place.

I was not the linguist Burgess was,

versity, I finally met Burgess in a Chinese restaurant with some of my colleagues from the English Department. He was passing through Singapore on his way to Australia. His jet lag gave him the sleepless, puffy face of someone on medication, and he was slightly drunk and dyspeptic, but indignant

on our behalf because the Singapore government was leaning on us, saying that the study of English was useless.

"English literature is probably the greatest the world has ever known," Burgess said that night, rocking on a wooden stool under a croaky ceiling fan, among strung-up air-dried ducks and trays of chicken feet. "And since literature is all about morality it is the most civilized discipline imaginable. That's why the politicians are against you."

Soon after, I resigned my university job—a leap in the dark that brought me like a refugee to London, where I carried a green resident-alien card for a year and then was granted permission to live there with my wife, Anne, and our two sons.

I had been in England five years when Lettfish and I began having lunch. Burgess was still in England then. I had thought that he was living in Fulham or Putney, somewhere in the riverine suburbs of west London. We were fellow book reviewers, appearing in the weeklies and Sundays and selling our review copies at Gaston's, off Chancery Lane. But after another one of Lettfish's queries (he badly wanted to meet Burgess privately) I discovered that Burgess lived in Brighton "in the gull-clawed air."

"It must be Hove. Enderby lived in

Hove," Lettfish said, naming the character from a sequence of novels. "Remember when Vesta Bainbridge visited him?"

It seemed to me that Lettfish was confusing art with life, but it turned out that he was right. I asked Burgess the next time I saw him, and he confirmed that he was indeed living in Hove, on the south coast, but that he was planning to leave pretty soon.

"I hate the light here," Burgess said. "I need more sunlight. I can't work in this inspissated darkness."

He also hated paying English taxes. "I've been a fool long enough." He contemplated living in Ireland but was too Irish himself to be happy there. He left England for Malta, found it repressive and priest-ridden; moved to Monaco; then Italy, and travelled a great deal, teaching and lecturing in the United States with a print of the film "A Clockwork Orange" in his luggage, which he showed to impress or amuse his audiences.

After Burgess left England, Lettfish sought me out more often, precisely because Burgess was not around. I sometimes had a drink with Burgess when he passed through London or I bumped into him in New York, and we presented a joint lecture in Strasbourg. By

then our age difference did not matter. I had never been his protégé, only his acquaintance. He was a man with no intimates.

One of the characteristics of English writers is that they all have spent time on Grub Street. They are generally industrious and unsnobbish and entirely democratic and uncompetitive. A writer's life is harder but simpler there, since writing is classless and essentially unprofitable. We read one another; we write about one another; even the grandest hack at reviews. Everything is fine until an English writer strikes it rich with a best-seller in America, or a movie; and then the writer, who is now sneered at and envied and sniped at, becomes "the shit in the shuttered chateau," loathed for having a good income and a life of ease. Burgess was one of those with the income, even if he never had the ease.

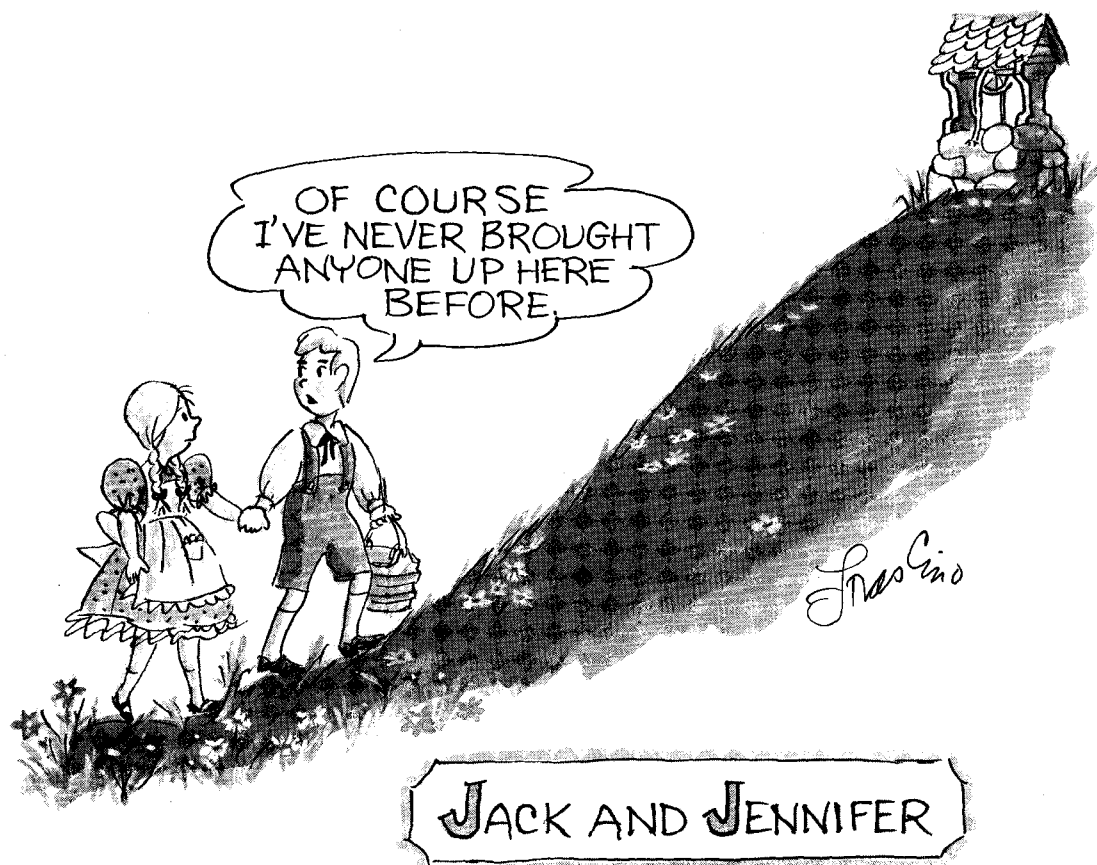
Although he insisted on staying in the best hotels (in London, it was always Claridge's), he pleaded poverty, perhaps because he was self-conscious about his hard work and his prolific output. He tried to be frugal, but was a lavish tipper, as people from humble origins often are, knowing how weak and envious the people who serve them can be, the big tip a clumsy attempt to placate them.

"Does he drink?" Lettfish asked me. Lettfish was a cautious drinker—over-alert, nursing his half-pint of beer, always mistakenly calling it "bitters."

"A certain amount."

"I'll bet he's as bad as I am," Lettfish said. "I'm always swigging something."

Burgess drank a great deal, but he was not a drunk. He was far too dedicated to his writing to coarsen or belittle it with booze. It was only after his day's work was done that he guzzled gin, swilled wine, hoisted glasses of beer. "Are you leaving that?" he once asked me in a London restaurant as I put down a glass of wine I could not finish. And then he drained it in a single gulp. Alcohol gave him



JACK AND JENNIFER

back his Irishness and made him forgivable. The few times I saw him drunk, he had the look of vulnerability and pathos which you see on the faces of those who equate drunkenness with shame, a look of suffering and guilty surprise.

I never knew any writer who worked harder. Of course, he had his pick of the best of the week's books, while an upstart like myself had to rummage among his leavings, but it was only Burgess who was intellectually equipped and had the style and the confidence to review the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or the *Oxford English Dictionary* or, as the sequence was published, the eleven volumes of *Pepys's Diaries*. "As for writing assignments, I accept all reasonable offers," he said, adding, "and many unreasonable ones." He was perhaps too restless and prodigious and impatient to be a great writer, but then greatness did not matter to him; he wished only to write well and be original. He was never cruel. There was wisdom in his generosity. I saw that as his greatest gift. That he could stand apart and see the value in someone else's effort.

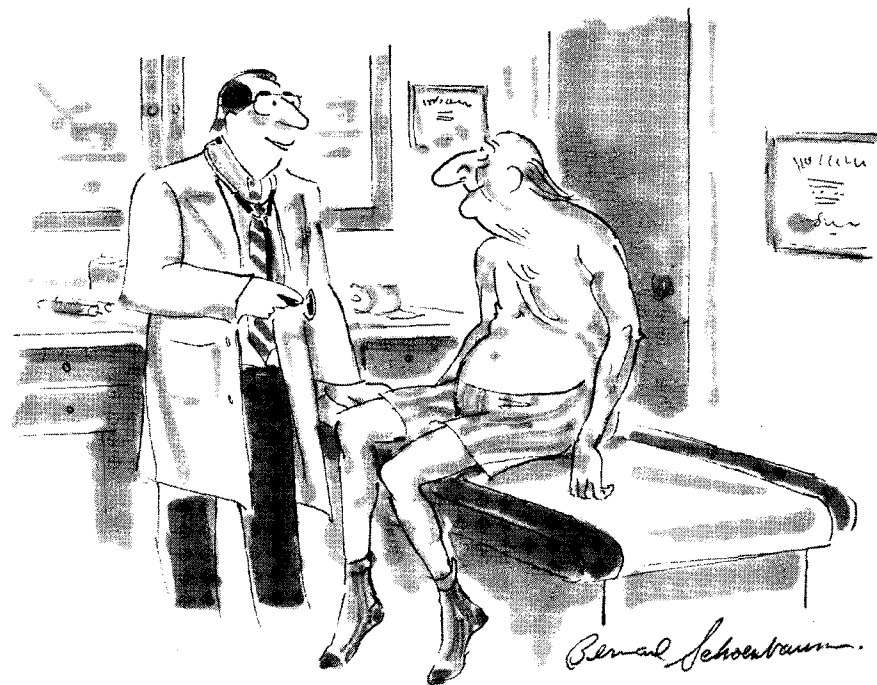
"I tried to write a travel book once," he said. "We took a trip in our Bedford Dormobile to southern Italy—Calabria, actually. It was great fun, the food was wonderful, and every day I sat down and wrote about it, with the idea of doing a travel book. After about two weeks, I saw that everything I had written was rubbish."

"I'll be looking for your travel book about Italy."

"Couldn't do it," he said. "But I'll tell you something. I read your book 'Railway Bazaar' once a year."

That was a Burgess compliment, and typically grand, but I now had an inkling of why he liked me. I had written something that he had not managed himself. He had become my reader, too.

I WAS in awe of all fine writers' achievements and was still trying to understand the mystery of their lives. I knew what few readers knew, that you had to be that particular writer in order to write that particular book. My admiration for their work grew out of my puzzlement: I could not imagine how they had done it. Such writers inspired me by proving that I was stupid, and then making me feel wise. A person reading a wonderful book is over-



"The Presidency? By all means, go for it!"

whelmed by feelings of inspiration and ignorance, bafflement and belief, and becomes a dogged, dazzled apostle, limping after the priestly figure of the writer.

I knew how ordinary writers produced their books. Theirs was carpentry—woodwork but not art; you knew all this joinery and how it was hinged. Non-writers often recommended books to me. I would mention New York City and they'd say, "You should read—" and name a current book, and there was no way that I could explain that the book might be energetic and newsworthy but it was uninspired and overpraised. I did not mock, but I felt I could do the same—indeed, I had done it.

Burgess had been hard up, like me. The struggle had made him cranky and generous and had energized his books and made them live. But he loved language too much for them not to seem somewhat mannered; this extravagant wordplay was a handicap: not eloquence but clumsiness, more like an endearing speech defect, a lovable lisp.

I valued his work because it was not brilliant, and yet it disturbed me. It seemed to defy gravity and, hovering, giving the illusion of concreteness, it contained enormous ambiguity; it was a floating pillow stuffed with impartial paradoxes—especially those of good and evil. I admired his work because al-

though I could not duplicate it, I saw how it was attained. He had talent but not genius; that was another reason I read him closely—I could understand and learn. He inspired me not to be like him but to be myself; he filled me with a desire to write my own fiction.

BURGESS at last stayed abroad, for tax reasons, though he made Joycean noises about art and exile. Lettfish pursued me more than ever and became strident in his invitations, about half of which I accepted—for lunch, for drinks. It bothered me that I did not reciprocate. It did not bother him—rather, he seemed to enjoy the idea of my indebtedness. I wondered why I put up with him, and I decided that his collecting fascinated me, the appetite it showed, the eye for detail, the patience, the need to acquire, and, most of all, the wealth it illustrated.

It was another of Lettfish's expressions of power that he included insignificant and high-priced articles of Burgess's life because they were so scarce. Lettfish owned one of Burgess's old passports, a pewter mug from Kota Bharu presented to Burgess by the sultan, a leather satchel once owned by Burgess, a paper napkin Burgess had doodled on (not words or sketches but notes and lines of music), a Russian-

English dictionary with Burgess's bookplate, an airline ticket (London-New York) in Burgess's name.

Lettfish did not boast about these items. "I'm always buying these crazy things!" If he had been a collector and no more than that, I would not have agreed to see him. But he was also a reader. Knowing Burgess's work was as important to him as owning it. He could quote whole paragraphs verbatim, he could repeat dialogue, he knew the characters—what they ate, how they dressed, their reactions. We were in a restaurant where the service was slow: "I know what Victor Crabbe would say at a moment like this." In a pub, Lettfish turned and said of the barman, "He looks like Paul Hussey," naming another Burgess character. I was charmed when Lettfish said that Burgess's work gave him a sensitivity to language and a feel for geography—the Russia of "Honey for the Bears," the England of "Enderby," the Malaya of "The Long Day Wanes."

"Does the Africa of 'Devil of a State' ring true?" Lettfish asked me. "You've lived there."

"It's all made up. Burgess set the novel in Africa so that he wouldn't be sued for libel. It's really about Brunei."

"Mind not doing that?"

I was puffing my pipe. I palmed it, inwardly raging, insulted at having to carry out his order.

"What was I talking about?" Lettfish said.

"I haven't the slightest idea." I stared at him.

Lettfish sniffed and said, "So that country Dunia doesn't exist?"

"*Dunia* means 'the world' in Malay and, I think, in Arabic."

Did knowing such trivia make me seem knowledgeable?

"I'm kind of a little Burgess myself," Lettfish had said when we first met. What did he mean by that? I supposed that he identified with the Burgess antihero, the way he was always victimized by women and drank too much and complained of ill-health—and was overcharged and snubbed. Burgess's men were in constant physical discomfort; they were romantics who tended to be well read and they always wore badly fitting dentures. They felt out of place in big cities, especially American cities; they were frightened by crime, by young

thugs; they travelled a great deal but hated it. They were morally strong, often indignant, but were physical cowards: accident-prone, ending up disabled and broke rather than dramatically dead. They were self-mocking. Even the dimmest of them were able to speak several languages.

They were, in short, all of them Anthony Burgess.

At one of our lunches, Lettfish asked me how I liked living in London. I told him the truth: I was happy. My London happiness was my big brick house, the quiet street, the way my desk faced Victorian windows. I hardly thought about living in London. I worked indoors. I was a member of a family. The city was out the window, beyond the sycamore and the garden wall: the glimpses of wet roof slates, the black streets, red buses. Everything in the foreground was private, personal, safe, lighted with love and warmth, fragrant with flowers and food. That was my London—my house.

Burgess's books helped Lettfish like England better; they were his education. They made it easier to adjust to being there, and because Burgess was expert at describing the discomforts of London, Lettfish was vindicated in his own uneasiness. They gave him a certain style—that is, he saw that his own style was quite good enough.

Lettfish's vocabulary was crammed with Burgess words. Who else said "proleptic," "pelagic," "claudicate," or "striates the fundament" (for "bumps on your bum")? Lettfish also used the words "halitotic" and "lexeme" correctly. He sometimes overdid it with something like "brachycephalic." Lettfish was a better man for knowing Burgess's work, and reading the books that Burgess reviewed he became a better reader. Burgess, a relentless pedagogue (so many of his fictional characters were English teachers), was Lettfish's teacher.

He implored me to arrange a dinner

for him and Burgess, but I had to remind him that I rarely saw Burgess. Once he had left England, we met only a few times. He came unannounced and was furtive in a way I associated with most writers, and he always left in a hurry. I did not want to have dinner with him. We would never be close friends. I wanted simply to know him and to go on being his reader.

It was about this time that I stopped reading my day's work to my wife in the evenings. With both children at school, our lives changed. The evening had once been long and eventful, beginning with the children's dinner, ending after our meal, as I sat reading the two pages or so I had written that day. Now it was different, emptier; Anne's day at the BBC was longer; we sometimes ate separately, and now and then I went to bed alone, or she did.

I found myself more susceptible to offers of hospitality and saw more of Lettfish, who reminded me each time that he was eager to have dinner with Burgess until finally I said yes, I would try to fix it the next time he was here. Then one afternoon I was asked to appear with him on a TV program to discuss Graham Greene's work—the occasion was a new novel. Burgess flew in from Monaco. The taping was done at the BBC in the afternoon, and while we sat in the fake library of the studio, waiting to begin, I said to him, "Are you and Liana free for dinner tonight?"

He said he was free, but that Liana was back in Monaco, laid up with a broken ankle—she had slipped on a hotel step in Monte Carlo. A horrible business, he said. He had sought compensation; the poor woman had not been able to work. But not only had he not received any money but Liana and he had been persecuted by the hotel's lawyer.

"Come to my house. You can forget all about it."

"That is very kind of you."

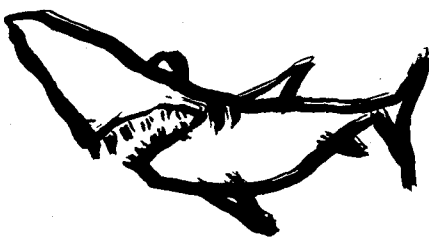
And after the taping I called Lettfish.

"I apologize for the short notice, but can you come to dinner tonight?"

"Sorry," he said. "I have a very important meeting with a client who has just flown in from Geneva on a tax matter."

"What a shame. Burgess is coming. I knew it was crazy, inviting you at such a late hour."

Was that a challenge? The telephone



earpiece seemed to crackle and glow.
 "I'll be there," Lettfish said.

As a host, bringing together Burgess and Lettfish, the writer and his reader, I felt an apprehension that a marriage broker must know when making an introduction. It was the physical business of it that puzzled me most, because I always imagined the writer and the reader as separate people, not two big men in the same room. Perhaps that was why I had done nothing in the preceding years, and had been not lazy but afraid.

I called Anne from the studio, after Lettfish told me that he was coming. Anne made a sound that indicated exasperation, unwillingness, resentment, a sudden gust of impatience probably made even harsher by the telephone wires. It was just a sigh, a syllable, intelligible only to a spouse and only after years of marriage; a long-married couple has perfect pitch for such uncoöperative murmurs.

"What's wrong?" I said, because I knew this sound was a serious objection.

"Does it have to be tonight?"

"Yes." There was so much to explain. All the months and years that had passed since I first met Lettfish had led to this moment. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Don't bother. If you want to have these people over, fine. But I can't help you. We've had one crisis after another all day here. I was hoping I could go home and put my feet up. Have an early night."

"I wasn't asking for your help."

She made another noise, just air, which was like the beginning of a howl.

"Please," I said, and I meant, "Give me a break, yell at me tomorrow, swallow your anger, play along and don't embarrass me."

"It's a week night."

"I have to do this."

She said, "All right," and though there was a reluctance tucked into the intonation, a saying yes under protest, she was relenting. She knew desperation when she heard it.

After I thanked her, she said, "Why are you doing this to me?" And before I could reply she said, "It's your dinner," and hung up.

In marriage, many conversations are the same conversation; we had been

having this one more often lately, especially after I stopped reading my daily pages to her. That part of the evening had been important: when, as a writer, reading to her, I made her my reader.

"Your dinner." That was fine with me. I had started the event and I had to see it through. And I knew that at a certain point tonight, probably just after dinner, when I was taking orders for coffee, Anne would say, "Now I am going to be very rude and uncivilized. I have to get up early tomorrow. I'm not even going to ask you to forgive me. Good night."

I had already had the sense that the dinner was going to be a failure. The conversation with Anne confirmed this fear.

We rarely entertained. My London door was always locked. No one ever dropped in. No strangers entered the house. I had not had any friends since I got married. I regarded other people as intrusions and placed a special value on being alone.

I was reflecting on this as I made the dinner. Because Burgess had mentioned curry with approval in his Malayan novels, I decided to cook a prawn curry, with channa dal. I bought two pounds of prawns at the fishmonger's in Clapham Junction on my way home, walking through the rain.

The Malayan touch was coconut milk. I found a large can of it at a Jamaican grocery on Northcote Road. Back home, I put on the rice, peeled the prawns, chopped the garlic and onions and green pepper, sautéed them, then made a flour-and-curry-powder paste, added water and vegetable stock. This gave me a half-gallon of curry sauce. Half of it I would use for the prawns, adding coconut milk, and the rest for the dal, to which I added red pepper and two chopped tomatoes and some crushed cardamoms, along with three cans of chickpeas.

While the sauce simmered, I chopped a cucumber for the yogurt raita and made a plate of sambals, garnishes that Burgess would recognize from his days in Kota Bharu. It was almost seven. If we ate at eight-thirty or thereabouts, then there would be enough time for the dal to simmer and reduce. It was simple cooking, but its strong flavor made it seem ambitious. The thing was to avoid



overcooking the prawns. I intended to put them into the sauce just before the meal so that they wouldn't curl and toughen and become flavorless.

Anne came into the kitchen just as I finished the chopping.

She poured herself a glass of wine and said, "What are you going to give them to drink?"

"There's wine and beer."

"What if they want whiskey?"

"They can have wine, instead."

"Oh, God."

"All right, will you go out and buy some whiskey?"

"This isn't my dinner party!" Anne said, and the note of hysteria in her voice made me fearful.

I said, "You're right. I should have some whiskey. I'll go get some from the off-license."

"I'm so tired."

She spoke in a persecuted way. That was a definite signal that she would go to bed early, leaving me to handle the guests.

Rain in London has a sooty quality that soaks the city in its own smoky odor, and I walked quickly through the drizzle. The corner shop—the Paki store, as it was known, though the owners were Indians, Hindus, from Gujarat—was open all hours, and sold groceries and tobacco and newspapers and overpriced liquor, as well as renting videos. The owners were young, with a fat, squally infant and a slaving guard dog. I bought a bottle of Scotch, and passing the Fishmonger's Arms I glanced in and wished that I could be sitting there irresponsibly reading the evening paper over a pint of draft Guinness.

At the house, I saw Lettfish at the front door, his hands in motion.

"There's no answer," he said to me.

"My wife probably didn't hear the bell"—it's your dinner!—"but at least you found the place."

Lettfish said, "I've never been to this part of London before," and the statement seemed to carry with it a hint of rebuke.

Leading him in, I remembered that tomorrow was rubbish-pickup day. I put out the barrels.

"What's the word they use for those things?"

"Dustbins."

"I love it."

"Dustmen are coming tomorrow," I said, "with their dust cart."

I had rain on my face, curry stains on

HOMAGE TO CHEKHOV

Sunset clings to the samovar, abandoning the veranda,
But the tea has gone cold, or is finished; a fly scales a saucer's *dolce*.
And her heavy chignon makes Varvara Andreevna look grander
than ever! Her starched cotton blouse is staunchly
buttoned up to her chin. Vialtzev, deep in his chair, is nodding
over the rustling weekly with Dubrovo's latest swing
at the Cabinet. Varvara Andreevna under her skirts wears not a
thing.

The drawing room's dark piano responds to a dry ovation
of hawthorns. The student Maximov's few random chords
stir the garden's cicadas. In the platinum sky, athwart,
squadrons of ducks, foreshadowing aviation,
drift toward Germany. Hiding in the unlit
library, Dunia devours Nikki's letter, so full of cavils.
No looker; but, boy, what anatomy! And so unlike
hardcovers.

That is why Erlich winces, called in by Kartashov
to join Prigozhin, the doctor, and him at cards. "With pleasure."
Ah, but swatting a fly is simpler than staving off
a reverie of your niece, naked upon the leather
couch and fighting mosquitoes, fighting heat—but to no avail.
Prigozhin deals as he eats: with his belly virtually
crushing the flimsy table. Can the doctor be asked about this little boil?
Perhaps eventually.

my shirt, my hair was wet, and I was
breathless, gasping as I let him into the
house.

Lettfish looked around, made a bee-
line for my bookshelves, and gave them
his lightning scrutiny, and then snatched
at volumes, opening them to the copy-
right page, smoothing the dust wrapper,
assessing their value.

"Whiskey?" I asked. The fresh bottle
was under my arm.

"How about a gin-and-tonic?"

"I don't have any."

"Wine, then. A red—Cabernet."

I poured him a Beaujolais and smiled.

He was restless, asking where Bur-
gess was, and Anne was upstairs, so I
could not get on with setting the table
or any other preparations. He required
me to be with him.

The etiquette for a guest is in read-
ing what the host has to do and then ei-
ther helping or else getting out of the
way. All guests are supposed to know
this. But Lettfish was so used to being
a host that he was a bad guest. Being a
guest involved a large measure of gen-
erosity and tact, coöperation and intui-

tion. He was inept, and I began to see that
his role of host had made him selfish.

When Anne appeared, I said, "This
is Sam Lettfish," and I excused myself
and went back into the kitchen. I tossed
the prawns into the skillet of bubbling
curry sauce that was creamy with coco-
nut milk, and stirred them until they
turned pink. I then quickly took them
off the stove and ladled them into a
double boiler.

"Bonnet, wing, wing mirror, boot,
petrol tank," Lettfish was saying as I re-
turned. One of his favorite topics: En-
glish nomenclature. I guessed it was my
mention of dustbins that had set him
off. He found the words uproariously
funny. Anne's eyes were glazed. In a
moment, she would say that she was
hungry.

"Sam's a book collector," I said, get-
ting him to change the subject.

"Paul's worse than I am," Lettfish
said. "Pretty exciting, Anthony Burgess
coming over, eh?"

"I must confess that I am not a fan,"
Anne said.

"All those big words," Lettfish said.

Oppressive midsummer twilight; a truly myopic part of day, when each shape and form loses resolve, gets eerily vague. "In your linen suit, Piotr Lvovich, it's not so hard to take you for one of the statues down in the alley." "Really?" Erlich feigns embarrassment, rubbing his pince-nez's rim. It's true, though: the far-off in twilight looks near, the near, alien; and Erlich tries to recall how often he had Natalia Fiodorovna in his dream.

But does Varvara Andreevna love the doctor? Gnarled poplars crowd the dacha's wide-open windows with peasant-like abandon. They are the ones to be asked: their branches, their crow-filled crowns. Particularly, the elm climbing into Varvara's bedroom: it alone sees the hostess with just her stockings on. Outside, Dunia calls for a swim in the night lake: "Come, lazies!" To leap, overturning the tables! Hard, though, if you are the one with aces.

And the cicada chorus, with the strength of the stars' display, burgeons over the garden, sounding like their utterance. Which is, perhaps, the case. Where am I, anyway? wonders Erlich, undoing his braces at the outhouse entrance. It's twenty versts to the railroad. A rooster attempts its lied. The student Maximov's pet word, interestingly, is "fallacy." In the provinces, too, nobody's getting laid, as throughout the galaxy.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(Translated, from the Russian, by the author.)

"I know the meaning of the words, and I don't regard them as very big. No," Anne said, "it's those Burgess women. They are so frightful."

"I guess I'm a sucker for crazy broads."

"If they were truly crazy, I would pity them, as one does. But they are simply objectionable."

"It takes all kinds."

"It doesn't take castrators."

"Maybe I'm just stupid for liking his books," Lettfish said.

"You don't understand," Anne said, and smiled, as though to placate a simpleton. "Like him by all means, but please don't try to make me like him."

"I can relate to his output."

"Whatever that means," Anne said.

"Relate means understand."

"'Output' was the word I was questioning."

"Hey, you remind me of my wife."

Anne smiled again, not mirth but, rather, a look of pure disgust.

"You're as bad as she is!"

Staring at him, her smile fixed, not

trusting herself to reply to this, Anne said, "Paul tells me you're a lawyer."

She was wondering how anyone this silly and casual could hold down a serious job. I knew that Lettfish's nervousness was making him chatter in an infantile way.

"What you'd call a solicitor, though I don't do much soliciting"—he paused for a reaction; there was none. "Mostly tax matters, corporate mergers, estate planning, licensing agreements. We don't live in separate countries anymore. We're part of a global tax-and-banking structure."

He went on while Anne thought of her hunger, and I worried that Burgess might not make it or that, if he did, the prawns would be tough from sitting in the heated sauce. Lettfish seemed very serious when talking about his legal work, but his seriousness did not make him sound intelligent or articulate, only dull.

"I'm hungry," Anne said.

Lettfish did not hear her. He was still talking. "I've been facilitating joint ven-

tures in carbon. The British carbon industry is booming. That's not a widely known fact."

"I think I can understand why," Anne said.

There was a thump and clatter in the street, a sound like one of my barrels going over and losing its lid. This was followed by a distinct but distant curse.

"What's that?" Lettfish asked me, looking worried.

"Burgess, I think."

He had not yet rung the bell when I opened the door. He was wiping his tweed jacket with his pocket handkerchief. His hair was wild, his face wet with rain, his tie yanked down, and there was a new tear, with a smeary stain, in one knee of his trousers.

"Pranged my leg," Burgess said.

That was a characteristic of Burgess and his heroes: they were accident-prone.

"Some bloody fool left his dustbins in the footpath. When I lived in England, the dustmen carried them from your garden and put them back."

"That doesn't happen in Mrs. Thatcher's England," I said. "Come in, have a whiskey."

"Splendid." He entered, still scrubbing at his soiled jacket. "What a lovely house. Those Victorian windows are so graceful. A touch of Malacca"—he was passing the carved settee. "I should love to see these aquatints in daylight. Paul, it's a real home! My place is such a hovel—but we're working on it. Yes?"

He had come face to face with Sam Lettfish.

"And you are?"

Before I could speak, Lettfish said, "One of your fans."

"No, no, no. Terrible word—fans, fanatics. It's madness."

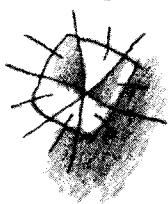
"One of your readers."

"Better," Burgess said, chewing his teeth.

He was still wet from the rain, bruised from his fall, distracted, and seemingly blinded by coming indoors into the light on this winter night. He was stumbling and stammering, and it occurred to me that he might be a bit tipsy. He was still in motion, moving from room to room.

"Hello." He saw Anne leaving the kitchen.

"Your meal smells delicious. I love





"You'll like it here—we're a pretty disobedient bunch."

curry. There's none to be had in Monte Carlo."

"Paul's done the cooking," she said.

Lettfish hovered, waiting for a chance to speak again.

"This is Sam Lettfish. You met long ago at the National Theatre," I said, handing Burgess a whiskey.

"Lettfish," Burgess said, and squinted in concentration, as though he had just been asked a tricky question. He chewed on the syllables of an unspoken word. "Lettfish, are you a Lett?"

"He's as crazy as I am."

"So Lettfish does not speak Lettfish," Burgess said. "Are you leftish, Lettfish, or flatfish?"

"Crazier."

"A lotte is a fish," Burgess said. "Lettfish might be a corruption of lotte fish."

"What if I'm Jewish?" Lettfish asked.

"What if I'm an Irishman named Wilson?"

I went into the kitchen to check on the meal. Anne stood at the counter, refilling her wineglass.

"I'm awfully hungry," she said. "Do you mind if I eat right now?"

"Please wait for us. It will look ridiculous if you eat by yourself."

"Paul, how many of Burgess's books do I own?" Lettfish called out.

"Please join us," I whispered to Anne, but as I put my arm around her she recoiled. I left her sulking in the kitchen. To Burgess, I said, "Sam's a collector. He's got quite a library."

"For a lawyer, I guess," Lettfish said. "I get a little tired of dealing with industrial litigation relating to faulty fallaway sections."

Burgess became alert.

Lettfish said, "I prefer something flavescent."

"How much is that in real money?" Burgess said in a snarly American accent.

"Your tie is flavescent."

Burgess sipped his whiskey and licked his thin lips. He looked very frail and had that same doped-up look I had seen all those years ago in Singapore.

Lettfish said, "Acrotism."

"Don't mention religion," Burgess said, in the same snarl.

"My pulse is acrotic," Lettfish said, "You are claudicant."

"Once you've started using words like that, because you like the sound of them, you're lost. The world has no use for you. No one wants to read them."

He looked at Anne, who had wandered out of the kitchen, looking haunted and hungry. He said, "Transponder."

"The rice is overcooked," Anne said.

Lettfish said, "Before there was good quality control, the transponder market gave us a lot of billable hours."

"Finite amplitude waves," Burgess said.

Lettfish brightened, hearing the words, and said, "I had a case of copyright infringement involving electronic monitoring, using those. We had trouble getting the case to court because the infringer lived in Monte Carlo. He didn't count on us having a partner in the principality. Kleinvogel. The infringer settled."

Burgess had his glass to his lips, but he did not sip. He said, "Fallaway sections."

"Your military type uses different specs and usually a titanium bolt in the linkage," Lettfish said.

"Observe how this description derives from the solid field of technology," Burgess said.

Anne had brought the serving dishes of curry to the table. She said, "Shall we sit down?"

"There is something essentially Philistine about technology. And the law is just book-hating."

"I love your books," Lettfish said.

"Ballocks," Burgess said, taking a seat at the table. And he leaned over to Anne and said, "I think it's all going awfully well."

He was drunk. I could see that from the way he had heaved himself into his chair, from his breathlessness, from the way he sat.

And Lettfish watched him eagerly, with a mixture of respectful caution and genuine bafflement—innocence and disbelief.

I was grateful when, unbidden, Anne began passing the rice, and then the dishes of dal and prawn curry.

"I'm sorry your wife's not here," Anne said.

"Liana broke her ankle. Tripped on a child's toy left on the marble stairs of one of our leading hotels. Took a header. We tried to sue. We were threatened with destruction by the hotel."

Lettfish said, "I might be able to help."

"Haven't you done quite enough?" Burgess said, with a screech in his voice that made Lettfish wince.

Then Burgess became preoccupied—finished his whiskey, spooned chopped banana, murmured the word "sambals"—and he did not look up as his hand moved crabwise toward his wineglass and his fingers snared its stem and hoisted it. He drank; he did not notice that his last outburst had silenced the table. He ate, working his mouth as though the food were too hot; but it was his bridgework in motion, his useless teeth were part of his unmanageable mouthful.

"You're the writer chap," he said, mimicking a pompous fruity voice. "Isn't it interesting, the number of writers who went to medical school—Joyce, Maugham, Chekhov, William Carlos Williams. The list is endless. And yet can you name a single writer who went to law school?"

"Robert Louis Stevenson," I said, hoping it would calm him.

"To please his father. He despised the law. But there's no one else."

I said, "Anthony Trollope must have known the law. There's a very good legal judgment, the definition of 'heirloom,' in 'The Eustace Diamonds.'"

Lettfish, grateful for my intervention, eagerly looked at Burgess for a response.

"Trollope was a civil servant, a postal official. It was his business to know the law, since he drew up postal treaties. I was thinking of a writer who actually practiced law in the way that Chekhov practiced medicine. You can't name one."

"John Mortimer is a barrister," Lettfish said.

"Are you suggesting that he is a writer?"

Lettfish said nothing.

"Because if you are," Burgess went on, "I would find that insulting."

He faced Lettfish, he chewed his teeth, he sipped his wine. All this mouth motion seemed like aggression, and even his food-flecked lips were threatening.

Anne said, "I fancy he's pulling your leg, Mr. Lettfish."

Lettfish stared bug-eyed at his plate, and in his silence he seemed to glow with rage and disappointment.

"Does anyone mind if I smoke?" Burgess said.

He was lighting up as he asked the question and blew a cloud of smoke over the remains of the dinner. Sam Lettfish shut his mouth and kept his head down, like a man in a storm.

"I'll make coffee," I said.

Burgess said, "Do you have tea? I'd love a mug of strong tea. Two tea bags. Two sugars. Just a drop of milk. Lovely."

"Nothing for me," Lettfish said.

"You're the writer chap," Burgess said again, and grinned horribly at Lettfish.

Anne pushed her chair back and said, "I hate to be a spoiler. Please don't get up. I must go to bed or I'll never make it to work tomorrow. Good night."

She was smiling, but it was not a smile. I thought of her saying, "Why are you doing this to me?"

Burgess and Lettfish said good night. I went into the kitchen and put the water on for tea.

I heard Burgess saying, "So Kleinvogel is your partner in the principality."

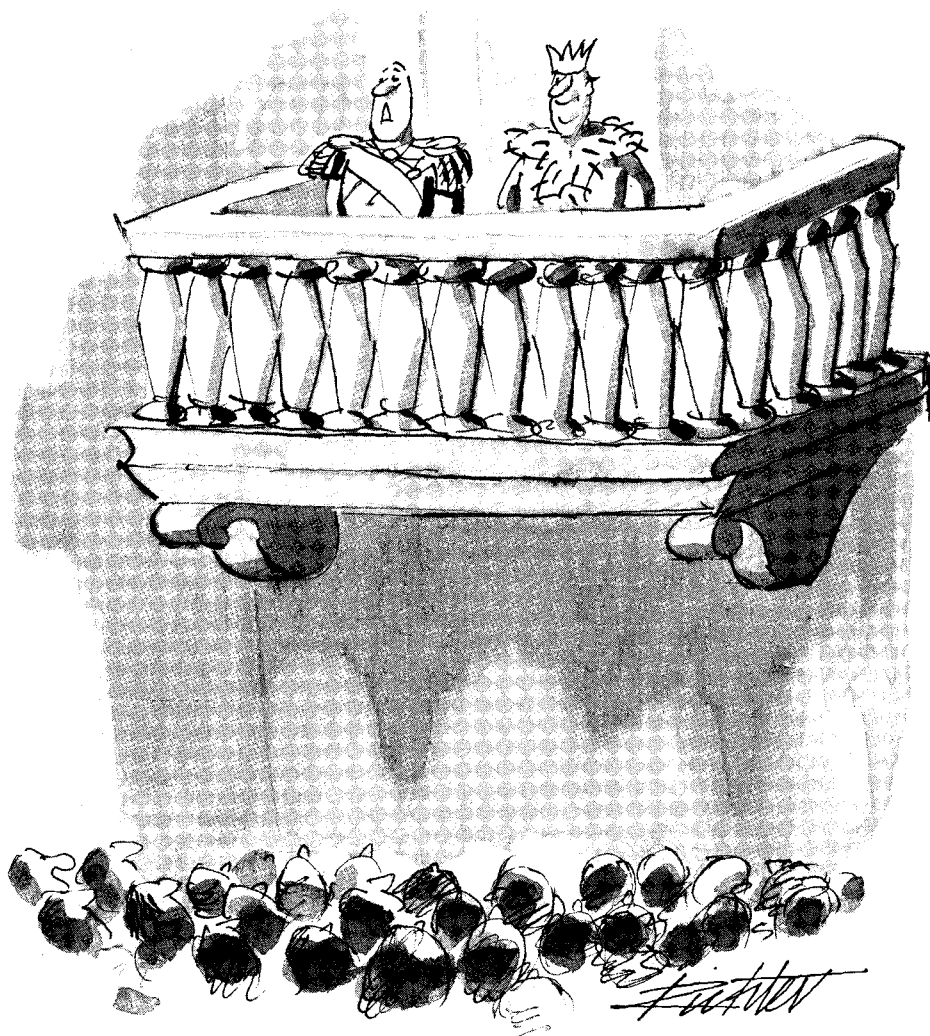
They spoke back and forth, in short, slaplike replies, while the kettle boiled and I made Burgess his cup of tea.

When I returned to the table, Lettfish was saying, "I imagined you'd be above all that—"

"Of course I am," Burgess said. "My ivory tower is the perfect height, and I sit there paring my nails, oblivious of the lawsuits brought against me."

"If Kleinvogel had known of your standing in the world of literature he wouldn't have proceeded against you."

"That's ballocks. 'So you're the writer



"And now we're pleased to present to you the monarchical stylings of His Majesty King Gustaf."

chap.' His exact words." Spit flew from Burgess's lips as he spoke.

"Kleinvogel's a great litigator."

"Kleinvogel is *cauchemaresque*."

I handed Burgess the cup of tea.

"Everything's going awfully well," he said, and smiled, and he blew on the cup and then set his lips on the rim and began sucking at the tea and eying Lettfish. Then he uncorked the whiskey bottle and poured some whiskey in, filling the cup.

"What book of mine do you especially admire?"

"'Nothing Like the Sun,'" Lettfish said in a small voice.

"It's a parlor trick. My least-achieved novel. It's a thin idea, tricked out with Elizabethan verbiage that I pinched from old glossaries. Wrong again, Max."

"And the first 'Enderby.'"

"Meretricious," Burgess said.

"'Devil of a State.'"

"A victim of threatened litigation," Burgess said. "The libel lawyers made me rewrite it."

Lettfish said, "Paul told me—"

"You see?" Burgess winked at me, then turned to Lettfish. "So you're here selling—what?—military hardware and children's toys, pretty much the same thing. And what I want to know is, do you miss American food? Sara Lee cheesecake—that sort of thing?"

Lettfish shook his head from side to side, as though he had just received some very bad news, and was like a man grieving.

"I used to eat it myself," Burgess said.

"I won't hear a word against it, Max."

"My name is Sam. Kleinvogel is Max."

"Tell me," Burgess said, "why is your neck turning purple?"

Lettfish's face was twisted; he looked miserable, stung by the conversation and sickened by Burgess's cigar smoke. He was trying to be brave, yet the ordeal showed on his face—not only pain but a deeper and more lasting look, a sad scowl of disenchantment.

Compressing his lips, Burgess hummed a few notes, making his jowls flap, and then sipped his alcoholic tea, spiking the cup with more whiskey.

"You can't read, Max," he said, and stuck out his jaw. Now I could not look at his mouth without imagining his set of false teeth.

He ground out his cigar butt and lit another one and blew smoke assertively, squinting behind it, as though planning an attack.

Lettfish lifted his head and, scarcely controlling his anger, said, "You've got to be kidding."

Burgess smacked his lips and took out his fountain pen and drew on a napkin a staff of parallel lines, then rapidly on these lines he inscribed a series of notes like hanging fruit.

"Go on, what does it say?"

Lettfish folded his arms. "That's music."

"A four-year-old could have told me that. Go on—hum it."

"I will do nothing of the kind."

"Anger makes some people crude, and it turns others pompous," Burgess said. "So you can't read the simple phrase."

"What is this, some kind of test?"

"Exactly," Burgess said. "Gesualdo. Know him?"

"I haven't read him," Lettfish said. "Sorry. I can't read everything."

"He's a musician, Max. Sixteenth century. But very modern in his tonalities. That"—he pointed to the notes—"is the opening of his madrigal 'Moro, lasso.'"

Lettfish again looked as though he were grieving.

"Max, a knowledge of serious music is essential to an understanding of my work." Burgess began to hum, and though he seemed drunk and rumped his humming was precise and tuneful and was like a reminder that he was sane.

Over this humming, Lettfish said, "I own every book you've ever written."

"Too bad you can't read, Max."

Lettfish smiled hopelessly and got up to leave.

"I wasn't asking you to like me," he said.

"*Cauchemaresque*," Burgess murmured as I saw Lettfish to the door.

Lettfish's last words to me were "I always felt there was something missing in his books. Now I know what it is. He's a very sad man." But it was Lettfish who seemed heartbroken.

Burgess was smiling when I returned to the room.

"I think it all went awfully well," he said, and went on humming the complicated music.

It was the last time I saw him. Lettfish, too, stopped calling me. And Anne said, "Don't ever do that to me again." ♦

Author's note: My dinner with Anthony Burgess took place on November 14, 1981. Or perhaps it didn't.

Plant A Little Heaven In Your Own Backyard.



Help save Walden Woods by planting a tree that is a direct offspring of trees from Thoreau's Walden Woods. Each tree purchased for \$35 plus \$7 shipping and handling, will help save this national treasure. Order your own tree by calling 1-800-766-1055. To receive a full catalog write: **FAMOUS & HISTORIC TREES**, 8555 Plummer Road, Jacksonville, Florida 32219.



An Activity of the USF Fund

Chocolate Club

Call 1-800-901-9910

A monthly adventure in world class gourmet chocolates.

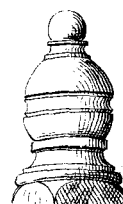
Chocolate Indulgence

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Farrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.



2000N Farrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130



PRESERVATION PLAN ON IT

Write:
National Trust for Historic Preservation
Department PA
1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

PROSTATE CANCER

If you or a friend or family member are facing prostate cancer, you do have options. For FREE information call Theragenics Cancer Information Center today,
1-800-458-4372



BOOKS

CHEAP SPEECH

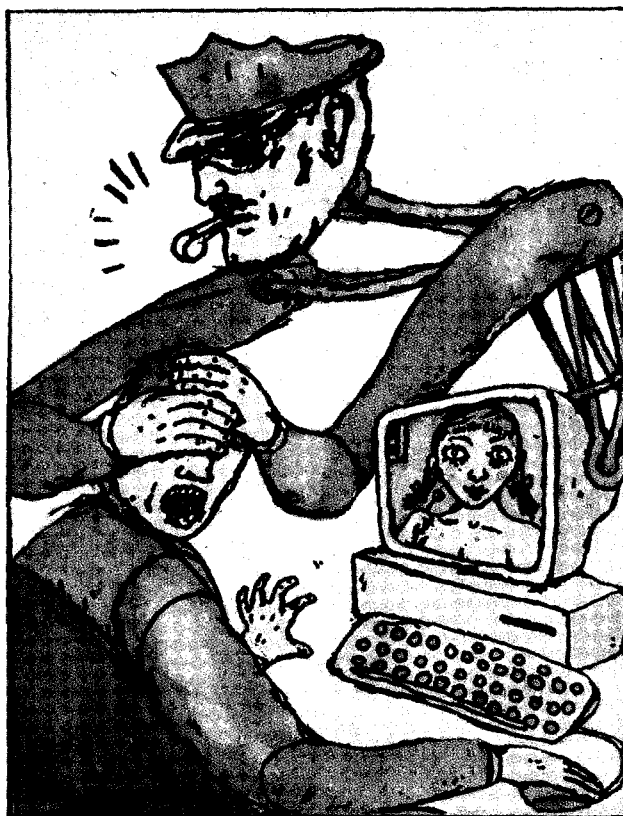
Will the old First Amendment battles survive the new technologies?

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

THE debunking of *Time's* lurid story about pornography in cyberspace began, appropriately, in cyberspace itself. The cover of the July 3rd issue featured a horrified tot with an Edward Munch expression staring at a computer screen. "CYBERPORN: EXCLUSIVE," the headline announced. "A new study shows how pervasive and wild it really is. Can we protect our kids—and free speech?" Almost immediately, the study, conducted by Marty Rimm, a thirty-year-old undergraduate at Carnegie Mellon University, and published in the *Georgetown Law Review*, was attacked on the Internet as tendentious and unreliable. The study claimed that "83.5% of all images posted on the Usenet are pornographic." In fact, critics noted, pornographic images represent only three per cent of all messages on the Usenet, a global network of discussion groups, and less than half of one per cent of all images on the Internet as a whole. Rimm had inflated the figure by focussing on a subset of private bulletin boards that specialize in pornography and are generally accessible only to paying adult subscribers.

Then the story grew wonderfully bizarre. The *Atlantic City Press* reported that Rimm, as a sixteen-year-old high-school student in Atlantic City, had conducted a survey in which he concluded that sixty-four per cent of his classmates had gambled in the local casinos. To publicize his conclusions, Rimm had disguised himself as an Arab sheikh and ostentatiously placed bets at the Playboy Hotel. It also emerged that in 1990 he had written a licentious novel about Atlantic City entitled "An Ameri-

can Playground," and excerpts were gleefully posted on the World Wide Web. ("I'm gonna go pump Nadah with my R.R. tonight." "Your R.R.? What's that, Rich?" "Come on, get with it Donny! That's my *rectum rocket!*"") Rimm's credibility collapsed entirely when he acknowledged that last March he had used

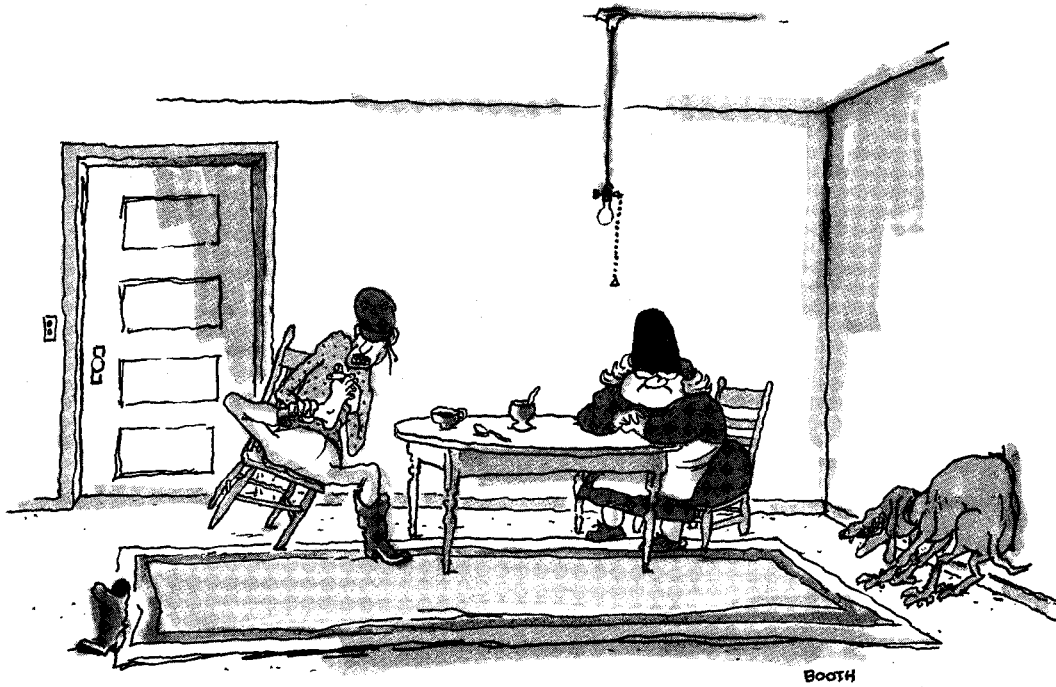


the data from his Carnegie Mellon study for what was to have been an illustrated paperback entitled "The Pornographer's Handbook: How to Exploit Women, Dupe Men and Make Lots of Money" and designed to help operators of adult bulletin boards market their wares more effectively. Rimm, in short, had gained access to pornographic bulletin boards by promising to advise operators on how to improve their marketing techniques, and had then used the data as the basis for

his study denouncing the marketing techniques of cyberspace pornographers. Last week, Rimm was dropped as an expert witness from the Senate Judiciary Committee hearing on children and cyberpornography.

The unmasking of Marty Rimm was entertaining; but what, at this peculiar moment in the free-speech wars, had impelled both a respectable magazine and a scholarly journal to promote the prurient obsessions of a youthful huckster? Part of the anxiety about cyberspace, of course, is predictably Luddite: previous shifts in communications technology, such as the rise of mass-market tabloids in the nineteen-twenties, of network broadcasting in the nineteen-fifties, and of videos and cable TV in the mid-nineteen-eighties, were similarly accompanied by public hysteria about the proliferation of indecency. But Rimm's study had a putative feminist twist. Drawing on the work of Catharine MacKinnon, the anti-pornography feminist, Rimm had gone to great lengths to support the claim that pornography in cyberspace is not merely offensive but especially violent and especially degrading to women. In a triumphal response to Rimm's study in the *Georgetown Law Review*, MacKinnon herself invoked his statistics as vindication of her theories. "Women are disproportionately used in violating ways in pornography," she declared. "The more violating the material, the more it is wanted, out of proportion to supply."

Despite predictable anxieties and unlikely alliances (one of MacKinnon's cohorts in censorship, Senator J. James Exon, is the sponsor of the Senate's bill to regulate "lewd, lascivious, filthy, or indecent" words and pictures in cyberspace, and is also a staunch opponent of reproductive choice for women), the old battles may soon be overtaken by the new technologies. As a spate of new books about the First Amendment suggests, the explosion of new media outlets means that centralized proposals to regulate speech are increasingly doomed to fail in practice, no matter how cogently they are framed in theory. It will be hard to police the "marketplace of



"I saw Yerkow yesterday. He says, 'How ya doin', Leon?' I says, 'Just fine, Yerkow, how you doin'?' He says, 'Doin' fine, how's the wife?' I says, 'She's doin' just fine, how's your wife?' He says, 'She's doin' fine.' I says, 'Sure good to see you doin' fine, Yerkow.' Yerkow says, 'Yeh, Leon, good to see you doin' so fine, too.'"

ideas" when there are so many more markets to monitor. And if existing free-speech doctrine is still founded on the utopian premises of the nineteen-twenties, epitomized by Justice Holmes's metaphor of a perfectly deregulated "free trade in ideas," the new media technologies may fulfill Holmes's vision dramatically. Holmes's ideal world—where speech is cheap and money is no barrier to speaking; where individual listeners can select precisely what they want to hear and block out precisely what offends them; and where offensive ideas can be easily expressed and just as easily answered—will seem less fanciful in the electronic world of the future than it does in the print and broadcast world of today.

AMONG the new books, the best critical attempt to transcend the debate between the regulators and the libertarians is Robert Post's "Constitutional Domains: Democracy, Community, Management" (Harvard; \$45). Post is a law professor at the University of California at Berkeley, and he has distinguished himself as one of the most creative and undogmatic First Amendment scholars in the country. Most theorists try to

identify a single, all-purpose rationale for protecting free speech—such as promoting "individual self-expression" or "rich public debate"—and then reason outward from their unbending premise. Post, by contrast, is appealingly eclectic. He argues that the protection of speech should vary according to the social domain in which it is expressed. Therefore, he is more willing to accept the regulation of racist and sexist language in what he calls "nonpublic" spheres (like the workplace) than in public spheres (like political debates or national magazines). The reading public, he says, should be regarded as autonomous, self-governing citizens, while employees in the workplace are subject to "managerial control and social interdependence."

Still, Post's sharp division between public and nonpublic spheres may raise more questions than it settles. It seems far-fetched, for example, to suggest that citizens now voluntarily submit to "managerial control" under sexual-harassment laws imposed by the federal government when they enter the private workplace. Americans spend most of their waking hours working; for many citizens, work provides the only meaningful opportu-

nity to exercise their rights of free expression. And Post's claims about the need for managerial control at work are at odds with the decentralized reality of the modern workplace, where computers, modems, faxes, car phones, and E-mail are breaking down the boundaries between office and home—between the public and the private spheres. Assertions of managerial control over the professional life of employees would significantly encroach on their private lives as well.

A recent case shows to what extent managerial control can also threaten political speech. On June 13th, the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court held that the First Amendment does not protect David Heller, an employee in the Massachusetts Department of Public Welfare. While Hel-

ler's sixty-year-old supervisor, Sylvia Bowman, was campaigning to become president of the local union, Heller cut out photographs of her stern, bespectacled face from her campaign pamphlets and pasted them on two graphic pictures of nude models. Heller testified that he was trying to link an "absurd" picture with Bowman's "absurd" political views, and that he never meant for Bowman to see the pictures, which were intended as "a private satire among a select group of friends." Nevertheless, Bowman did see the pictures, and she claimed that the experience provoked symptoms of post-traumatic-stress disorder. A trial judge found Heller liable for sexual harassment and intentional infliction of emotional distress, and ordered him to pay Bowman thirty-five thousand dollars in damages.

This can't be right. Heller's tasteless joke was arguably, if not clearly, a political satire, and the Supreme Court has emphasized that slurs and rhetorical hyperbole are part of the standard "give-and-take" of union elections. In a lively appellate brief, a coalition of civil-liberties groups included an appendix of parodies from *Spy*, *Playgirl*, and the *Harvard*

Lampoon in which the faces of public figures ranging from Clarence Thomas to Margaret Thatcher were superimposed on nude models of the opposite sex. In an eloquent dissent, Justice Joseph R. Nolan pointed out that it was clear that Heller “intended to lampoon [Bowman’s] candidacy with his caricatures,” and that Bowman became a public figure “when she voluntarily thrust herself into the election campaign.”

Post would not necessarily approve of the Massachusetts court’s peculiar ruling. In his subtle chapter on the Supreme Court’s 1988 decision *Hustler Magazine v. Falwell*—which extended First Amendment protection to a parody of a Campari ad in which the Reverend Jerry Falwell recalls having lost his virginity to his mother in an outhouse—Post emphasizes the point that courts should take a broad view when they try to distinguish speech about matters of “public concern,” which is legally protected, from speech about matters of private concern, which can be regulated. But the Bowman case calls into question Post’s optimistic view that courts are institutionally capable of drawing coherent lines between public and private discourse. A more realistic conclusion, perhaps, is that even speech on matters of purely private concern should be protected in the workplace as long as it is limited to offensive opinions and contains no false statements of fact.

Post argues in a powerful chapter that what makes the feminist demand for regulation of pornography so controversial is that it elides the difference between pluralism and individualism. Catharine MacKinnon wants the law to recognize that pornography demeans women as a group, not just as individuals; in this respect, she is like the Catholic men in a famous 1940 Supreme Court case who sought redress for insult to their Catholicism. The logic of the anti-pornography movement is analogous, therefore, to the logic by which states once prosecuted blasphemy.

TO judge from recent court decisions, anti-pornography feminists seem to be losing the battle to regulate pornography at home. But, according to Nadine Strossen’s “Defending Pornography: Free Speech, Sex, and the Fight for Women’s Rights” (Scribners; \$22), MacKinnon may be winning the war to

regulate sexually explicit speech at work. Strossen is the president of the American Civil Liberties Union, whose national board has been divided in recent years about whether to support or oppose the expanding definition of sexual harassment. Strossen’s own opposition, however, has been clear. In 1986, the Supreme Court seemed to endorse MacKinnon’s theory that employers should be able to ban speech that creates a “hostile or offensive work environment,” and Strossen argues that the “hostile environment” test is increasingly responsible for the suppression of speech that should be constitutionally protected. In 1992, for example, the Los Angeles County Fire Department issued a sweeping sexual-harassment policy banning all “sexually oriented” magazines, posters, and calendars from the workplace, including dormitories, rest rooms, and private lockers. And in 1994 workers lodged harassment complaints against a Minnesota librarian who displayed a *New Yorker* cartoon that showed one man saying to another, in the aftermath of the Bobbitt trial, “What’s the big deal? I lopped off my own damn penis years ago.”

It’s easy to sympathize with the cultural impulse to regulate sexual harassment as strictly as possible. Still, Strossen shows the dangers of carving out a feminist exception to the First Amendment. Not only would it quickly become hard to control but, Strossen argues, the neo-Victorian presumption that a woman is harassed by any sexual reference uttered in her presence does little to advance women’s rights. In the nineteenth century, many states prohibited (in the words of a South Carolina statute) “any obscene, profane, indecent, vulgar, suggestive or immoral message” addressed to a “woman or woman child.” It was precisely these stereotypes that the equal-treatment feminists of the nineteen-seventies, such as Ruth Bader Ginsburg, at the A.C.L.U. Women’s Rights Project, sought to erase. Nevertheless, Strossen is vague about how, precisely, she wants to refine the laws of sexual harassment. She claims that the line between protected speech and illegal harassment can be drawn “only on an ad hoc basis, turning on all the facts and circumstances of each particular case.” But, as Strossen’s own anecdotes demon-

strate, it is the imprecise, ad-hoc quality of the current law that is most threatening to First Amendment values. Private employers and universities, in their eagerness to avoid liability under the Supreme Court’s vague standards, are banning much more speech than the law requires.

Much better is a sexual-harassment definition that Strossen herself proposed in 1984, before her A.C.L.U. colleagues persuaded her to abandon it: a severe pattern of conduct or expression, directed at a specific employee, that demonstrably hinders his or her job performance. This at least would insure that nude magazines perused in private and overheard conversations between willing listeners have the same protection at work as at home. But even if the Supreme Court should refine the definition of sexual harassment, and hold that public employers and public universities cannot ban centerfolds or sexually explicit conversations between willing listeners, it is not at all clear that private employers and private universities, which are technically not bound by the First Amendment, would pay much attention to the ruling.

CONSIDER, for example, the indifference that many private universities exhibited after the Supreme Court’s 1992 hate-speech decision, in which Justice Scalia held that states could not selectively punish only those fighting words which are likely to provoke violence on the basis of race, sex, or religion.

Given the centrality of free speech to the mission of a university, the decision of many administrators to defend their speech codes was disappointing. Unfortunately, this cavalier attitude continues to be encouraged by some of our finest legal scholars, among them Kent Greenawalt, of Columbia Law School. In his new book, “Fighting Words: Individuals, Communities, and Liberties of Speech” (Princeton; \$24.95), Greenawalt argues that “a private university may reasonably decide that Justice Scalia’s opinion carries no strong moral force for what it should do.”

Greenawalt’s defense of speech codes is nuanced and carefully qualified, but his argument that class-based insults may “injure the status and prospect” of members of historically abused groups is un-

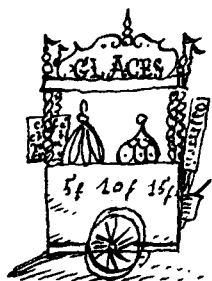


supported by empirical evidence, just as is MacKinnon's related argument that "gender-based" pornography injures the status and prospects of women. In fact, the most frequent targets of speech codes are the very minorities that the codes are ostensibly designed to protect. As Nadine Strossen reports, during the year and a half that the University of Michigan's rules were in effect (the United States District Court struck them down in 1989 as a violation of the First Amendment) more than twenty blacks were charged—by whites—with racist speech. There were no instances of whites' being charged or punished for racist speech against blacks. Furthermore, any notion that codes have only an incidental effect on speech is undermined by their expanding scope. Most codes forbid not only racial slurs but also, to pick a typical list, from the University of Michigan, speech that demeans people "on the basis of race, ethnicity, religion, sex, sexual orientation, creed, national origin, ancestry, age, marital status, handicap, or Vietnam-era veteran status." But isn't the right to insult someone for serving, or not serving, in Vietnam at the core of what the First Amendment is supposed to protect?

In the latest eruption from the University of Michigan, MacKinnonite theories of pornography and sexual harassment are being tested in cyberspace. Last year, Jake Baker, a University of Michigan sophomore, posted a fantasy of rape and torture on the alt.sex.stories section of the Internet. He began with a warning: "The following story contains lots of sick stuff. You have been warned." Baker made the mistake of naming the female victim after one of his classmates. (He says he chose the name, which included the syllable "staff," because it suggested a phallic pun.) A University of Michigan alumnus saw the story and complained to university officials. Searching Baker's room—with his permission—the university police department found E-mail correspondence with a Canadian friend in which Baker described his fantasies about abducting another female classmate. The university then called the F.B.I., who arrested Baker in February. He was charged with using interstate communications

to threaten to kidnap or injure another person.

Discussing the Baker case in the *Georgetown Law Review*, Catharine MacKinnon writes, "Even though names are only words, making pornography of a name was seen as part of doing real harm to a real person. . . . The point is: it took putting pornography in cyberspace to produce this." But on June 21st Baker's indictment was dismissed by United States District Court Judge Avern Cohn—the same judge who had excoriated the University of Michigan for its speech code five years earlier—on the ground that his words were a fantasy rather than a true threat.



ON June 14th, the Senate approved, by a vote of eighty-four to sixteen, the Communications Decency Act of 1995, sponsored by Jim Exon, Democrat of Nebraska. The bill would impose hundred-thousand-dollar fines or criminal penalties of two years in prison on anyone who "knowingly . . . makes available any indecent communications . . . to any person under 18 years of age." The Exon bill would also impose criminal penalties on anyone who uses "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, or indecent" communications "with intent to annoy, abuse, threaten, or harass another person." A citizen offended by the Exon bill who sent an obscene E-mail message to annoy Senator Exon could thus be harshly punished, although the same message shouted at Senator Exon on the street would be constitutionally protected. At the end of June, Newt Gingrich, to his great credit, pronounced the Exon bill clearly unconstitutional.

Far better than the Exon bill is the alternative that President Clinton has endorsed: software filters that would enable parents to block out whatever words and images they think are not fit for their children to read. The filters are less precise than the proposed v-chip on network and cable television, for they require independent ratings boards to be constantly combing the distant corners of the Internet in search of offensive material. But as long as both the filters and the ratings are voluntary, rather than mandated by the federal government, they represent a less heavy-handed solu-

tion than centralized regulations, which are relatively easy to circumvent anyway. If a citizen fears that he will be prosecuted for uploading dirty pictures in Cleveland, he can avoid prosecution by arranging for the pictures to be uploaded in Paris.

The constitutional status of cyberspace will ultimately turn on the analogies, and the analogies are up for grabs. In "Scrambling for Protection: The New Media and the First Amendment" (Pittsburgh; \$29.95), Patrick Garry argues that the new electronic media look much less like twentieth-century broadcast networks than like the eighteenth-century printing presses that were at the core of the original understanding of the First Amendment.

The newspapers and pamphlet presses of 1789 were, in many ways, interactive. Printers, who were also publishers, delegated the task of news gathering to their readers, who also served as reporters. Presses were small, and barriers to entry were few: four hundred and fifty newspapers started up between 1783 and 1801. The pamphlet presses of the eighteenth century were very much like the electronic bulletin boards of today. I've subscribed to groups in which law professors discuss the latest developments in free speech and religion law; but there are other possibilities. "Trek-cochavim," for example, is an "unmoderated discussion list for those who want to discuss the Star Trek world from a Jewish or Israeli perspective."

In a recent issue of the *Yale Law Journal* devoted to the new media and the First Amendment, Eugene Volokh, of U.C.L.A., argues that the emerging media technologies will dramatically reduce the cost of distributing speech over the airwaves and cables. And the resulting "cheap speech," as Volokh puts it, will be harder to regulate. As control shifts away from intermediaries, such as publishers, network programmers, and bookstore and music-store owners, to the speakers and listeners themselves, consumers and politicians will find it harder to use their market power to stifle speech.

In short, with the proliferation of distribution points it will be increasingly easy to make end runs around the censors. Some Internet providers, for example, have a policy of refusing to publish dirty words. America Online

reproduced an article of mine that discussed the landmark case in which the Supreme Court held that a citizen had a First Amendment right to wear a jacket emblazoned with the words "Fuck the Draft" in a Los Angeles courtroom. But in the reproduction the word "Fuck" was discreetly expunged. As a private provider, America Online is free to set its own standards of civility, but it has no monopoly on access to the Internet. If I were determined to restore the piece to its unbowdlerized form, I could post it on the more freewheeling World Wide Web, and it would be easily accessible on five continents.

Precisely because the emerging media technologies are so hard to censor, the censors are redoubling their efforts. In 1994, the federal government filed obscenity charges against the Amateur Action Bulletin Board, an Internet site operated by Robert and Carleen Thomas, where consenting adult subscribers pay to download dirty pictures. (Amateur Action was also the source of Marty Rimm's most lurid data.) The images in question were uploaded at the Amateur Action headquarters, in Milpitas, California, and were downloaded in the heart of the Bible Belt, in Memphis, Tennessee. The Thomases claim that the government entrapped them, enlisting a postal inspector to download the pictures in Memphis in order to take advantage of Memphis's conservative "community standards." After a weeklong trial, a Memphis jury found that the pictures violated Memphis community standards, and convicted the Thomases of transmitting obscenity through interstate phone lines. The case, which is now being appealed, reveals the incoherence of the community-standards test itself. In an age in which cyberspace has broken down physical and geographic boundaries, it makes little sense to allow the morals of a local community to dictate what is acceptable for the "virtual community" of consenting individual viewers.

The Internet, after all, is inherently atomized: when communities form, they are provisional. In this sense, cyberspace promises a kind of electronic Emersonianism, in which all matters of public concern are subject to the scrutiny of individual dissenters. (Oppose the "strait prison-like limits of the Actual," Emerson said. "The old, halt, numb, bedrid

world must ever be plagued with the incessant soul" of protest.) And cyberspace also promises to correct some of the market failures of democracy itself. Since democracy, as Robert Post argues, cannot function unless all citizens are regarded as fully autonomous individuals rather than as faceless members of competing communities, cyberspace is a powerful practical and theoretical rejoinder to the collectivists who make the mistake of trying to impose centralized controls on public discourse in order to improve its "quality and diversity."

By giving individual citizens the control over programming that the courts have denied to government bureaucrats, the new filtering technologies have finally transcended the problem that Felix Frankfurter identified in 1957, when he wrote that the First Amendment does not allow the state "to reduce the adult population . . . to reading only what is fit for children." Unfortunately, Frankfurter's warning is being ignored by liberal as well as conservative regulators. Newton Minow, who was the head of the Federal Communications Commission under President Kennedy, is most famous for calling network television, in 1961, a "vast wasteland." Now he and a co-author, Craig LaMay, have produced a new book, "Abandoned in the Wasteland: Children, Television and the First Amendment" (Hill & Wang; \$20),

which calls on the F.C.C. of the nineteen-nineties to "put children first," implementing what the authors call "the child's First Amendment."

Minow is a crackling voice from a distant era, in which three networks, rather than an abundance of cable and digital stations, dominated the airwaves. The Federal Communication Act of 1934 gives network broadcasters free and exclusive use of the airwaves, on the condition that they serve "the public interest, convenience and necessity." But since the eighties the only "public interest" requirement that the F.C.C. has enforced is that networks must broadcast programs of local interest and also a smattering of "educational and informational" programs for children, defined broadly enough to include Saturday-morning cartoons. Minow wants to resurrect the public-interest requirement with a vengeance, requiring broadcasters within each market to transmit an hour a day of "quality programming during times when children might actually be watching." In addition, Minow wants to forbid commercials in programming directed primarily at children younger than six.

No doubt children are better off without commercials—a good argument for preserving PBS. But insuring that there is no money in children's programming is an odd way of encouraging the commercial networks to improve it. Minow's



"After I won, I came all unglued."

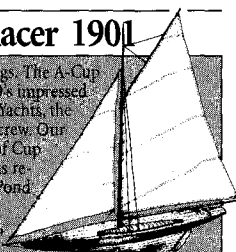
AUDIO BOOKS



- Rentals by mail
- All Unabridged
- Huge Selection
- 100% Guarantee

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NY • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

43" A-Cup Racer 1901



Sleek yachts. Towering rigs. The A-Cup races from the early 1900's impressed with the beauty of the J-yachts, the sheer size of hulls, sails, crew. Our completely built model of Cup Racer 'Columbia' 1901, is reminiscent of early large Pond Sail Models. Built wood planks on frame, stained, lacquered. Handsewn cotton sails, brass fittings, wood mast and spars. Call for brochure with actual size photograph of this spectacular 43" long home decor.

43" J-Yacht Model - \$199.95 (+12.95 s&h)
We Ship in 24 hours

→ Brochure or Order: 1-800-895-3050 →

TRADING STORIES
P.O. Box 604 • Cottage Grove, OR 97424
THOUGHTFUL GIFTS NEED A STORY

ANGKOR

21-day in-depth travel to ancient Angkor and Indochina. Visit 20 Angkorian temple-mountains, mysterious Plain of Jars, Imperial Hue in Vietnam.

TILLER INTERNATIONAL TOURS
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 397-1966 Fax (415) 397-1967

Out of Africa



Mystical safari bracelets woven by hand. 4 knots side to adjust. Specify Petite, Regular or X-Large.

14K Gold\$695.⁰⁰
Sterling w/14K Knots ..\$219.⁰⁰
Sterling Silver ...\$129.⁰⁰

1-800-473-3011

All payments add 6% sales tax.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!

\$149 Size: 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 96 pgs, 1000 copies, 2-color cvr. EACH Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.

From \$529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

Fit to Be Tied



Distinctive 100% silk bow ties handcrafted in Vermont.

For catalog, call **800-488-TIES**
Fax **802-388-7808**

BEAU TIES LTD. of Vermont
19 Gorham Lane • Middlebury, VT 05753

own tastes, moreover, show the hazards of delegating to government bureaucrats the task of deciding what is "quality" programming. ("Barney," friend to millions of preschoolers, has been the target of hate columns in the national press," he laments at one point.) Nevertheless, Minow's book is useful, because it underscores the futility of attempting to purify the quality of public discourse in a decentralized age. Even if Congress required the networks to broadcast dramatic readings from William Bennett's "Book of Virtues" for five hours a day all would end in tears as millions of tiny hands reached for the remote control.

The fact that Justice Holmes's ideal vision of the First Amendment, as an unruly and deregulated marketplace of ideas, seems increasingly inevitable does

not mean that it will be entirely palatable. Republicans who glorify the market and demand the abolition of PBS and the N.E.A. can hardly complain when the market produces Snoop Doggy Dogg. Perhaps, as citizens become less and less dependent on network broadcasters and magazine editors to select what they read and hear, they will selfishly retreat into the solipsism of narrowcasting, into cyberpornography, or silly sitcoms, or discussion groups about Jews in space. Perhaps they will refuse to take full advantage of the new interactive technologies, and will show little interest in deliberating about the worthy civic issues that regulators would prefer to have them discuss. But this is, of course, a free country, and it has never been freer, thanks to the epidemic of cheap speech spreading raucously across the globe. ♦

REQUIEM FOR A YORKSHIREMAN

An English poet chooses how to remember his father.

BY TOM SHONE

IN his slim memoir, "And When Did You Last See Your Father?" (Picador, \$21), the English poet Blake Morrison details the slow death of his father, Arthur. Perhaps it was feared that a similar fate might befall the book itself, for two years have elapsed since its publication in Britain, its passage across the Atlantic seemingly delayed by a strong tide of indifference. For a start, the author's reputation as a poet is confined almost entirely to



Blake Morrison

his native country. His father's reputation, meanwhile, is confined to his local county, in Yorkshire, where he practiced as a doctor for three and a half decades before himself succumbing to stomach cancer. A memoir, then, of an unfamous father written by a son whom American readers have, at best, barely heard of. On the other hand, nearly every-

body knows what it is to have a father; most will eventually learn, if they haven't already, what it is to outlive one; and few will ever write about the experience with as much insight as Morrison. And none, I think it's safe to wager, will have ever had to test-run the Arthur Morrison Waterproof Sleeping Bag.

This was one of the more successful of the numerous inventions with which Morrison's father liked to fill his spare time. It was a disaster, of course, like all his other inventions—an attachment for electric toothbrushes that looked as if it would tear apart the gums of its user; an accessory for non-flush toilets that was sadly destined to go the way of the non-flush toilet itself—but the waterproof sleeping bag at least got as far as Abersoch,

in North Wales, where it then succeeded magnificently in collecting condensation by the gallon. ("On rainy nights you don't get condensation," Arthur reasoned. "But on rainy nights you wouldn't want to sleep out," his damp son replied.) Despite its failure, or maybe because of it, that sleeping bag superbly captures the spirit of Morrison's father, a man who was a virtual blueprint for a certain type of middle-class postwar English male: a hearty, outdoors type who still called his wife Mummy long after his children had stopped doing so; an inveterate tinkerer whose enthusiasm for Do It Yourself expressed not independence but one-upmanship. And, though the model of respectability, he was also something of a petty scam artist, who could talk himself both into and out of almost anything. "I grew up thinking it absolutely normal, that most Englishmen were like this," Morrison writes. "I still suspect that's the case."

"And When Did You Last See Your Father?" is, among many things, a very funny book, and it kicks off with a painfully embarrassing episode in which Arthur, brandishing his stethoscope, jumps a queue of cars at the Oulton Park races, in Cheshire: "A queue, to him, means a man being denied the right to be where he wants to be at a time of his own choosing, which is at the front, now." This is a wonderfully lithe, coiling sentence, one that gathers up his father's plucky impatience into one climactic snap. Interestingly, it bears a remarkable similarity to another sentence, to be found near the end of the book, in which Morrison explains his aim: "I keep trying to find the last moment when he was still unmistakably there, in the fullness of his being, *him*."

MORRISON'S memoir springs from a single simple truth: people rarely die in character. If Arthur's death had been characteristic, his son reflects, it would have occurred while he was "overtaking impatiently on too short a straight, or collapsing with a heart attack while rotavating an obstinate corner of the orchard." Instead, Morrison finds his father immobilized in the very hospital to which he had consigned so many of his patients, his head thrust forward "like a tortoise's from its shell," the

stubble on his chin "an offence to his philosophy of close shaving." At one point, Morrison and his sister try to cajole their father back into something resembling his old "hail-fellow cheeriness" by encouraging him to tell stories they'd spent their entire lives being bored by (Chemistry high jinks with his school friends! The time he drove into the railings!), but the attempt feels to Morrison like artificial character resuscitation: a life-likeness support. Arthur's death instead proves to be a prime example of what Sherwin Nuland has called "the method of modern dying": slow, messy, anonymous, and entirely lacking the picturesque composure that we find in such nineteenth-century representations of death as Sir Luke Fildes's painting "The Doctor," which shows a small girl dying, serenely, with her concerned father in lamplight attendance. Morrison's title alludes to a very different tableau: W. F. Yeames's painting of a young Royalist boy being quizzed by a row of stony-jawed Puritans. Its interrogative mood seems much better suited to Morrison's book. Why this emphasis on significant last moments, the title asks, particularly in an age when they can often be deferred by medical science? Or, more simply, why allow death to have the final word?

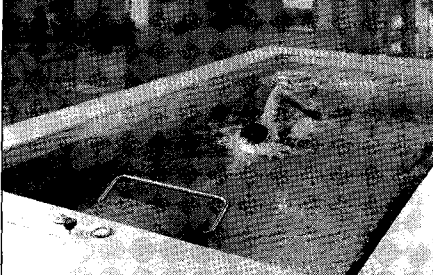
Morrison intercuts the narrative of his father's death with a revivifying shower of memories of Arthur in action: charming the tour rep on a family skiing holiday; sedating one of his more obstreperous patients with a swift right hook; jumping the queue at Oulton Park. Morrison, it gradually becomes clear, has inherited something of his father's eye for a scam. If anything, his is even sharper. Arthur simply wanted to cheat parking attendants, or the weather, but Blake wants to cheat death—not the fact of his father's death but its distorting hold on his memory of his father. Morrison describes Arthur's final moments beautifully—"a night-light smothered in its own wax"—but then ducks back in time for another memory: his father helping him install a new chandelier of fake candle-bulbs. And so the book ends: "Excellent. What's the next job, then?"

Something of the same restless energy powers Morrison's writing. It is

entirely typical that he should elbow aside the poetic archaism of snuffed night-lights and instead seek illumination of his father's character from the prosaic light of that electric chandelier. Morrison's prose is that of a poet, but his writing is as robust as it is beautiful, and never lets the consolation of art get the better of intellectual scruple. The book could have easily become a portrait of one of those lovable old rogues—every sin a fondly forgiven foible—who troop through so many family memoirs, but contemplation of the skull beneath his father's skin hasn't blinded Morrison to the skeletons in his closet, most notably his affair with a woman whom Arthur, ever the master of euphemism, referred to as "Auntie Beaty." This is the sort of book, in fact, that tends to get described as "unsentimental"—although if anyone ever succeeded in writing an unsentimental account of his father's death, I'm not sure I'd want to read the thing. What this memoir does succeed in doing is portraying Arthur less as a father and more as a man—a man who happened to have a son, sure, but even this relationship is eventually upended. Morrison mishears a doctor's diagnosis of "faecal vomiting" as "foetal vomiting," and the ensuing cleanup operations spark the thought that "this might be a definition of what it is to be grown up—not changing your child's nappy but changing your parent's."

Philip Roth's book about his father, "Patrimony," wound its way to a similar conclusion. By comparison, Morrison's book is, inescapably, a very English memoir—particularly in its evocation of a Yorkshire childhood of hot pot and Eagle comics, Dinky toys and sodden camping trips. But it is also gripped by the very un-English conviction that in order to write truthfully you must write without embarrassment—or, rather, write *through* it—and that on the other side of taboo sits a large part of life. It is this that pushes Morrison's book into the ranks of genuine literature. Arthur didn't read much—the only book Morrison saw him reading was "Jaws," and even that was abandoned halfway through—but the D.I.Y. fanatic in him would have approved of this memoir: his son looked around for consolation, found none, and so decided to provide it himself. ♦

Swim at Home



Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. The 8'x15' Endless Pool® is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

Call (800) 732-8660



Dept. N11, 200 E. Duttons Mill Rd.
Aston, PA 19014

The Best Travel Clothing in the World



Tilley Endurables

Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, "endurable" travel clothing. **SECRET** pockets, **SECURITY** pockets, and "Give 'em hell!" washing instructions. And, of course, the "Tilley" — the best outdoor hat in the world.

THE FREE CATALOGUE IS A HOOT!
1-800-884-7081
300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENeca, NY 14224

VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER
We do not solicit the patronage of those who make or promote tobacco products.



PERSONALIZED GREETING CARDS WITH YOUR PETS!

Your friends will howl, your pets will preen and you'll never have so much fun creating your holiday (or any day) greeting card. Call for a brochure.

DINO GREETINGS
1-800-382-2635



Vacation 'N Learn



Intensive language study programs in over 20 countries. Short or long-term programs. Courses for adults and teenagers. You may also combine language study with cooking, art or skiing. Stay in homestays, apartments or hotels.

LINGUA SERVICE WORLDWIDE®

CALL 1-800-394-LEARN • 212-867-1225

THE POKE BOAT®

IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.

It weighs only 22 pounds. You can buy more than a canoe.



606-986-2336

RECOMMENDED READING

Therapy

by David Lodge
(Viking; \$22.95)

"Most people in show business are perfectionists. They may be producing crap... but they try and make it perfect crap." So says Tubby, a successful TV-show writer who has been trying everything from aromatherapy to a talking cure to relieve his nameless dread. This plot premise might itself elicit considerable dread if it were less skillfully handled, but in fact "Therapy" is Lodge's best work since "Small World." The novel is almost Victorian in its earnest goodness, which shines through its humor straight to the enormously moving and exultant ending.

Spinsters

by Pagan Kennedy
(Serpent's Tail; \$12.99)

Two *vieilles filles* from New Hampshire, liberated by the death of their father, embark upon a quest—as ontological as it is spatial—through the South in their Plymouth Valiant. Prudish Frannie, the narrator, wants to entrap her sister in premature spinsterhood, but adventurous and still beautiful Doris isn't prepared to capitulate just yet. Set in 1968, the novel—a bildungsroman for the over thirty—pays wry tribute to a bygone era "when virtue was something real that you could lose."

In the Time of the Americans

by David Fromkin
(Knopf; \$30)

This remarkable book studies a cluster of men—F.D.R., Truman, Eisenhower, Marshall, MacArthur—whose lives began when our frontier was the West and ended when it was outer space. Inspired by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, they led this country through the Second World War and designed a peace that broke with America's tradition of isolationism. Franklin argues that these men shaped the world as we know it, and his enthralling scholarship shows us how they themselves were shaped.

Little Girls in Pretty Boxes

by Joan Ryan
(Doubleday; \$22.95)

An investigative sports reporter scrutinizes a little-recognized form of child abuse—the overtraining of very young girls to be elite gymnasts and figure skaters. The cruelty usually begins with the ambition and greed of parents and coaches, and can end with the child's disability or death. Ryan is horrifyingly specific in her descriptions of individual cases. She also indicts the American public's insatiable demand for new athletic starlets: "Keep them coming, and keep them young, small and more dazzling than the ones we already have."

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection Unabridged Audio Books



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

(800) 626-3333

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.



Diet and Fitness Center

Duke University Medical Center
804 W. Trinity Avenue
Durham, NC 27701

800-362-8446



Three Million Pieces China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles

Obsolete, Inactive & Active.
Buy Or Sell.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.

1089 Knox Road, P.O. Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

1-800-REPLACE
(1-800-737-5223)

Authors

Do you have a Manuscript?
Does it deserve Publication?

The largest joint venture publishers in the U.K. welcomes work on all subjects for free appraisal: The Adelphi Press
Dept: A60, 4-6 Effie Road Fulham London SW6 1TD

The Latest Illusion

poems by

Donald Everett Axinn

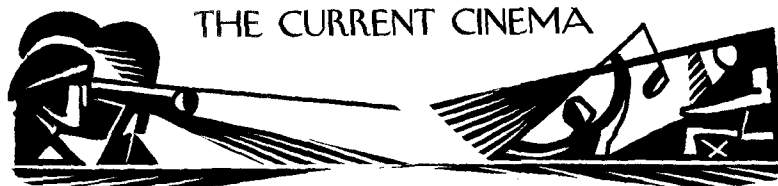
"What I admire about Donald Axinn's book: the human facts of our lives, his unflinching gaze, the tongue that reshapes and sings it back to us."

—Cornelius Eady



Arcade Publishing

PAPERBACK \$12.95



THE CURRENT CINEMA

LOST AT SEA

Kevin Costner gets all wet, and Sandra Bullock goes on-line in "The Net."

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

As everyone knows by now, "Waterworld" is the most expensive movie ever made; the current estimate of production costs is a hundred and seventy-five million dollars. For the past year, the entertainment press has gorged on stories of the picture's troubles: how the budget swelled from a paltry hundred million dollars or so to its staggering final figure; how the original ninety-six-day shooting schedule turned into seven and a half months of filming; how the star and co-producer, Kevin Costner, seized control of the picture from its director, Kevin Reynolds, in a virtual replay of the editing-room struggle that preceded the release of their 1991 hit, "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves." "Waterworld" arrives in theatres as Hollywood's most notorious runaway train since "Ishtar," in 1987, and this picture really wants you to feel as if a huge and powerful machine were bearing down on you. (James Newton Howard's hysterical, earsplitting score might almost have been conceived to imitate the sound of something massive screeching to a stop.) The "Waterworld" saga raises plenty of questions, many of them boring and essentially unanswerable. But—even if you leave aside the business-page issues, like "How much money is too much to gamble on a possible summer blockbuster?" and the gossip-page topics, like "Can Kevin Costner reestablish him-

self as a box-office draw?"—moviemaking on this scale deforms the usual categories of criticism, flattens them like coins on tracks. Moviegoers probably suspect already that the picture's no good; I can confirm that suspicion. But does the

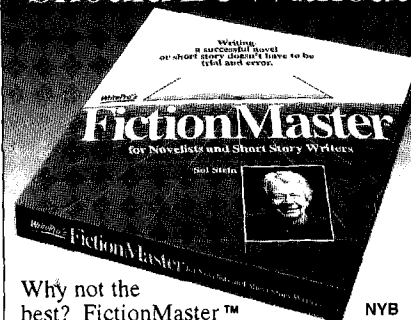


The Prince of Mutants saves the world from the gas guzzlers: Kevin Costner as the Mariner, in "Waterworld."

film's extravagant expenditure of money, time, and anguish somehow confer special significance on its no-goodness? I don't think so, unless Schadenfreude counts as significance. Watching this gigantic, complicated thing fail to achieve the simplest aims of entertainment provides almost exactly the same sort of low pleasure as seeing Shaquille O'Neal lay bricks from the free-throw line.

Pricey flops like "Waterworld" are the

A Tool No Writer Should Be Without



Why not the best? FictionMaster™ is the most advanced writing program available anywhere. It puts a prize-winning author/editor/teacher into your computer to guide you in

- Creating Memorable Characters
- Developing Page-Turning Plots
- Energizing Dialogue
- Overcoming Obstacles to Publication

Selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club
Created by Sol Stein, who edited and published: James Baldwin, Jack Higgins, Dylan Thomas, Elia Kazan, Lionel Trilling

List \$299, New Yorker Special \$179
Beginners might prefer to start with the fundamental fiction craft techniques in Stein's award-winning WritePro® 1/2/3/4 program, \$79.95 30-day-money-back guarantee

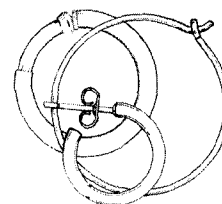
For free information or ordering, phone 1-800-755-1124 (24 hrs.) or (914) 762-1255 9-5 Eastern M-F to speak to a live operator.
WritePro, 43 S. Highland, Ossining, NY 10562

Thousands of years old, worn by millions...

...HOOPS

(14K & 18K Gold: Rose, White and Yellow)

Featuring post hoops, wire hoops, hinged hoops & spring hoops for unpierced ears. Also available: bands, trio rings & other jewelry.



Free Catalog Available 1-800-262-6026
Spring City Craftsman
190 N. Main P.O. Box 190 Spring City, Utah 84662

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13

Extra width for men who need it. Excellent variety, styling and quality. Send for FREE CATALOG.



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69E Hingham, MA 02043
1-800-992-WIDE



"I find it a bit awkward dating again at forty-five."

products of a certain kind of hubris—unfortunately, the least interesting kind. The calamities that result from corporate arrogance and financial overreaching don't have the dignity of tragedy; the responses they generate in an audience aren't pity and terror but bafflement and derision. "Waterworld" isn't the worst movie of all time; it isn't even the worst of the summer. (If you put a speargun to my head, I'd sooner sit through this picture again than "Batman Forever" or "Species.") But viewers are going to be staring up at the screen expecting to see a hundred and seventy-five million bucks' worth of movie, and they're likely to walk away feeling cheated. What all that money bought, it turns out, wasn't one unprecedentedly grand film but three rather ordinary pictures inhabiting the same space and time.

The first, and most straightforward, of the movies within "Waterworld" is a post-apocalyptic action picture of the "Mad Max" type: tough loner fights for survival against hordes of barbaric scavengers. Fundamentally, all movies of this sort are medieval storming-the-castle epics dressed up in punk regalia. In this respect, "Waterworld" isn't much different

from "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves." Although the action takes place mostly on water—because, we're told, the polar ice caps have melted and dry land has gone the way of the buffalo—it's familiar stuff: sieges, captures, escapes, rescues. Here Costner plays a character known as the Mariner, a rugged individualist and the unofficial Prince of Mutants. He's part man and part fish: his feet are webbed, and behind his ears he has gills—discreetly concealed by long hair. His aquatic skills are what distinguish him from the merely human denizens of Waterworld, but a surprising amount of his derring-do takes the form of old-fashioned swashbuckling acrobatics: rope-swinging, mast-climbing, and the like. (The modern touch is that he performs his heroic feats glumly. None of that hearty Errol Flynn laughter for this hero; he behaves as if he thought that cracking a smile would rip his gills.) Nevertheless, the picture is moderately enjoyable when it sticks to the charted waters of action-movie formula. At least it supplies a few moments of rousing spectacle in an unusual environment: the seascapes and the elaborate floating sets are imaginatively shot, by Dean Semler, and

there's a wonderful sequence of a dive to the ocean floor. The battle scenes aren't as sharply edited as they might have been, and they rely too heavily on explosives, but they're watchable. Spectacle is one thing money really can buy.

The second "Waterworld," however, pretty much undoes the modest achievements of the first. Lurking beneath the surface of the conventional adventure movie is a bizarre environmental parable, in which the Mariner embodies a be-kind-to-the-planet philosophy of natural goodness: he raises plants in pots on his boat, recycles his urine for drinking water, and survives by using only the power of the wind, the sun, and the ocean's currents (all enhanced, of course, by the force of his pure, noble spirit). His adversaries are

a scurvy bunch of pirates called Smokers, who represent the last, desperate stand of wasteful consumerism: they smoke cigarettes, drink Jack Daniel's, and, below the decks of the abandoned supertanker that serves as their lair, burn fuel joyriding in large American cars. They live, that is to say, on plunder and finite resources, and their only hope of long-term survival is to acquire a map, apparently showing the way to dry land, that is tattooed on the back of a little girl named Enola (Tina Majorino). The Smokers, huffing and puffing like big bad wolves, spend most of the movie trying to get their paws on the cute waif who symbolizes the future of humankind. Enola, however, is protected by the earth-mother virtue of her guardian, Helen (Jeanne Tripplehorn), and by the protean strength of the Mariner. The gas guzzlers are clearly overmatched. This high-minded fable might have been less irritating if Reynolds and the screenwriters, Peter Rader and David Twohy, had managed to squeeze a few laughs out of the Smokers' drooling voracity. They've tried, but the humor is smug, and the burden of comedy falls disproportionately on Dennis Hopper, who plays the chief villain, the Deacon. Hopper's grinning-

monster shtick is showing its age; Reynolds shoots him mostly in closeup, which makes the performance seem not so much over the top as over the side—buried at sea, unceremoniously.

No one involved with "Waterworld" appears to have realized that spending a hundred and seventy-five million dollars on a movie that condemns excessive consumption and preaches the wise use of resources might seem a bit disingenuous. But even that unconscious irony doesn't fully account for the picture's profound berserkness. The movie-within-the-movie that finally drowns "Waterworld" in absurdity is the third, the star vehicle, in which Kevin Costner, producer and leading man, saves the world and then rises above it, into the pantheon of myth. What's really propelling this picture is vanity—a force that, like the sun and the wind and the sea, is difficult to harness and, like fossil fuels, gives off an unpleasant smell. Both during the action sequences and in the long, drifting intervals between them, the screen is filled with heroic shots of the star, posed for maximum lonely integrity against vast expanses of sea and sky. Toward the end of the picture, we're meant to see the Mariner through the adoring eyes of little Enola, who, in captivity, taunts the Deacon with predictions of her savior's inevitable arrival and triumph. And the final sequence—after the watery Armageddon in which the Mariner dispatches the Deacon and his belching, wheezing minions to kingdom come—is the most florid and protracted action-hero apotheosis since the end of "Shane." The Mariner, like the quiet gunslinger, vanishes into the distance, and the ordinary folks who owe their lives to him gaze wistfully after his receding figure: the gilled man, his work complete, moves on, but will remain forever in their hearts. Costner sure knows how to give himself a sendoff. But this moist conclusion also suggests the most compelling solution to the great mysteries of "Waterworld"—a solution that explains why Costner wanted to make the picture and why the production proved to be such a costly ordeal. He never dreamed that filming on water would be so tough, because he thought he could walk on it.

COSTNER'S folly has enough embarrassing, self-aggrandizing chutzpah to fuel a dozen pictures, and, watching

Irwin Winkler's "The Net," you might begin to regret that Hollywood isn't more energy-efficient: some of that ego power should have been diverted to this wan thriller, just to give it a little spark. The screenplay of "The Net," by John Brancato and Michael Ferris, is remarkably free of ingenuity, and therefore of suspense: there isn't a single plot twist that the audience won't be way ahead of. (The swiftest, smartest viewers will reach the sidewalk long before the movie reaches its climax.) And Winkler, a producer turned director, doesn't have the skills to keep the picture chugging along on pure chase-movie shamelessness. "The Net" shuffles morosely from action sequence to action sequence, like a long bus trip with multiple transfers; by the end of the line, you're so stupefied that you can barely scrape yourself out of your seat.

The filmmakers must have believed that their leading lady, Sandra Bullock, who drove the bus in "Speed," would supply some energy—or, at least, an illusion of momentum—but this movie needs more than she can give it. Playing Angela Bennett, a computer whiz who has stumbled on evidence of the usual sinister conspiracy (here, a scheme to gain access to supposedly inviolable computer systems, including the government's), Bullock goes through her plucky-heroine paces rather listlessly. She doesn't yet have the radiant presence of a star. In "The Net," she seems like an earnest, slightly insecure college student—pretty and likable but too shy to take advantage of her charms. Although her unpretentiousness is appealing, it doesn't exactly light up the screen. And the computer graphics that constitute the movie's only other semi-fresh element aren't very exciting, either. For a movie that wants to exploit the audience's presumed fascination with the Internet and with information technology, "The Net" has an awfully stodgy visual style, and it's unlikely that the picture's intended audience—computer-savvy viewers, addicted to the speed and versatility of their machines—will be impressed by a thriller that unfolds at the deliberate pace of a "Matlock" episode. In "The Net" Winkler manages to make cyberspace seem as dull and featureless as a calm sea on a gray day. No wind, no sun; nothing living breaks the surface. That's a scarier vision of the future than anything in "Waterworld"; better the ice caps should melt. ♦



**WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903**

**NOW YOU
CAN ORDER**

our famous Ginger Ale
prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
\$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT
or #9 DIET (or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES!

Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer SC 29547
or Call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

RARE DALI PRINTS

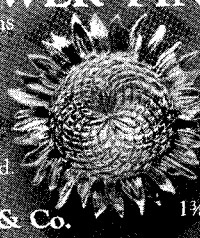
*If you own, or are considering purchase
of a Salvador Dali print...*

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a free copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." (\$10 an issue)

1-(800) 275-DALI

Brana Fine Art

15332 Antioch, Suite 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272



SUNFLOWER PIN
A flower for all seasons
from James Breakell's
workshop. In sterling.
\$35 14k gold \$312
Add \$3.50 handling.
Catalog available.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
1-800-767-6411.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYSU Newport, RI 02840



**LOCATORS
INCORPORATED**

**SPECIALISTS IN DISCONTINUED
CHINA • CRYSTAL • SILVER**
908 Rock Street
Little Rock, Arkansas 72202
800/367-9690
Call today to speak with our
customer service representative.

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608



THE TIRED CHRONICLES

BY BETSY BERNE

I've noticed recently that the main topic of conversation among my friends is tiredness. Actually, there is an underlying contest over who is more tired and who has truly earned his or her tiredness. I am not speaking of the down-trodden poor, who don't have the time to discuss the intricacies of fatigue. I am talking about upper-middle-class martyrs in their thirties and forties, for whom all tiredness is not equal. There are several categories among us. There are the tired married people with kids. There are the tired single people who work at home. There are the tired single people who are somewhat employed outside the home. And, of course, there are the tired people who have real jobs (a minority in this group).

According to the tired married people with kids, there is no contest. They are the royalty of the tired kingdom. They are smug with exhaustion. I belong to the tired-single-people-who-work-at-home group, and in the tired race I don't have



a prayer. I have more than enough friends in the married-with-kids group, and I've gone many rounds of tiredness discussions. Generally, I try to head them off at the pass with a gentle "You must be so exhausted," hoping the acknowledgment will suffice. Unfortunately, this only sends them into their litany. When I talk to a member of this group, I try not to let it slip out that I may be a tiny bit tired, too. Sometimes it does slip out, and it can nip a tiredness conversation in the bud.

Conversations with my neighbor usu-

ally begin with a few basic pleasantries. He says, "Hi." I reply, "Hi, how are you?" He answers, "Exhausted." And we are off and running. I chime in, "I'm tired, too." We proceed to try and outdo each other. My neighbor beats me every time, because he is a single busy tired person who



works somewhat outside the home. Sure I'm tired, but I'm not particularly busy. By his estimation, he averages three or four hours of sleep a night. He also naps at random, which is the true mark of a tired person who works at home (or somewhat at home). Whether naps count as sleep is unclear. (The tired married people with kids do not nap, or, if they do, they don't come clean.)

My neighbor and I are very specific in our chronicling of tiredness. We include time of actual tuck-in and amount of actual shut-eye, number of times awakened (including cause and effect), amount of human interaction in the day (a major factor in tiredness calculation), number of trips out of the house, and number of naps. Our conversation usually sends my neighbor back to bed.

By now it might be time to mention my brother, the jazz musician. He is bone tired. This is because he is a member of yet another group, the international-jet-set tired people. My brother is always on the road playing gigs—from Istanbul to Helsinki to

Houston Street. When he is on tour in Italy, for example, not only must he deal with the adulation of fans but he must consume sumptuous free meals and stay in Tuscan castles. And he must always hang after a gig. "Hang" is jazz lingo for drinking all night with fans, who are often female. You can imagine the tiredness this can lead to.

Just last year, my big-wheel writer friend joined the ranks of the international-jet-set tired group. Now she, too, is always flying off to exotic locales—in her case, to work on a movie she has written. She, too, is forced to consume sumptuous free meals and stay in Tuscan castles. And, as if that weren't tiring enough, she is also searching for a mate. Finding a mate requires an inordinate amount of human interaction, naturally leading to you know what. Every day, on the phone, my friend rattles off her packed schedule, including both lunch and dinner dates, with an occasional party thrown in. My schedule is not packed, and the conversation is rather one-sided. Yet after I hang up I am overcome with exhaustion. In fact, I don't think I want to talk to any more members of the international-jet-set tired group. In fact, I might not want to talk to any members of any tired group. Instead, I will silently examine my own life, which will inevitably land me in the position I am most accustomed to: prone. ♦



ONCE A STROKE OCCURS, THE DAMAGE IS DONE. DOES IT HAVE TO BE?

New medicines currently being tested may be able to stop destruction of brain cells in the crucial hours after a stroke.



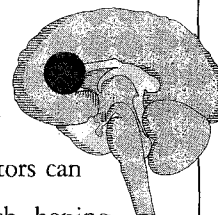
Scientists from pharmaceutical research companies discover more than 9 out of 10 new drugs.



When a person suffers a stroke, reduced blood flow damages part of the brain. Then a powerful chain of chemical reactions occurs. Called the *glutamate cascade*, it rains terrible destruction down on brain cells in the initial

days after a stroke, causing further damage. As glutamate levels build, excess

calcium and a toxic form of oxygen destroy brain cells. Today, doctors can only stand by and watch—hoping that the cascade will end before massive damage occurs. But there is hope. Pharmaceutical company researchers are currently developing 19 new drugs that could help reduce the terrible damage to the brain that occurs after a stroke.



p r e v e n t i o n

Anyone can have a stroke. But age, gender, race and medical history play a role. Some people also experience the following warning signs: temporary weakness or numbness on one side of the body, blurry or dim vision in one eye, a sudden, severe headache, or speech difficulty. Seek immediate medical help if you have any of these symptoms. Fortunately, there are things that you can do to reduce your risk of a stroke: Quit smoking • Exercise regularly • Maintain a low cholesterol diet • Limit alcohol.



For a free copy of "What You Need To Know About Strokes," please call us toll-free:
1-800-862-5110

America's Pharmaceutical Research Companies

Experience the TRANQUILITY of AVALON.



It is a world of superior COMFORT.

It has FLUSH-MOUNTED glass and body panels, composite
sound-dampening materials and a WHISPER-QUIET
interior that offers a serene feeling unlike anything else.

Standard SAFETY features like dual air bags* and 3-point

seatbelts for all three rear
passengers. An ABUNDANCE of front and rear
ROOM usually reserved for much larger cars.

It is the HIGHEST LEVEL of Toyota
craftsmanship, QUALITY and technology.

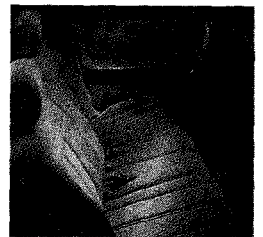
And it is built exclusively in America.

It is AVALON...the new FLAGSHIP from Toyota...

starting around \$23,400.**

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a
VIDEO, COMPUTER DISKETTE
or BROCHURE and location of
your NEAREST DEALER.

 **TOYOTA AVALON**
I Love What You Do For Me



*You have a choice of
spacious bench seating
that allows Avalon to
accommodate six
passengers...*

*Or plush bucket seats for more personal comfort. Both are
available in textured cloth or optional leather trim.*



©1995 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. *To help avoid serious injury, always wear your seatbelt. Driver-side and front passenger-side air bags are a supplemental restraint only.
**Based on MSRP including destination charge for Avalon XL with bucket seats. Excludes taxes, license, title and optional equipment. Avalon XLS with optional equipment shown. Actual dealer prices may vary.